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TRAVELS IN SPAIN

By

PHILIP SANFORD MARDEN

BURGOS CATHEDRAL (page 353)

TRAVELS IN SPAIN

BY

PHILIP SANFORD MARDEN

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PREFACE

I THINK it should be clearly understood at starting by those who may honor this book by reading it, that my aim has not been to pose as an interpreter of Spain or of the Spanish character, — a rôle requiring a far deeper knowledge of that nation, past and present, than I could claim to possess. The book is simply the record of my own Spanish experiences — experiences which proved so enjoyable that the temptation to describe them has been too strong to resist. In the few cases, therefore, in which I have ventured to make references to the underlying peculiarities of the Spanish race and its life and art, I have frankly adopted the views of those who seemingly should know best about such things, — at any rate, as far as those views seemed to me plausible in the light of my own more limited experience; and I have not hesitated to cite, and occasionally to quote freely, from such books as have been most helpful to me.

In the main, however, this is but the simple narration of what I myself saw and of how I saw it, — always, I trust, with an appreciative eye, if not with the clearer vision of one long resident in Spanish lands.

It will be seen, even at a cursory glance, that the travels described here were not often far from the beaten track — if any track in Spain may yet be called beaten. Nevertheless it will be found, I think, that there are chapters here and there dealing with places the western world does not as yet know well, — not nearly as well as it should and doubtless will know them in the years that are to come.

In my own case I think I should have been grateful for some such book as this, could I have found one before setting out for Spain. And it is the fact that I was unable to find one of this general scope that leads me to venture the production of such a one myself, hoping that it may be found both entertaining and helpful in various practical ways. I would not have it judged as a guidebook, however, for that would be the very last of its claims; neither would I have it harshly dissected as a scientific treatise on Spain and the Spaniards, — for certainly it is not that. Rather is it, as I have said, the short and simple annals of a journey in Spain, told with what I hope is a proper reverence and appreciation for all that is grand and beautiful and impressive, but still with a readiness always to see the lighter side.

What has been said should serve to explain the inclusion of the introductory chapter on Spanish travel. Those to whom such a chapter is superfluous may with profit ignore it, of course. But to those who contemplate visiting Spain for the first time I hope it may prove of direct and appreciable benefit. My only standard has been my own needs, as I felt them when I first turned my steps toward Spanish soil.

PHILIP SANFORD MARDEN.

LOWELL, MASS., September 18, 1909.

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TRAVELS IN SPAIN

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY: SPANISH TRAVEL

HISTORY and tradition have conspired to hinder Spanish travel. The ordinary assumption seems to be that the Spaniard is a sort of bewhiskered pirate, partial to bloodshed, haughty in demeanor, intolerant of innovation, anxious only for doubloons and pieces of eight, more at home on the quarter-deck of a galleon than anywhere else, and burning with a consuming passion to convert the world to the Roman Catholic religion — by rack and wheel if need be. The gruesome tales of the Spanish Main and the Inquisition die extremely hard, and as a result many seem to hesitate over embarking on a journey through the land of the Most Catholic Kings; or, having become fixed in the determination to voyage thither, set out with inward fear and trembling concerning what they shall find. Such, at any rate, was our own experience and such our apprehensions, mitigated only by the knowledge that many had visited Spain and had returned, — not unscathed merely, but actually professing to have found both pleasure and

profit in their contact with this austere and intolerant race.

The unpleasant conflict between Spain and the United States which culminated in 1898 has unquestionably hindered Americans more than others from visiting the peninsula, fearful lest the bitter memories of unsuccessful war should crop out to mar the pleasures of the journey by subjecting the visitor himself to occasional contumely at the hands of the conquered. It deserves to be said, then, that nothing could be farther from the truth than any such assumption concerning the Spanish people as a whole, even as representing their personal feelings toward those with whom their government was so recently at war. The statement that one is an "American" is almost invariably taken by the native as meaning South American; and when one goes farther and specifies the United States as his native land, it seems to cause no resentment. If our own experiences were a fair criterion, and that they were so we judge from the common testimony of other similarly circumstanced visitors, it would be hard to find a more courteous or a more considerate people. Making due allowance for the slight rudenesses of certain individuals here and there, and for differences of national opinion as to what is and what is not acceptable conduct, — differences which one always meets with in foreign travel, and surely as often in Paris as in Madrid, — it remains true that Spain is quite as easy and quite

as safe a country to travel in as any other. The only marked incivility that we ourselves met with in Spain was shown by an American woman!

To be sure, it is apparently a common notion among Spanish cavaliers that to stare at an attractive woman is a species of compliment, and the practice is frequently resented by those who do not regard it in the same light. In some cities, and more especially in Madrid, impertinent young men occasionally do annoy unescorted women in very disagreeable ways, although doubtless with no more than a mildly mischievous intent. As for the dangers of robbery and theft, these are probably no greater in Spain than in any other Mediterranean country, despite the prevalence of signs everywhere warning the traveler to "beware of pickpockets." In short, one who guards his possessions with ordinary care, and who pursues the even tenor of his way in a self-respecting manner, runs no more risk of loss or of molestation than he would run in Rome, and would in most cases be in infinitely less danger of either than he would be in Naples.

Begging, to be sure, is extremely common, and the only wise course is to ignore it as far as possible. The children are by far the worst offenders, often urged on shamelessly by their mothers to demand money of passers-by when possibly they would omit to do it of their own volition. But in the main no such urgence is necessary, as every child regards the appearance of a stranger as the

signal for a plea for *cinco centimos*, or a *perrita*, or a *limosnita*, — which are the various common forms of demanding the smallest of the Spanish coins. According to all traditions, the traveler in refusing to present alms should always adopt the piously courteous form, "Pardon us for God's sake, brother." But I suspect that this stately phrase is swiftly dropping into disuse with the steady increase of visitation by less polite foreigners. Whether this growing contact with the world outside will likewise, in its turn, impair the natives' own inborn courtesy and habit of elaborate circumlocution remains to be seen. If it does so, it will be a pity, for the high-sounding language of even the people of lowly station has its picturesqueness. That a good deal of it has already passed away, however, is highly probable. Too many visitors now come to Spain whose acquaintance with the language is rudimentary. The vocabulary of the ordinary traveler is restricted to the great essentials of food, drink, and lodging, and will not bear the strain of high-flown compliment or of profound obeisance that gushes so freely from those to the manner born. It requires a certain degree of facility to beseech the worshipful porter to do you the great favor of bearing a hand with your portmanteau, and few of us possess it.

Nevertheless, I should most certainly advise the intending voyager in Spain to make some attempt to acquire a working vocabulary of Spanish, even

if it must be confined to a few useful nouns and a very few common adjectives, numerals, and set phrases. Spain is not yet as full of linguists as the more frequented countries are, and now and then, if one leaves the beaten track, or finds one's self in a quandary on the street, a little learning in the Castilian tongue will be found to be anything but a dangerous thing. It is of vast assistance, also, in understanding the guides and sacristans who inevitably escort the wondering traveler through dim cathedrals and the mazes of the ancient palaces. It will also be found helpful if one knows something of the curious pronunciation of certain letters in the Spanish alphabet in order to render one's naming of streets and places intelligible to the Spanish ear. It will probably surprise many to discover that it is emphatically not a musical language, as commonly spoken to-day even by natives of Andalusia. It retains too many of the gutturals bequeathed by the Moors to have the liquid smoothness of the Italian. The crude climate of the greater part of Spain has not improved the quality of the native voice. And yet those who admire the language would have us believe that "God created the world in Spanish; Eve was beguiled by the serpent in Italian; and Adam begged pardon in French!"

The common Spanish coin is the *peseta*, — a sort of meek and lowly franc. The worth of it varies appreciably from day to day, very much as the Greek drachmas do, the average value being some-

thing like eighteen cents of our money. There is the usual Mediterranean necessity to be constantly on the watch for false coin without the Italian safeguard of looking at the date. The sound of the metal is the one criterion, and every shopkeeper maintains a marble block on which to test his money. In the more considerate shops the testing may be postponed until the customer is on his way out, but he will hardly fail to hear the clinking of silver as he departs. The more common custom is to bounce the several pieces brazenly under the purchaser's very nose — and no offense intended. You are expected to do the same with your change.

Common as the pesetas and two-peseta pieces are, they are almost equaled in volume of circulation by the nimble, but heavy, *duro*, — a five-peseta coin resembling our silver dollar in size and ponderosity. The absence of any bank bills for the lower denominations makes this unwieldy coin extremely common; and the traveler setting out properly equipped for a day's sight-seeing must carry on his person a weight almost comparable to that borne by Charles V of blessed memory, when cantering calmly into battle. For not only will his pocketbook be bulging with duros, but his change-pockets will be loaded down with great store of centimos, — copper coins of the size of pence and ha'pennies, — which latter are most useful for paving the way with good intentions on the part of a hungry popu-

lation. Most of the Spanish gold has gone long ago to join the national myths. The country that once furnished all Europe with that precious metal no longer has enough to bless herself with, and must be content with a sadly debased and wildly fluctuating silver currency. An English sovereign, which commands twenty-five francs, will generally call for twenty-eight pesetas in Spain.

The ever-watchful guidebooks warn the visitor against entering into religious or political discussions with the natives, — a very wise, but eminently superfluous bit of advice in view of the paucity of the average traveler's linguistic equipment. Very few, I imagine, are capable of doing much more than to bargain for the necessities of life, or to demand *agua caliente* of hotel attendants, and therefore run little risk of being drawn into voluble and superheated discussions over the Carlists, or the need of a republican form of government. Much more reasonable is the advice to preserve a respectful and decorous demeanor in the churches during mass, — needless as such admonition ought to be. The zeal of Spain for the Catholic faith is still intense, and while a Castilian may not be more royalist than the King, he is frequently rather more Catholic than the Pope. It does not please him that heretical tourists, guidebook in hand, should wander noisily about his cathedrals, drowning the "blessed mutter of the Mass" with their clatter and babble. And yet, if Catholic Spain still regards the

Protestant foreigner as little better than a heathen, — as very likely she does, — there is little outward and visible indication of it to-day.

Aside from fears based on a mistaken notion of the character of the people, there appears to be a popular fallacy that traveling in Spain is not a matter lightly to be undertaken, that it is beset with peculiar drawbacks and hardships, and that it is certain to entail unusual expense. As for the latter consideration, that varies, as always, with the temperament, habits, desires, and ideas of the individual, and depends to no small degree also on the season. It is probably a fair statement that the costs of a journey in Spain are likely somewhat to exceed the expenses of a similar journey in Italy, unless one is possessed of an abundance of time. Given the latter, with a consequent immunity from rapid changes of base and costly railway journeys at too frequent intervals, and Spanish travel will be found far from expensive for those of modest tastes, particularly if one be wise in choosing the season for one's visit. As for the discomforts and hardships, of which so much has been made by earlier writers, these are beginning to disappear and with the lapse of time will doubtless cease altogether to be worth considering. The diligence has now almost entirely disappeared and one is no longer forced to rely upon it save for journeys quite apart from any track that the ordinary visitor is likely to frequent. Never-

theless, in part because of the native hostility toward all radical innovation and the obstinate notion that traditional Spanish ways are of necessity better than any other ways, and in part also because of unfamiliarity with the demands of visitors from other lands, one will unquestionably find, here and there, a good deal that is primitive and some things that are decidedly uncomfortable when judged by the more exacting modern standards. It is always well to bear in mind Lord Byron's celebrated dictum, — not yet outlawed in Spain, whatever may be the truth of it elsewhere, — "Comfort must not be expected by folk that go a-pleasuring."

As I look back now upon our experiences in Spain, however, I have no recollection of anything in the least unpleasant in the matter of our accommodation. On each occasion we were in the country before the season for the heaviest volume of travel, and by the same token it was not yet balmy weather, so that we soon learned the shortcomings of the Spanish nation in the heating of its houses. But though nights were chill, the beds were invariably provided with heavy blankets, and were in themselves almost always soft and comfortable; and with the aid of the *brasero*, — of which more hereafter, — the indoor intervals of the waking day were made very tolerable. Nor are our recollections of the Spanish food any less agreeable, although our anticipations had conjured up a sufficiency of hor-

rors; and I may say with perfect truth, after a somewhat varied experience in many Mediterranean countries, that in Spain one fares quite as well as in any other land, if not rather better. Garlic, of course, one must expect. Chocolate, nearly always "tinct with cinnamon" and often made heavy and pasty with flour, forms the staple of the morning meal. In many places goat's milk is the only milk to be had. But if any general criticism were to be made of the Spanish fare which we encountered in our journeys, it would not be that there was any scarcity of palatable food, but on the contrary that there was, if anything, too great an abundance.

Whatever is true at other seasons, it may at least be stated that in the early spring the ordinary inns of Spain are not merely comfortable, and generally reasonable in price, but also admirably clean. It was only here and there, in the somewhat less frequented towns, that we came upon a rather uncomfortable primitiveness, chiefly manifested in the sanitary arrangements of inland hotels, — a respect in which there is often much room for improvement. But in the cities and towns more commonly touched by the tide of travel, the Spaniard has come to know what is expected by the foreigner, and he provides as well as any sensible traveler could well desire.

We had been warned, as everybody else has been, of the unsatisfactory character of the Spanish railways, their lack of comfortable cars, their slow

trains, their delays, and their many curious features; but after traversing the country from south to north, and after traveling by many different lines, we were forced to the conclusion that these difficulties had either passed away or had been grossly exaggerated; and we ended by voting the Spanish railways, with all their faults, fairly comfortable and reasonably efficient. The fares are undoubtedly high, and the time required to cover even moderate distances is often great. Corridor trains are far from numerous, and in the provision of conveniences for the traveler, both on trains and at stations, the Spaniards still have a great deal to learn. But improvements are slowly coming, and already the various lines boast occasional *trains de luxe* that, even a fastidious traveler will admit, compare very well with the service in other countries.

It may be well at this point to say a word or two about the Spanish railways in detail, lest other inexperienced visitors fall into some of the pitfalls that we ourselves fell into for want of a warning word. To outward view, the railroads of Spain look much like other European lines, save that the unusually wide gauge of the tracks is at once apparent to the eye. The cars themselves are not noticeably wider, however, than in other countries, and are divided into the usual three classes. As between these classes there is rather more difference than is the case in Italy. That is to say, there is far more dif-

ference between the first and second classes in the way of comfort. The third-class coaches will probably be patronized very little by voyagers from outside Spain, these cars being comfortless and almost invariably crowded. The second class may be used sparingly for journeys of moderate length by day, and the newer additions to this class of rolling-stock afford a very fair measure of comfort. But it cannot be denied that the first-class carriages do offer by far the greatest advantages, and I should certainly advise the use of them for any journey exceeding two or three hours in length, especially in southern Spain. There are people who affect to find huge delight in riding third, because of the interesting contact with the natives to be gained thereby. But this is a pleasure confined to those thoroughly familiar with the language, and the ordinary visitor cannot hope to share it. As a general rule, then, the traveler will wisely ride in the first-class cars; and with the discount made possible by using a kilometric ticket the cost will not exceed the cost of the usual second-class tickets.

The speed of the trains is seldom great. It commonly averages very little over thirty miles an hour on the fastest expresses, while the slow mixed trains rarely get above a fifteen-mile rate. In either case there are likely to be very extended stops at stations, in part for the exigencies of travel and in part for the convenience of passengers. Also, I suspect, it enables the more easy maintenance of schedule

time by affording some leeway at stopping points. As a matter of fact, I have met with very few instances of delay beyond scheduled times of arrival and departure in all our Spanish journeying.

The chief pitfall for the unwary traveler is to be found in the fact that certain trains run only on specified days,— a fact which the time-table does not always make sufficiently clear. Hence, in studying the published guides of the railways,— even the best "official" ones, which may be bought at any bookstore for fifty centimos,— one must make sure not only that a train is scheduled to go at a specified hour, but also that it is specified to run on the desired day. This intermittent peculiarity is by no means confined entirely to the *trains de luxe*. It extends to the humble "mixed" trains, as we occasionally discovered to our sorrow. Certain of the faster and more luxurious trains are limited in their nature, taking only as many passengers as they can seat, and for passage by such trains an extra, or "supplemental," ticket is required, costing ten per cent of the regular fare in addition thereto. Such trains are best boarded only at large terminals, for the reason that they are very likely to be full,— in which case the wayfarer may be able to obtain admission to them neither for love nor even for money, as we also discovered to our sorrow on an occasion which shall be described in its proper place.

One other thing advisable to bear constantly in

mind is the curious custom of closing the ticket offices five minutes or more before the arrival of the train is to be expected. This precludes the purchase of a ticket at the last moment, or the belated exchange of kilometric coupons; and as there is very likely to be a considerable throng about the ticket window, it is highly desirable to be early on the scene, even if one has no heavy luggage to be weighed and registered.

The kilometric ticket referred to above is also a thing that ought to be well understood before starting, since its use is productive both of economy and comfort. It will be found very wise for the traveler intending to visit Spain to provide himself before starting from home with a small unmounted photograph of himself, or his party in a group, the photograph being not more than two inches square and showing the portraits clearly. The possession of this photograph in advance will save valuable time on arriving in Spain, for the kilometric ticket must be sent for and is issued by very few central offices. On landing, the application accompanied by the picture may be dispatched by any hotel proprietor or tourist agent, and in three or four days the kilometric book will be returned, properly stamped. They are issued in different sizes, the larger denominations being available for several persons — but the persons must be a "family," or business associates. The maximum number is, I believe, seven people, and any number less than the

seven may use it. Of course, in determining what denomination of ticket to purchase it is important to ascertain the total number of kilometres likely to be traversed, as well as the number of the passengers. One must not be discouraged by the feigned ignorance of tourist agencies respecting such tickets, but should stoutly insist on having the ticket sent for without delay. The saving on a long journey, even including some portions of road on which kilometrics are not available, may total a third of the ordinary expense.

As for the question of seasons, it is always to be remembered that Spain is an Atlantic as well as a Mediterranean country, and possesses a great variety of climatic conditions within its rather restricted territory. The climate of the Spanish riviera is commended by those who have visited it in midwinter as being admirably even and comfortable, while the climate of the great inland plateau, even in the mild months, is berated with equal fervor as toasting by day and frigid by night. Much of the interior of the kingdom is a bleak and lofty desert, with an altitude of several thousand feet above the sea, intersected by ranges of snow-clad mountains, so that the spring months may be cold indeed. Southern Spain, on the contrary, affords pleasant lowlands and early verdure. The summer is everywhere too hot for comfort. The winters, in most of Spain, are too cold, and the houses are but poorly heated. For ourselves, we

chose April for our first visit, seeking to average conditions between south and north; but after the various experiments I incline to believe that the best time is early May, working northward with the season. Of course, there is much of interest to be seen by visiting such cities as Seville in Holy Week; the great drawbacks being the presence of crowds and the difficulty of seeing such pictures and altar-pieces as pious custom dictates shall be shrouded in purple cloaks until after Easter.

Winter travel in Spain is unquestionably the least expensive, owing to the naturally lower rates demanded for hotel accommodation at that time. It is said to be not at all uncommon to find very considerable houses willing to make rates as low as six or seven pesetas per day during the colder months, whereas at other seasons the same hostelries would ask fully double, and perhaps treble, that sum for the same accommodation. The discomfort of winter in Spain, however, is universally agreed to be great. The heating facilities of even fairly large hotels are often hopelessly inadequate, and it is only in the comparatively few that are actually heated by steam that comfort is to be had. I say "actually heated" advisedly, for not every proprietor advertising that luxury always has it to offer. We met with one who announced such facilities as part of the attractions of his house, and who doubtless believed in all honesty that the kettles of boiling water with which he adorned his tiny stoves

afforded the luxury of which his business cards made so much!

Doubtless the great volume of Spanish travel to-day still enters by the north, through the great main gateways of Irun and Port-Bou at the frontiers of France. The American voyager, however, will probably find it preferable to enter by the southern port of Algeciras and proceed northward as far as he desires, or his time permits. At present it is a common practice for those sailing to the Mediterranean to "stop over a steamer" at Gibraltar and spend the intervening week or so in visiting the southern cities of Granada, Seville, and Ronda only. Needless to say, this can hardly be called seeing Spain. The southern districts, while interesting and beautiful to a commanding degree, are far from being characteristic of the whole. They are warmer, more fertile, less gloomy than the great interior plateau. The broad vega of Granada bears no resemblance to the boundless deserts and bleak upland plains of Castile. Seville has little in common with Madrid. In fact, the traveler who contents himself with Andalusia will depart possessed of Moorish, rather than Spanish, memories. The Moor has left an indelible impress on the land, despite his more than four centuries of absence. His graceful architecture has been perpetuated, though with steadily lessening success, until one wearies of horseshoe arches and arabesques. If Christianity has triumphed over Islam, it has not

always seen fit greatly to alter or amend the temples made with Mohammedan hands. The campanile of the huge cathedral at Seville is still the Moorish Giralda tower. Cordova worships to this day in a slightly modified, but thoroughly spoiled, mosque. Throughout all southern Spain the dark figure of the resourceful Moor looms large, ghostly though it be after all these years of expulsion.

But if the impressions carried away by the visitor of Granada alone are Moorish, those borne homeward by the more fortunate voyager who journeys throughout the country are likely to prove chaotic. Spain is, in this respect, the most curious of countries. She is a hopeless composite. At the end of the journey one is utterly at a loss if asked to spell out Spanish art in terms of architecture. Spain has been fated to take her models from others. She has been a generous buyer and an imitative borrower. She has, in consequence, developed no style peculiarly her own, and where she has sought to do so she has too often succeeded only in spoiling what foreigners brought to her door. She has imported Moorish, Gothic, Romanesque, and "renaissance" forms of architecture in chaotic profusion; and aside from slight and often dubious variations on these themes, she has contributed almost nothing of her own. Her forte seems to have been the stern art of war, exploration, conquest, the pursuit of empire; and, as a natural consequence, she preferred to engage the service of accomplished aliens to design

her palaces and temples, for which she had the money handsomely to pay. Such, at least, I take to be one explanation of the absence of anything one may properly call a distinctively Spanish style. She was a collector rather than an originator in the realm of art and architecture; a liberal patron rather than a craftsman. And yet she produced a few excellent painters of her own, and at least one consummate artist of pronounced individuality, — Velasquez.

I recall listening once to a lecturer who aroused my choler at the outset of his remarks by the seemingly absurd statement, "There is no Spain!" It is only after returning from that country and setting about now to collect my own scattered recollections of it that I begin to understand this astonishing dictum. Doubtless it was too broadly put; but it is almost a truth that "there is no Spain" in the sense in which one says there is an Italy, or a Greece. Spain is kaleidoscopic. She is a microcosm. She embodies a little of everything without achieving marked individuality, — even in climate.

Her people well exemplify the same curious trait. The indolent Andalusian under his softer skies is quite a different creature from the haughty Castilian. The alert and businesslike Catalan is different from both, and indeed is hardly entitled to be called a Spaniard at all, even in his own estimation. But at best the Spaniards as a race seem far less light-hearted than their Italian cousins. They have

the sterner climate, the higher mountains, the colder waters, the more sterile soil to contend with. Hence the less musical speech, the more strident voice, the greater austerity and more impressive dignity, in place of open-hearted, care-free laughter.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find that the national character and the national life abound in inconsistencies and contradictions. The same nation that exhibits such an unbounded fondness for children and pets, that displays its tenderness in speech in a thousand endearing, caressing diminutives, takes even to-day a savage delight in bull-fighting, and but recently outgrew the *auto-de-fe*. The heart that scrupulously reveres the forms and ceremonies of religion may in the next moment condone actions quite out of accord with the spirit, and cheerfully content itself with the letter only. I have known of purses stolen in a throng kneeling before the passing Host! In short, Spain is one vast medley, turn which way you will,— north, south, east, west; and one is tempted to sum it all up by saying that if she has one great distinguishing national characteristic, it is her very lack thereof! If she has any consistency, it is in being forever inconsistent.

It is to be borne in mind, as one traverses the Spanish peninsula, that Spain is a nation in the night-time of her existence. She has had her stirring day, and for a time at least the sun has set. Of the vast colonial empire of Philip II not a shred

remains. Spain is old, and broken, and poor; her head is bloody — but unbowed! She no longer furnishes the world with gold from her mines — but she has still her pride. It was her part to open the way for the westward course of empire, but not to hold sway over it. For the latter task she was as unfit by temperament as she was preëminently qualified for the former. She lived an intensely active life while it lasted, and then fell into what has seemed to many like decay. As a nation she is now reduced almost entirely to her peninsular borders, stripped of her last remnant of maritime glory, and utterly without training for anything like a leadership in commerce. For old Spain never was "in trade." The Spaniard was the valiant chevalier, the hardy explorer, the navigator, the buccaneer, the man of war. With the departure of the time for conquest and the lack of new worlds to conquer came poverty like an armed man, and for the arts of peace the Spanish race found itself pathetically unfit. The New World empire proved too vast to be stable. The governors were neither sufficiently able nor sufficiently scrupulous to bear a wise sway over remote colonies. What was worse, she developed the same insidious weakness and incapacity for government at home.

The spectacle of Spain as she is to-day is not without its pathos. She is outworn, yet faced with the necessity of beginning life anew. She finds herself but ill equipped for taking up, in her gray hairs,

the drudgery which she spurned in her vigorous youth. And yet it would be serious error to assume that she is cast down. The industrious Catalan is as self-confident and as active in peaceful arts to-day as the citizen of Milan. The farmer of the barren interior is turning with renewed endeavor to the task of making fertile the desert which the Moor so long ago taught him to irrigate. In view of the inherent reluctance of the ancient Iberian race to adopt new ideas and especially new methods, it is perfectly natural that the unlearning of the old and the acquirement of the new should be a somewhat slow and painful process; but hopeful critics aver that the present period, so far from being one of progressive decay, is rather one of transition to a new and different life. Everywere, remarks a recent writer,[1] the cities, instead of declining, are actually filling up. If Spain clings with discouraging persistence to the *brasero* for her indoor heating, she does not disdain the electric light, nor the use of illuminating gas. One is struck by the number of tall chimneys bearing the dates of their erection since 1900, even in the south. One who attempts to obtain satisfactory photographs of ancient palaces and bridges built by Roman and Moorish hands will be seriously embarrassed to find a point of view which shall serve to conceal the network of electric wires strung by the descendants of the obstinate Iberians! The danger is not that Spain

[1] Havelock Ellis, *The Soul of Spain.*

will die, but that she may barter her birthright of picturesqueness for a mess of pottage.

Nevertheless, she seems fully to realize the value of her glorious past. She is protecting her monuments. Those who had visions of the ultimate destruction of the Alhambra through neglect, as Irving had, would find no sign of it could they return to earth. Monserrat, hiding-place of the Holy Grail, is reached to-day by a splendid funicular railway and can harbor at a single time five thousand pilgrim guests. Surely the country is awakening to the fact that, in common with other ancient lands that have borne a stirring part in building our modern world, she offers an interest to mankind which may be turned to thrifty account. It will not be in the least surprising if the attraction of foreign travelers shall prove the industrial salvation of Spain. It is natural that interest should be awakened in her. It was under her patronage that our western world was discovered and much of it colonized, as we never can forget. We may owe to Spain very little in the way of modern culture, nothing at all in the line of architecture, and rather less than nothing in the philosophy of government, — unless it be a knowledge of what to avoid. But for all that, Spain has figured heavily in our history; and, although on different lines, she has influenced the world as potently as did Greece or Rome.

Spain cannot offer to her visitors the paradise of

Italy, it is true. It is only here and there that she spreads a scene of verdure. Her landscape is a succession of fertile intervales, gray mountain chains, vast and empty deserts, sparse and struggling groves, smooth and wrinkled hills of tawny hue, river beds that are almost dry. Her mountain scenery has an Hellenic quality. It is rugged and gray. It abounds in wild gorges and constricted passes. There is the same profusion of wild flowers and the same dearth of trees that one finds in so many of the mountain districts of Greece. The pine groves are tapped as they are in Ægina. Certain tricks of pronunciation recall the Greek, and Havelock Ellis detects a Greek quality in the national dancing. Where the Athenian peopled his mountain glens with pagan gods and demi-gods, the Spaniard hallows his with legendary appearances of the Saviour, the Virgin, and the glorious company of the apostles. A thousand pretty legends persist. Poplar trees remain in abundance because it is said that God created them first of all trees. Martlets twitter unmolested in the ruins because they plucked the thorns from the dying Saviour's crown. There is no situation in life from the cradle to the grave that the Spaniard cannot fit to a proverb. It is this quaintness, this wealth of legend, this sweet savor of the true romance, that gives to Spain its indescribable and elusive charm.

CHAPTER II

TANGIER

GENTLEMAN! Gentleman! You live in New York? You live, maybe, in Chicago?"

Thus to me a handsome, swarthy, white-toothed Moor, standing in the majesty of turban, blue robe, and bare feet thrust into roomy, heelless slippers, on the deck of what the posters had announced to be "the stanch and favorite steamship Gibel Dersa," bound for Tangier.

We were slipping swiftly down the harbor, a tumbling wake of foam behind and a somewhat agitated sea before, the waves dancing under the brightness of the forenoon sun and the impressive mass of the African promontory rearing its rocky bulk in the April haze. In the middle northeast distance rose Gibraltar, grand and gray,— but steadily diminishing as we ploughed our way onward.

"You know my friend, Mr. Killy?" pursued the bearded and smiling Moroccan. "You know about the man who stole so much?"

I was about to confess entire ignorance of the knavery referred to, when one of our companions on the steamer fathomed the meaning of the Moor's query with womanly intuition, and owned not only

a lively recollection of the capture of a western defaulter in the city of Tangier, but also a personal acquaintance with the resourceful journalist through whose efforts the capture had been made. The Moor smiled a wider smile than before, and produced from the depths of his burnous a portentous wallet from which he extracted certain typewritten papers — the same setting forth his claims to possessing a friend in common. It developed that his name — the Moor's — was Mohammed Hamdushi, and that he was the most trustworthy guide, philosopher, and friend to be found in all the troubled environs of Tangier. From that moment we were his — at ten shillings a day.

It had not been our intention to employ any native guide at all in making this fleeting visit to Africa; for, while we had entertained some tremors about venturing into the land of Raisuli and Mulai Hafid so shortly after the Perdicaris incident and the still more recent ransom of Kaid Sir Harry MacLean, we were fully resolved to trust in our several stars, not merely to preserve us from captivity, but to reveal to us the manifold mysteries of this northern city on the straits. There was no resisting Hamdushi, however. To gaze upon him was to love him. To read his letters and testimonials was to trust him. To listen to his blandishments was to esteem him indispensable.

I have never since regretted Hamdushi and the hours we spent in his company. No son of the

desert could have been more affable or more gentle. No visitor's progress could have been made more smooth, — unless it might be over the waves that always separate the incoming steamer from the Tangier shores. For be it known that Tangier shares the common oriental disadvantage of being reached only in small skiffs, which must make their way between vessel and beach across a shoal that is but imperfectly shielded from the winds of heaven by a brief and unfinished breakwater. The day was boisterous, with a piping gale from the east, which Hamdushi assured us was a *Levanter*. For the moment we gave little thought to the weather, being in ignorance of the exact situation of the harbor and the town, and conjured up comfortable visions of a placid bay sheltered from the breeze by some friendly promontory. So Hamdushi and I sedately exchanged cigarettes and entered into an intimate conversation, seated each of us in his own fashion on a bight of rope just over the Gibel Dersa's racing screw.

One need make no apology for including Tangier in the course of a narration of travels in Spain. Not only have the Moors figured largely in the annals of the Spanish nation, *quorum magna pars fuerunt*, but more than that, it is probable that the Spanish race itself is a more or less direct descendant of North African stock. Ethnologists trace the origin of the present Spaniards in large part to the mysterious North African whites, best represented in

the peninsula to-day by the remnant of the Basques in the slopes of the Pyrenees. Certainly nothing was more natural than that immigration in prehistoric ages should have spread northward across the narrow strait into a peninsula which is, to all intents and purposes, quite as much a detached projection of Africa as it is an attached projection of Europe. That is to say, the constricted waters of Gibraltar were no more a barrier to immigration from the south than the rugged and gigantic mountain chain was on the northern boundary, — and indeed they were rather less formidable. Thus the trend of scientific research apparently now is to find in the modern races of Europe a prominent, if not predominant, strain of a parent North African stock, of which the present Spaniard may claim to be the first-begotten son. Wherefore we may feel the less hesitation over prefacing our Spanish experiences with a description of Tangier, since it may well be that, by so doing, we shall approach Spain by the portal of history.

Our sail from Gibraltar to Tangier proved to be a brief one, occupying little more than two hours and a quarter. The course lay close along the Spanish shore at first, and we kept near it until abreast of Cape Tarifa, — from the piratical character of which neighborhood, as is well known, we get the word used to describe the benevolently protective tariff schedules of our own government! At the present day the cape is anything but formidable in

appearance. It is a very narrow tongue of land thrust into the strait, dull yellow in color, tipped by an equally dull yellow lighthouse and backed by a mud-colored town of unprepossessing aspect, which I believe is commonly referred to by every passing traveler, for some unworthy reason, as being "typically Spanish" in appearance.

From this cape the Gibel Dersa made hurriedly across the strait toward a distant and misty bulk which we identified on the charts as Cape Spartel. The Levanter continued to blow with steadily increasing vehemence, but the ship proved herself worthy her advertised description and was quite as "stanch and favorite" as anybody could well desire, or expect of a vessel no larger than she that had seen better days in English waters. On the way she overtook and speedily passed the rival steamer, a side-wheel ship of the old school, which had departed from Gibraltar an hour or so ahead of our sailing. For some occult reason the service between Gibraltar and Tangier is maintained only on alternate days, going over to Africa on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and omitting Sunday from the account. And although there are two lines, each sends its boats on the same days with the other; so that if the traveler is so unfortunate as to reach Gibraltar on a *dies non*, there is no alternative but to await to-morrow's embarrassment of riches.

As Tangier began to come into view and take form in a gleaming crescent of white along the

margin of the bay, it was made more and more distressingly apparent to our disturbed minds that the Levanter was blowing almost directly into the harbor and piling up a truly alarming surf on the magnificent curve of the beach. The town faced the east. Moreover, such ships as were already there lay anchored at a discouraging distance from the land; and it was with considerable anxiety that we crowded on the forward deck and watched the course of the vessel with a jealous eye, thankful for every foot of advance at half-speed, and at the end devoutly grateful for every inch of drifting that was allowed to slip beneath our keel before the anchor was let go. But even at the very last, when the anchor went into the waves with a splash and much rumbling of chains, we were a truly appalling distance from the pier and the billows were running what seemed to our landsmen's imagination to be mountains high. Hamdushi, however, regarded it as a very mild and peaceful day — for Tangier; and so apparently did his fellow countrymen, who came swarming out in strong shore boats, four stalwart Moors pulling stoutly at the oars of each, while a be-fezzed Mussulman sat calmly steering in the stern, imperturbable cigarette jauntily depending from lip.

A half-dozen of these craft gathered on the lee side of the Gibel Dersa as she swung to the wind and a vociferous quarrel instantly broke out as to the choice of positions. Handushi marshaled us to

the ladder and handed us and our luggage into the first craft that offered; but it was a somewhat ticklish business, since the boats rose and fell with each advancing wave in a manner to bother any but an experienced acrobat. Eventually, however, all was safely stowed; and then ensued a second quarrel compared with which the previous altercation had been a holy calm. It seemed that our boat had carelessly drifted away from the ladder and another had immediately taken her place before the quota of our passengers was complete. The gesticulation and shouting in outlandish tongues that accompanied the solution of the difficulties was little short of terrifying. Our party sat disconsolately in the bobbing stern, looking the picture of worried woe, while the angry Moors, heedless of the wild jumping of the craft, raged more and more fiercely, shaking fists and raising their shrieks to a higher and higher pitch. Decidedly it was time to stop all this! So Hamdushi was duly authorized to offer an extra inducement to the crew in the shape of a shilling or two. The effect was magical — and I suspect that this was the one aim and object of all this dissension from the start. We were off at last, across a decidedly lively sea. The only real danger was that of shipping a comber which might wet us to the skin; but the helmsmen were skillful, and the tiny craft drew inside the line of the breakwater at last, where the sea was as calm as a pond. The actual landing was simple, being accomplished by

climbing a flight of steps, so that our visions of being carried through the surf on the backs of stalwart oarsmen went unrealized. They have begun to do things better than of yore, even in this obstinate outpost of Islam.

We were fortunate to have Hamdushi along, I imagine, because he paid for everything. Not that this reduced the costs of getting ashore, necessarily, — and they are always a source of extortion; but simply that we were spared endless bickerings over the matter in the traveler's common frenzy to avoid being cheated. If we were victimized, we had the supreme satisfaction of knowing nothing about it, and this is well worth all it can possibly cost one.

Our hotel — or rather Hamdushi's, for he was attached to it in the capacity of a runner — was on the beach, — the only one there, in fact; and Hamdushi pronounced it a very short walk indeed. It proved, however, to be a very appreciable distance away, through a warm and sunlit noontide that had driven the natives to their sleep in the shade of many a white wall. What little luggage we possessed was loaded on a diminutive and patient ass, after passing the somnolent scrutiny of a cross-legged old Moor who sat in the cool darkness of a horseshoe arch and posed as collector of the port. Nobody even suggested backsheesh. An agile attendant slapped the laden donkey and it started off enthusiastically up a slimy pavement of cobbles, we following as best we could, — which was n't

very well. By the time we had gotten clear of the buildings of the dock and had fairly entered the narrow and winding streets of the city, the baggage was hopelessly lost to view in the mazes ahead. Hamdushi, however, reassured us as to its safety, remarking with a haughty air which became his stately person well, "You remember, this is not Spain."

Eventually, after a bewildering succession of twists and turns, always following the shaded sides of several very narrow byways, we came down a long and dusty incline to a city gate, and the magnificent crescent of the beach lay before us. The donkey with all our worldly goods was making lively time across the sands in the direction of a white-walled building which we knew for the Hotel Cecil. Long lines of breakers piled up by the wind raced in parallel ranks upon the sands of the beach with a muffled roar. Out beyond the ultimate buildings of the city rose great yellow dunes of sand, as if of the Sahara, and over its golden surface scampered numerous small figures which we later discovered to be horsemen. Beautiful horses passed us continually, and men on mules and donkeys were numerous. But of wheeled vehicles there were none, and no caravan of camels came up from the yellow sands beyond.

Hamdushi was all in favor of securing mules and taking us out to see the town in state immediately after luncheon; but we insisted on walking, —

much to his disgust, for the mule industry affords the Tangerine guide an additional source of emolument. And there is some excuse for it, too, for we speedily discovered that the walking in Tangier's cobble-paved streets is not at all good and is very wearying to the feet. Of course we went first of all to the grand Soko, or outer market-place, as all visitors do. It lay close at hand, just over a low hillock, and although it was past the traditional time of full-market, the place was a scene of considerable squalid activity.

Sukh, the Arabic word from which the term Soko is derived, survives, by the way, in various forms in the several cities of Spain where Moorish influence was once strong, and we met with it many times in later days when Tangier had become a memory. The word and its derivatives seem always to refer to a spot where there was once, or is still, an open-air mart. In Tangier it is a vacant, sloping hillside, bare of all permanent buildings and lying just outside the city gates — for Tangier is a walled town and the gates are numerous and quaint. Now for the first time we came upon the "horseshoe" arch, — to give the characteristic Moorish portal its common and vivid name, — with which we were destined to become so familiar before we emerged from southern Spain, and of which we were even to grow somewhat weary, indeed, despite its inherent grace. Moorish architecture is, like every other good thing, subject to abuse; and a surfeit of it

palls on one after a time. But now it was new! Here was the market of Tangier, flooded with African sunlight; and yonder were real horseshoe arches of undoubted age and authenticity! We gazed upon them with genuine enthusiasm, and for the first time the astonishingly oriental character of the place dawned upon us.

The Soko spread before us as remarkable a picture as one could well imagine. The whole spacious field, if one may apply that term to a grassless, open area, was crowded with native hucksters of every shade of swarthiness. They were sheltered, if at all, only by rude huts or tents of skin, and their wares were spread in unstudied disorder on the ground before them. It was, in truth, a rag fair of a permanent sort. There seemed to be no limit to the scope of the activities represented. There were many women, some veiled and some with bared faces, selling a variety of wares, but mainly vegetables, fruits, nuts, prickly pears, and oranges. There were horse traders and water carriers. There were Arab barbers and story-tellers, snake-charmers and letter-writers. At nightfall, they say this heterogeneous population, men, women, and beasts alike, lie down to rest in the midst of their merchandise. Many of the blacks — and they were black in very truth — were slaves, both men and women. One grinning negro, fat and unctuous and as black as a coal, clad in rags and clattering some instruments that resembled brazen castanets to

draw our attention, came up with us and said, "Me very good boy! Sou-dan-ese! Very good boy!" And he clattered his castanets expectantly again. We gave him a penny, which broadened his grin, if that were possible. He had, it seemed, been in the United States with some world's fair side-show. With his grotesque rags and barbaric music he was almost the most picturesque inmate of the Soko and easily the noisiest, not even barring the water carriers who constantly tinkled by with their little bells and dripping goatskins. But it was a squalid place contrasting sharply with the pinky white of the city walls and the barbaric grace of the pointed arches.

Hamdushi cut short our inspection of it to show us a snake-charmer whose lair was in a far corner of the market. He was a bearded old fellow seated on a mat in the open air, and at the approach of a party of strangers he and a confederate set themselves to beating a tomtom and producing a lugubrious wailing strain from a tibble, or native flute. Doubtless this was partly to draw custom and partly to charm the snakes; for after performing in this way for a while, the old man laid his tibble aside and drew from the recesses of a gunnysack at his feet a prosperous-looking serpent. The confederate still kept up an energetic beating of the tomtom, but apparently the snake was not yet sufficiently charmed, for he bit viciously at the old man's hand, and the effect was to make the

charmer wince visibly whilst he was fishing around in the darkness of the sack for his pet. Once the reptile was drawn forth, however, he grew slowly rigid and soon was quite calm, no longer darting forth his fangs. Having thus lulled the snake to a torpor, the old man drew out another, meantime laying the first one on the ground, — at which we, in common with several native boys who had gathered near, beat a precipitate retreat.

I could not see that the second snake was of much account, for the performance continued with the first alone. It was a simple exhibition, but fairly exciting and extremely perplexing. The old charmer took up his pet once more and held him by the neck, the head almost touching his own mouth, meantime advancing his tongue to meet the fangs of the reptile, which were active again and playing in and out like lightning. Having allowed himself to be bitten, and proving the reality of his wounds by showing us that the tongue bled, he laid the snake hastily down upon the ground, securing its tail between his toes, and dried the lacerations of his tongue with a wad of shavings from a pile close by. The native boys and ourselves crowded close around again in breathless interest, but the charmer drove the former away with his reptile as a lash, leaving a clear field to see what should follow. This was the truly astonishing part. For having rolled the bloody wad into a small pellet, he seized a great handful of dry shavings, inserted the pellet, and, placing the

whole to his lips, began to blow vigorously into it. In an instant smoke began to rise, but died away. Further blowing elicited a fresh cloud, and I took the precaution of sniffing it to make certain that it was really wood smoke; whereupon he blew still harder and the whole mass burst into flame! It was totally consumed. The tomtom music ceased, we applauded, paid what Hamdushi said it was worth, and asked how it was done.

Hamdushi said he was a "very holy man!" A bystander, less credulous or more communicative than Hamdushi, explained in French that the production of fire in this way was "a very clever trick." We asked if the snakes were poisonous, and he said, "Oh, yes; to others — not to him." But we went away with the cleverness wholly unexposed, so perhaps it is just as well to adopt Hamdushi's explanation and ascribe the miracle to the holiness of the charmer himself. In appearance he certainly fulfilled all the preconceived ideals we had formed of holy men from legend and painting, and dwelt unmistakably in the odor of sanctity.

Writing at this time and at this distance from Tangier, I find it extremely difficult to express the impression that the city produced in our minds. The whole atmosphere was so different from that of any city one would expect to find so far outside the real Orient, — and of course Tangier, while Mohammedan, is hardly oriental at all. It is not so much the character of the buildings, for many of

them are like what one expects to find in Mediterranean ports of the more primitive and ancient type. Rather is it the curious mixture of races and chaotic jumble of costumes that jostles its way through the tortuous and constricted highways of the town. It is claimed that Tangier is too cosmopolitan now to be deemed characteristically Moroccan, and this is probably quite true. The contiguity to European civilization and the constant rubbing of elbows with tourist travel have naturally produced some effect. But neither element has succeeded in depriving the city of its orientalism. Magnificent, bronzed Arabs, sons of the Sahara, clad in the voluminous white burnous which covers head and body in its capacious folds, stalk in terrible dignity through the streets; Moors in blue, with fez or turban, are at every turn. Jews, not confined to their ghetto, glide hither and yon in their sombre gaberdines. Full-lipped Riff boys, Soudanese slaves, pale-faced half-breeds of a Turkish cast, English, Spaniards, negroes, mulattoes, — there is no end to the infinite variety. The air is filled with strange cries. The passing groups are talking a new and guttural speech.

Here one is under a different theology; there is no god but Allah, even though Franciscan monks may, as they do, interrupt the muezzin with the clamor of their bells. The Christian's domain ceases abruptly with the strait, and in Tangier the very religion permeates the air with a different

quality. It is Moorish, but in the modern way. As of old the streets are extremely narrow and winding, — to make them cool and dark under the glare of the African sun. But there is little of the magnificence of architecture that Granada and Seville have taught us to associate with the name of the Moorish race. The city, prosperous seaport as it is from the Moroccan standpoint, is yet too poor to boast grand alcazars. It is said in this respect not to compare with Fez, which is the capital, or was before the Sultan was forced to become a migratory monarch with a capital where he laid his turban. There are horseshoe arches, it is true, and many a picturesque doorway and secluded court, but nothing savoring of the rare magnificence of the Alhambra.

Our recollection of Tangier is therefore of a rather chaotic kind. The city frames itself in my mind's eye as a huddled mass of white houses, glittering in the sun and rising in a steep crescent from the bluest of bays against a line of green hills. Behind it lies an open country cut into tiny plantations hedged about with cactus and traversed by broad but vague and formless roads. Internally the city is crooked, squalid, rough-paved, and hilly. Tall white or slightly tinted buildings hem in streets that are no more than alleys. The cobbles are coated with slime in the dark depths of by-ways to which the sun does not penetrate. There are no carriages at all and no carts, save in the outer country, where a very few may be employed. In Tan-

gier there is not room for such vehicles. The British consul imported one, it is said, but the natives on bringing it ashore insisted on taking off all its wheels. In consequence, all traffic passes on mules and burros, and thus do people transport themselves. Ladies, paying polite calls, go in all their finery on donkey-back, but use saddles that are not unlike chairs. Every one rides on something. No one walks any distance if he can avoid it. If he is rich, he owns as fine a horse as you will find anywhere in the world. If poor, he trots serenely up and down the streets, side-saddle on a burro.

It is the twilight of the cavernous alleys, the bits of color which slanting shafts of light reveal at rare intervals, the occasional obtrusion of a charming fragment of architecture, and above all the quaint features of the passing throng, alike in costume, occupation, race, and color, that give to Tangier its subtle charm. These were the things that chiefly impressed us as we rambled all the balmy afternoon through that blind maze of narrow streets, under dank arches, up steep hills, and down slippery cobbles into densely populated valleys in the midst of the town. Here and there, through half-open doors, one had glimpses of small gardens, whose paths were paved with tiny pebbles and lined with fragrant hedges closely cropped. Over occasional walls feathery palms towered toward the sky, reaching up into the sunshine out of the gloomy twilight below. Anon we heard the

warning tinkle of the water carrier's bell and stepped aside to let him pass, — a swart giant, robed all in raggedness, his goatskin slung dripping from his back and distended with good water from the public wells. At the wells themselves we would find always a motley throng of these same water venders filling up the skins preparatory to renewing their ceaseless wanderings through the city. And finally, after a sharp scramble up a steep pitch, we came out upon a commanding eminence at the farther side of the town whence an extended view was to be had over its closely packed roofs and white-walled houses to the deep blue of the bay and the long sickle of yellow sands that formed the curving beach, — the skyline broken by the slender shafts of minarets and the green-tiled tower of the great mosque.

It was in the course of our wanderings through these mazes of streets and alleys that we came upon another "very holy man," also attended with the pomp and circumstance of barbaric music. We were made aware of him from afar by the medley of sounds proceeding from tomtoms, flutes, and native fiddles, and soon discovered him in a side street, with a brave array of musicians and a banner on a pole. Hamdushi, for some reason, kept us aloof from him, merely remarking on his extreme sanctity and on the nature of his errand, which seemed to be the collection of funds. I more than half suspect that Hamdushi avoided him from motives of

thrift. Also he seemed reluctant to take us to hear the muezzin's call from the tower of the great mosque, believing, I suppose, that this would degrade his worship to the level of a show. As for entering the mosque, that seemed to be entirely out of the question.

He did, however, conduct us to certain shops in the Soko Chico, — a second but smaller market-place in the centre of the city, — and I doubt not that he reaped his share of the shopkeepers' profits in commissions after the manner of guides and couriers the world over. The little Soko was far less barbaric than the greater one outside the wall, but it made up in activity and congestion what it lacked in wildness. How so many hawkers of edibles, money-changers, handcart men, pedestrians, and men on horseback manage to transact business and find passage in so tiny a square is incomprehensible; but they do it, and great is the clatter and bustle. Post-offices, a cable office, cafés, and even a small hotel abutted upon this narrow, side-hill square, which we found bristling with life and resonant with the chatter of bargainers, the shouts of mounted men clamoring for passageway, the clink of coins, and the yelping of mangy dogs. In the dark recesses of neighboring hallways, squatting Moors were hammering industriously at great discs of brass, making huge trays adorned with intricate *repoussé* patterns of arabesques.

On the way home we were initiated into the mys-

teries of the Moorish coffee-house, situate on a street leading steeply down to the beach and reached by a remarkably steep flight of stairs, obscurely lighted and productive of many stumbles. It gave access to a huge room, carpeted with fragrant mattings and hung with the same material. On the floor squatted a small group of Moors playing a game with curiously figured cards, and sipping gravely now and again from tall glasses of tea-and-mint, steaming hot. Hamdushi ordered one of these for himself, but said we would probably not enjoy it, and gave us coffee instead, which was syrupy and thick like that of Athens and Constantinople. Meantime the players stopped their game and regarded us with grave and courteous curiosity, filling their tiny pipes with hasheesh and smoking with much grace. Hamdushi and I went through our stately exchange of cigarettes, and presently departed, leaving the Moors to their game. The chief activity of the place, as we later discovered, was at night.

It being a time of tranquillity in Tangier, freed for the moment of the fear of the bandit Raisuli, we were allowed a brief ride on mules through the environing country. We confined our leisurely jaunt to the immediate environs of the city, giving no more than a longing, lingering look down the broad and dusty highway that wandered off across the bare plains toward Fez and Tetuan. It was a charming ride through winding lanes hedged close

with tall cacti. There was no sign of the vast interior desert. All the countryside was green and smiling and cut into an infinitude of tiny plantations. Far to the westward of the city rose the great hill which Hamdushi said was the abode of the more wealthy residents, and which, he said, was called "Mount Vashington." Real estate, he claimed, was constantly increasing in value because of the insistent foreign demand for it. And indeed it would be hard to find a more beautiful outlook than is to be obtained from the lofty heights above Tangier, commanding, as it does, a view of the entire strait of Gibraltar, the rugged coast of Spain, the broad sweep of the shores of northern Africa, and Gibraltar's magnificent rock, dim and gray to the eastward.

On the summit just to the west of the city we came upon a spacious parade-ground, where the local detachment of the army was drilling. We reviewed the parade from the backs of our mules, and it was nearly an hour before the ravished Hamdushi could be induced to tear himself away from it. There were but two companies of infantry, but their marching was a wonderful sight, and the bands that played for the evolutions were more wonderful still. There were two sections of the latter, one equipped with instruments resembling cornets and the other with squeaky flutes, and these two bodies of musicians played antiphonally under the direction of an enormous and very highly

colored drum-major, who was even more deeply imbued with the responsibilities of that martial position than is common among the guild, — if that can be imagined. To see this gigantic negro minstrel conducting his earnest musicians was intensely diverting, and to Hamdushi it was apparently the quintessence of military glory. His eyes sparkled, his shoulders straightened, and he called aloud upon us to admire this impressive display of Moroccan chivalry. No truer patriot than Hamdushi ever drew breath. To us, however, this awkward squad of Riff boys was vastly less impressive than the silent but magnificent figures that dashed by now and then on their superb horses, either in uniforms or wearing the costume of the desert, and needing only the long-stocked guns to make them figures out of some painter's canvas. The horsemanship of Morocco is far famed, and it is a lasting regret that we had no opportunity to see more of it, along with the wild powder-play which forms the favorite means of celebration.

But of all our recollections of Tangier I think the strongest relates to our evening stroll to the city and its coffee-house. Darkness set in early, and when we left the hotel between eight and nine it was pitchy black along the beach, where the long rollers came in ghostly white. Hamdushi, however, had brought with him a silent attendant of great stature and portentous swarthiness, robed in a voluminous cape, who bore a huge square lantern about

the size and shape of a large bonnet box. Within there was a single candle, and by the light of this ineffectual fire we stumbled across the deserted beach where the surf was pounding so mournfully, and up the rocky steep that led into the town. Out on the bay twinkled the lights of various ships, but there was no sound save for the muffled roar of the waves and the crunch of our feet on the pebbles. The streets, when we reached them, were dark and almost deserted; and the few shrouded figures that strode past us in the gloom bearing lanterns like our own added to the weirdness of the scene.

Within the coffee-house, however, there was light and cheer. From its windows there trickled a curious wailing chant, accompanied by a joyful noise on the psaltery and harp, or their Moorish equivalents, including the inevitable and very melancholy instrument of two strings which does national duty as a fiddle. The men were seated as usual on the floor, ranged along the wall. Some were smoking the tiny pipes of hasheesh and sipping tall glasses of tea-and-mint, whilst others sang a wild cadence that invariably drifted off into a long, quavering wail. Several melodies were sung while we remained drinking our coffee and smoking, but I could discover no difference whatever between them, owing to the lack of anything that to our ears resembled a tune. Invariably, however, the songs accelerated in tempo as the end was neared, and occasionally the singers appeared to be highly

amused at the words, which, being Arabic, we could of course not understand at all.

Hamdushi also took us to see some Spanish dancing in a rude theatre in a sort of public house down a narrow byway of the Soko Chico; but it was excessively poor and did not hold our attention long, while we endeavored to justify our presence by drinking some glasses of bitter cordial. The Moorish dances — often indecent and devised mainly for the entertainment of foreigners — were not shown us, much to our relief, and a very little of what we did see sufficed us. We were soon content to summon the taciturn bearer of the lantern and depart through the ghostly streets, and out across that solemn stretch of strand, the great lantern bobbing about and throwing our shadows, grotesquely distorted and enormously magnified, on the dimly white walls of the silent town. And so, as Pepys would say, to bed, the Levanter howling dismally across the white-capped bay and down the murky corridors of the hotel.

Getting away from Tangier proved a long and lingering process. The steamer was advertised to sail at half-past eleven, local time, — which, for some occult reason, is a half hour behind the local time of Gibraltar, — but the steamer did not go. For two long hours we lay in the harbor, looking back at the white town rising from the water's edge and glowing in the brilliant sun. The steward said that the reason we did not go was because "the

cattles had not all come yet," which turned out to be the truth. They came ultimately, — scores of poor, bewildered cows packed in a hollow lighter which wallowed through the waves in the wake of an energetic tug, the stupefied brutes duly drenched by the flying spray. How in the world these "cattles" were to be lifted aboard was not at first evident, but it proved to be expeditiously done at the sacrifice of a little humanity, once the clumsy scow was made fast to the Gibel Dersa's fat sides. A crane was swung out over the lighter, and a loop from its cable was passed around two pairs of horns at each hoist. Then the donkey-engine started and the astounded animals rose grandly out of the common herd, like kittens carried by the nape of the neck, their forelegs drooping limply like paws. And in due season all were safely deposited between decks, and moored to stanchions. Naturally the poor brutes were terrified at the usage to which they were subjected, and generally landed on the deck in a discouraged heap, more dead than alive. In each case a vigorous twisting of the tail and well-directed kicks were resorted to, and finally all were gotten out of the way. Then, and not until then, did the steamer bellow her hoarse farewell to Tangier and thrust her nose out into the easterly gale that swept down from the Mediterranean. And soon Tangier was but a glittering speck against the dark bulk of Cape Spartel.

CHAPTER III

RONDA

It was a beauteous evening, calm and free, when we finally shook the dust of Gibraltar's narrow streets from our feet and boarded the ferry for our crossing to Algeciras, where our real Spanish experiences were to begin. The ferry, a fat, side-wheeled steamer belonging to a line that makes regular trips all day between Gibraltar and the Spanish shore, was crowded, but not uncomfortably so. The surface of the bay was like a sheet of glass. The mellow light of the sunset threw a rosy tinge over the gigantic rock behind, while the tumbling masses of African mountains to the southward were amethystine against the evening glow. Great masses of cloud, shot with crimson and salmon tints, floated lazily above them. The heights of Spain just ahead were royally purple against the glory of the west. The sun was gone now, and from the top of the rock came a sudden flash, followed by a dull boom which "startled the desert over Africa" and waked the echoes of Spain, — the "evening gun-fire" of the fortress. One of the multitude gathered on the deck, evidently a zealous artist, found the scene too alluring to resist, and seized her brushes in a feverish endeavor to transfer the

surrounding immensity to canvas before the light failed.

Darkness came on, however, before we had completed the few miles that lay between the English outpost and Algeciras, and the deep gloom of the long and narrow pier at which our boat came to rest was relieved only by pale and ineffectual electric lamps. The pier itself was crowded with people who soon resolved themselves into porters, runners for hotels, and ordinary onlookers whose evening occupation seemed to be to watch the boat come in. Two ragged boys of the many who swarmed over the side grasped our luggage and made off with it into the dark, we after them as best we could, stumbling over the rails of a track which ran down the middle of the wharf, and mindful only of Hamdushi's sententious remark in Tangier a few days before, — "This is not Spain!" We need have had no fear, however, of not being able to keep up with the boys. Instead, it speedily became evident that the difficulty was to make them progress at all. They kept stopping in the darkness and stooping down to do something, as I supposed, to their shoes, — to tie them, maybe, — and so exasperating did these mysterious delays become that we were forced to threaten to carry the bags ourselves if better time were not made. This had its proper effect, and we made our laborious way up the long wharf to a sort of open shed which served as a custom-house. It was crowded and ill-lighted, and the

examination of our bags was purely formal. But for the two small porters it was not so easy. To our amazement, the two vagrant lads who had been so mysteriously occupied in the dark were instantly seized by a vigilant officer and haled to a distant room, not to reappear. We were forced to depart alone, staggering under the weight of our four suitcases and wondering what had become of the boys. They were, as it developed, waiting for us outside, having been despoiled of great store of smuggled tobacco! So it was this which had kept them back on the way from the steamer; they were stuffing it more securely into their sleeves! When they stepped up and endeavored to resume their burdens an officer cuffed and kicked them soundly, but ultimately permitted them to go with us. Decidedly this was not a propitious entrance into Spain; and it seemed even less so when, on finally reaching the hotel, which stood on the very verge of the railway platform, the boys followed us to our rooms and demanded thrice their fee for the little they had performed in the way of honest toil!

But the hotel proved to be clean and well served, and a dinner of portentous length speedily put a better face on the matter. Besides, it was comfortable to reflect that, as the railroad ran directly across the hotel doorsteps, we should not have to rise too early on the following day. The evening train came grumbling by the door, waking the echoes with its whistle. One by one the sounds of

the dark streets died away. The crying children and coughing peasants drew off to their homes, and silence settled down on Algeciras. We were in Spain.

Morning dawned clear and beautiful over the bay and rock of Gibraltar, and in the cool of the early day we marched down to the little station to begin our Spanish pilgrimage, — three determined explorers, equipped with only four suit-cases and "Precious Darling." The latter was a diminutive red volume of convenient phrases, whose endearing title but faintly reflects the esteem in which we held it. Until we had grown somewhat accustomed to using the few rudiments we possessed of the Spanish tongue, the tiny dictionary was deemed as essential to our daily well-being as our stock of coppers. It was several weeks before we ventured forth into the streets without it, and for the first few days its aid was constantly invoked.

The train was standing in the station just below the hotel, expectant of the arrival of a ferry-boat. Its engine certainly looked capable enough, and was of recent make. It resembled the ordinary European locomotive, and its trimmings were bright with much polishing. It bore the gay and frivolous name of "Bobadilla," for in Spain they still have romanticism enough to name their locomotive engines. Behind the engine were ranged a few cars of the three ordinary classes, none of them very

modern in appearance, but sufficiently comfortable to serve for the run to Ronda, a short three hours. Three hours on a Spanish railway is nothing — a bagatelle. After a few days' experience, a five-hour trip, which is the equivalent in time of a run between Boston and New York, comes to be a matter of no more importance than a trip "in town" from Newton, or White Plains, or Evanston.

For the present we were traveling first class, which was rather needless. For so brief a journey the second would have done quite as well. Some even profess a partiality for riding third, — but we had one experience of ten miles in a third-class coach in company with the local peasantry, and the ten miles proved amply sufficient to extract all the enjoyment there was in it, so that if the ride had been longer it is doubtful that our enthusiasm had been stronger.

As it was, we found the first-class compartments far from empty, so that the pleasures of exclusiveness of which we had heard so much were not realized. But it was just as well so, for the ride to Ronda is one to be shared with all appreciative souls. A brief stretch of the line after leaving Algeciras was pastoral and meadowy, but it was not long before the engine began to pant up long grades into rocky defiles in the nearer mountains, through curious groves of cork. The wayside was lined with piles of the bark, and the trees, stripped to their upper branches, shadowed many a station

and wayside hamlet. A profusion of wild flowers spangled the fields through which we slipped so easily along, and each new variety called forth exclamations of delight. But the greatest enthusiasm of all was elicited by the tall bushes of gum-cistus, a large, evergreen, flowering shrub, with blossoms not unlike huge wild roses, often in two colors, but mainly white, as I now recall them. These showy blossoms grew in great profusion along the embankments of the railway, and the rockier the glens the more the cistus seemed to flourish. The great white petals against the prevailing grayness of the rock afforded an admirable contrast, but nothing was needed to enhance the grandeur of the scenery. The line led through pass after pass in the mountains, always following a river-bottom, now on this side and now on that, winding in and out, with ever-changing vistas through gorges constantly opening behind and before. There are, in my judgment, one or two finer railway rides in Spain, but only to a slight degree; for the ride to Ronda from the south is easily among the finest. It was here that the striking similarity between Spanish and Hellenic scenery struck us for the first time, a similarity both of composition and coloring that proved to be very common throughout the country.

The railroad from the sea northward to Bobadilla is an English enterprise and by no means an ancient one, which facts accounted in large measure

for the efficiency of the motive power. Not many years ago it was necessary to proceed to Ronda on mule-back, and comparatively few then found their way thither. At present the spot is increasing in popularity, and justly. To omit visiting it would be a serious mistake, and a thoroughly needless one to commit, for the railway, by dint of a long detour, manages to climb painfully to the very summit of the rock on which Ronda stands, and lands one in its midst — or as nearly there as any Spanish railway ever does.

Seated high on a natural acropolis in the midst of a bowl-shaped plain, Ronda is visible from afar, and it was fully three quarters of an hour before we were due there when we saw it first — almost directly over our heads! At the time the train was skirting the edge of a hollow vale beneath a frowning line of precipices, and on the brink of the cliffs above was to be seen a spick and span white house, green-roofed and many-gabled, so outspokenly exotic in its surroundings that we knew it at once for the new English hotel, pictures of which had been displayed at every railway station along the road. But how could that be Ronda? We were not nearly due there!

The reason soon revealed itself in the course of the line, which climbed by long and sweeping curves up the more accessible side of the isolated tableland on which the city stood, until it was able to attain the level of the town and spread itself out in a

capacious station yard. Here for the first time we heard the guards call the name of the place at which our train had stopped. Hitherto it had been necessary to read the names from the sides of the station buildings, but now the air was resonant with deep, throaty shouts of "R-r-r-ronda!" with that inimitable rolling of the "r" which is the despair of New Englanders.

The antiquated Baedeker had referred in flattering terms to a hotel located in the building of the station itself, above the waiting-rooms and offices; but after examining them we concluded not to stay. We had not expected to find elegance there, and certainly were not disappointed in that regard. But the certainty of noise from the trains, the prospect of smoke, the pervasive odor of hot oil from the tracks shimmering in the noonday outside, and the ominous presence of a Cyclopean waiting-maid, coupled with the overpowering memory of that green-and-white hotel on the very edge of things as we had seen it from the train, completely routed our avowed intention to economize. The hotel omnibus had departed in discouragement, and we were forced in consequence to gather up our several belongings, summon a long-suffering and very melancholy porter, and set off on foot.

The new hotel turned out to be very new indeed. Painters were still working on it, and the smell of fresh paint was everywhere. It bore the proud name of Reina Victoria, and was managed by the railroad

people, who certainly understand the gentle art of flattering the royal house, for their hotels bear the names of nothing less exalted than queens. In general appearance it was like a modern hostelry of the New England coast, and the contrast between it and our mental picture of Spanish hotel accommodations was laughable. Indeed, it was almost regrettable as well, because it was a house so hopelessly out of character with the country. In the White Mountains it would have been quite in keeping, but in Ronda — never! Let us not quarrel with it, however. When we were comfortless it lodged us, and, judging by what we later saw of the other hotels in town, we might easily have found ourselves comfortless indeed.

Owing to her natural characteristics of topography, Spain abounds in sites that are wonderfully suitable for defense. Ronda is one of the many such, a city set on a hill, — a flat-topped hill with precipitous sides and accessible only from the west. On that one side does it slope gradually toward the deep basin in the midst of which Ronda stands. Everywhere else the drop is abrupt, a tremendous and awful perpendicular of something like six hundred feet to the fertile valley beneath, which furnishes on every side a smiling intervale between Ronda's rock and an almost perfect amphitheatre of rugged gray mountains. Nature meant this for the acropolis of a warlike tribe, and meant it too obviously for the fact to escape the attention of the

martial people who once made this part of Spain the theatre of almost continual war. To look down the steep sides of the cliff made one dizzy. Just outside the hotel there was a garden, — or rather what was about to become one, for the plants still wore a haggard look of discouragement, — and just beyond it was the awful declivity of the precipice, down to the plain with its ribbon highways and toy farmhouses. Leaning over the parapet we could see a tiny shelf of path running along the face of the cliff, but safe for none but goats. Here and there were detached pillars and buttes of rock, flying buttresses, natural bridges, and shallow caverns carved out by the wind and the rain. Across the plain there rose a grim circle of mountains, much more lofty than Ronda, deeply serrated, impressively rugged. It was a cloudy day, and the mountain glens were misty with the showers that played hide and seek among them; but in Ronda for the moment it was sunshiny and warm. Everything invited us to an immediate exploration of the town, and we set out forthwith.

Somewhat back from the village street we came upon an "alameda," or sort of public garden, at the end of which, through a grillwork of iron, one could look down into the appalling depths of the valley. But, like the garden of the hotel, it was not yet in its prime. It was not only the beginning of April, but also at a considerable elevation above the sea, so that trees were only in early leaf and the flowers

were not yet in bloom at all. Besides, a horde of children were beginning to gather about to beg for "cinco centimos," — a habit which Ronda may have been late in developing, but in which her recent progress has been remarkably rapid. Indeed, the chief industries of the place appeared to us to be begging and the herding of pigs. All these things combined to render the garden undesirable as a place of long sojourn, despite the grandeur of its view, and we emerged from it to seek the centre of the town. The begging children came also; and it was because of this latter fact that we ultimately singled out one bright-faced boy and retained him for the rest of the day as guide, having long ago discovered that one such lad is vastly more effective in preventing the importunities of beggars than any number of black looks. The latter expedient, indeed, we were not yet sufficiently hardened to try, having read in a dozen books that one must always deal gently and politely with the beggars of Spain, big and little, lest a worse thing happen. Does not James Howell in his ancient but delightful "Familiar Letters" remind us that in dealing with the Spaniard "there is necessary a great deal of phlegm?" We were, moreover, anxious to practice our Spanish, and with the aid of "Precious Darling" the poor lad was kept in animated and thoroughly ungrammatical conversation all the afternoon.

Thus attended we set out on our tour of the town,

passing down the central street past the curving white walls of the bull-ring, and pausing for the time being at the bridge. The bridge is not the least interesting thing in Ronda. It serves to span the ravine which makes directly in from the broader valley and cuts the city in two with a deep and very narrow gash. The sides of it are almost perpendicular, and its depth is something like three hundred feet. It is across this tremendous and gloomy chasm — for the sun does not penetrate to its bottom — that the *puente nuevo*, or new bridge, springs. It is "new," however, only in a relative sense, by comparison with much older and lower bridges farther up the ravine. And while it is sometimes pointed out by unscrupulous natives as a "Roman" work, it was actually built in the eighteenth century, which is but yesterday in Ronda's long and eventful history. For Ronda is very old.

This really wonderful bridge is best seen from below, whence one gets the best idea of its immensely tall central arch. This rises from the bottom of the ravine nearly to its top, with a span of only about fifty feet, which makes the total effect very startling indeed. Borne on the great arch is the bridge proper, consisting of three smaller arches. From the roadway thus led across the chasm and prudently protected by lofty parapets, it is possible to gaze down into the cool green depths beneath, where a brawling stream gushes over the rocks and through a dense growth of underbrush.

On either side the top of the chasm is lined with houses, clinging to the very brink. Evidently the gash in the rock was worn by the waters of the diminutive river, — the Guadalevin, — which empties itself into the broad vega below in a series of filmy cascades, a wisp of canal serving to turn the power to some account in moving the wheels of a few primitive mills at the mouth of the gorge.

"Paco," as we learned to call our boy, — the name is equivalent to Frank, — led us around to a side street on the farther side of the gulch, and pointed out a sharply descending path which zigzagged down the face of the cliff to the valley, utilizing a spot where the declivity was somewhat less abrupt; and by clambering down this steep way I was able to get around the shoulder of the cliff to a point whence I could see not only the whole height of the bridge, with the full length of its wonderful arch, but also could combine in the view the mills at its foot, — tiny toy mills they looked to be. Here was the narrow cleft leading directly into the heart of the living rock, the white buildings of the town peering over the edge far above; below were the mills hanging to narrow shelves along the watercourse; and still farther below lay the smiling plain stretching away to the gray and misty mountains beyond. From the precipitous hillside all about came the tinkle of the bells of grazing goats — and suddenly beside me was heard the vicious thud of a pebble cast from above. I looked up quickly and

beheld the head of a mischievous boy who was peering over the rim and making some remarks about bestowing upon him "a little charity for the love of God." Not relishing the idea of further bombardment from that vantage-ground, I hurriedly took my photographs of the bridge and the gorge and scrambled back to the town, passing nobody more formidable than a poor demented man who grumbled something which I took to be a demand for more charity. It was no small relief to get back to the sheltering care of the diminutive Paco and proceed farther along the streets of the town itself.

The constricted cutting, or *tajo*, which thus divides the rock on which the city is built, separates the town into two very distinct and different districts. The farther or more southerly end is occupied by what is called the old town, — naturally the more picturesque and interesting. The other section, more commodious but less adapted by nature for defense, is the new town with the principal business streets and hotels. Needless to say, the old town is the only portion worthy of much attention, and even that can be seen very thoroughly in a single day. Of the dungeons which the Moors of old time are said to have cut in the living rock for the reception of Christian captives, we saw nothing; but the stairway remains, over which tradition says these poor prisoners were forced to toil many times daily bringing jars of water from the Guadalevin, its steps worn into ruts

by the constant passing of bare feet. Into the cavernous depths of this old stairway we gazed, but did not venture to descend into the dank darkness below, content with the information that it was a device of the Moors to safeguard their water-supply in time of siege.

So we wended our way along the streets to the southward, streets as roughly paved as those of Tangier and nearly as narrow, indicating that carriages and carts were few in Ronda and that almost all traffic went on mule-back. Here and there fascinating bits of the ancient architecture manifested themselves amidst the whitewash of a later day, — doorways and windows of a Moorish cast, Romanesque arches, quaintly carved portals. One I recall especially was adorned with carved *putti*, — babies with hands clasped over their round stomachs and faces expressive of internal woe! Meantime Paco valiantly shooed away the infantile begging population which followed us still in hope of pence, and led us by a devious way to the cathedral. It was our first Spanish church, a curious blend of architecture without, and coldly gloomy within, yet far from lacking in dignity. Its interior was as complex a jumble of Romanesque, Gothic, and Renaissance as its outside walls had presaged. Owing to its unsatisfactory situation we got no accurate idea of its façade, but the rear of the building adjoining a great open square proved to be fascinatingly picturesque, — a sturdy, square tower of massive bulk,

topped by an octagonal belfry, and adjoined by a very curious two-story loggia somewhat resembling the arcades we subsequently saw in the Romanesque churches of Segovia. We found stone benches in the open plaza, and seated ourselves there to enjoy the church and allow the bright afternoon sun to bring back the glow which the chill of the cathedral had destroyed. A bell clanked unmelodiously now and then from among the many in the tower. Innumerable ragged urchins played at a game of ball in the square. Ancient crones sat in their neighboring doorways, busied with gossip, or with various domestic activities.

It was just to one side of this square that we found an obscure street leading in a winding course through thickly-set houses, and it was through this that Paco led us with much pride to an old and famous house, the Casa de Mondragon, where is still to be seen a well-preserved interior in the Moorish manner. An old dame answered the vigorous bell-pulling in which Paco took such infinite delight, and admitted us to her *patio*, — an open, inner court, columned all about to form an arcade, the roof of which was paneled and adorned with Moorish work, its wood blackened with age. A picturesque stairway led up from one side to the upper tier of arcades, and with the inevitable well in the centre, the greenery and the mellow antiquity of everything it was indeed a charming spot, in which the old woman took pardonable pride.

Interesting as it was, it shared the palm with a view which surprised us at the end of a dark hallway, through which the ancient dame and her little girl soon led us. It gave access to a narrow balcony that overhung the precipice outside. Here we were on the very rim of the valley, and could look up and down the whole side of the city, along the dizzy cliffs, to the very edges of which the city buildings ventured to crowd their way, our own hotel of the seven gables glittering white at the farther end of the vista.

Thence we betook ourselves to the open country. It was a long and steep highway that led down through the southern gates, and Paco, resourceful as he was, found himself unable to cope with the noisy urchins who insisted on following us along. Of course it was money that they wanted, — a "little dog" at the very least, — meaning thereby the copper ha'penny with the small lion on it! Repeated assertions that we had no money were laughed to amiable scorn. Finally, having practiced a sufficient time with Paco, I hit upon a plan which for a while worked wonders through force of sheer astonishment. Turning to the foremost of the boys, I would inquire with a sudden show of personal interest, "Where is thy house, *chico?*"

"It is over there, *señor*, in the second street."

"Go there, then, at once, boy; and God go with thee!"

By dint of such tactics as these, and still more by

virtue of our faster pace, we wearied the children of their quest, and emerged from the gates at last without their escort, free to climb a neighboring hillock and enjoy the view unmolested. It was but a low eminence, devoted to cultivation, but we managed to find a grassy knoll and from it obtained a very charming view of Ronda. There she lay spread out on her flat and isolated rock, the deep valley all around her and the jagged mountains, now purpling in the sunset light, mounting their silent guard. It was truly a situation to have invited the warlike men of old. The sheer sides of the cliff, aided by triple walls and many a sturdy tower, must have made the place a fairly impregnable stronghold by the time that King Ferdinand brought his forces down to dispute possession of the fortress with the Mohammedan garrison. As a matter of fact the fall of Ronda seems to have been due to over-confidence on the part of its Moorish possessors, who had the temerity to leave a small guard in charge while the main body of the forces were sent to harry the country round about Utrera. On their return they found the Christian host seated at their gates, not only reducing the city by siege, but actually storming the works and demolishing them with their primitive engines and artillery. Burning arrows carried fire to the midst of the city. The subterranean way to the waters of the gorge was discovered and walled up. The returning forces of the Moor, unable to cut their way through

the armies of the kings, could give no succor to the beleaguered, and Ronda fell. The Christian captives, worn to shadows by long confinement in the rock-hewn dungeons and by ceaseless toiling over those breakneck stairs, came forth into the light of day more dead than alive, and Moorish domination over this inland Gibraltar was forever at an end.

But to us, gazing from that grassy knoll in the peaceful evening twilight, there was no longer any hint of war. The reds and browns of the tiled roofs, the white walls, the many towers, all harmonized in a picture of peaceful aspect. The smoke of numerous chimneys rose straight into the twilight air. Where once the priests of Islam had called to prayer, Catholic bells sounded melodiously. But the sudden chill of the Spanish night settled down upon us, and we were forced to clamber back again, up the breakneck street and along the stony pavements to the hotel, where fires blazed so cheerfully in the grates. And Paco went away supremely happy in the possession of two shining pesetas, — wealth he had not dreamed of possessing at morning.

It is said that it never rains in Ronda except at night, which is certainly an advantage, if true; but the local tendency toward inaccuracy of statement has been remarked, and possibly this is a further instance of it. While we were there it did not rain at all, although with the darkness came a thunderstorm from the mountains that hem in the vega, and the roll and rumble of the celestial cannonade

were taken up and reduplicated by the echoing glens. But no rain fell, save in the plain. The storm swooped around our lofty rock, bellowed and roared and flashed its vivid lightnings, but no more. We climbed the stairs, sought our immaculate chambers, and, surrounded by the evidences of a thoroughly New England civilization, dropped off to dreams of swarthy sheiks building seven-gabled hotels at Manchester-by-the-Sea!

CHAPTER IV

GRANADA

We left Ronda in the morning with comparatively little regret at the parting. One might, to be sure, linger there for days without seeing anything new, and still enjoy it because of the incomparable situation of the town and the general picturesqueness of its older portions. But there lay ahead of us Granada, to which we looked forward with anticipations that easily swallowed up the reluctance we might otherwise have felt in leaving, — anticipations which before nightfall were destined to be more than realized.

With due precaution we were early at the railway station, and while waiting for the train were introduced to what I believe to be the smallest stove now extant. It resembled nothing so much as a pocket camera attached to a perfect Mississippi of stove-pipe, and its presence in the great, barnlike waiting-room of the first class was ludicrous in its contrast of proportions. It is used, I suppose, to create a comfortable delusion of warmth during the winter months, but its effect cannot be much more than psychically suggestive; and as it was a warm April day, we had no need to rely upon it, but basked in the sunshine of the platform outside.

After leaving Ronda the railway skirted the valley for a time, the prospect from the windows becoming steadily more dreary as the line climbed to the mountain pass, — a point even higher than Ronda, and Ronda herself has an altitude of more than two thousand feet above the sea. But after crossing the line of the heights and beginning a swift descent of the other side, the train coasted rapidly to another inland plain, and the aspect of nature began to brighten once more. It was, on the whole, a pleasant forty miles to Bobadilla, where we were to change not only carriages but railroads as well. For at Bobadilla the traveler passes entirely out of the zone of British influence and trusts himself unreservedly to Spain.

Nothing of moment occurred on the way to the junction. It was a balmy spring day, but in spite of that the other occupants of the compartment insisted, in true European fashion, on having the windows hermetically sealed and on smoking occasional cigarettes, all of which soon produced an atmosphere of surpassing thickness, relieved only by the transitory visits of the conductor, who threaded his perilous way along the running-board outside, examining tickets. In Spain, as in all Europe, it is indispensable to command the corner seats if one desires any air at all. Left to themselves, the natives will have none of it, and will generally insist on smoking, too, — sometimes even in compartments marked *se prohibe fumar*. They may even

invade compartments reserved for *señoras solas* and smoke there, according to some accounts; but it is not often the case, surely. There, at least, a woman may be fairly safe from tobacco, and generally also from men of any description. But elsewhere the Spaniard expects to smoke as a matter of course, and we were told one story — it exists, I think, in all languages — about a worthy *caballero* who, having rolled his cigarette and having discovered by anxious inquiry that the lady next him objected seriously to tobacco in any form, remarked calmly, "Then, madame, you are about to be exceedingly uncomfortable!" — and began to smoke.

The guide-book proclaimed a restaurant at Bobadilla which was deemed worthy of a "star," and a trial of it later led us to concur heartily in that encomium. A porter, locally known as a *mozo*, insisted on taking entire charge of our luggage, and disappeared amid the rows of cars, volubly protesting the while that we need have no fear for its safety so long as he remained unpaid; and we, with one longing, lingering look after our retreating equipage and recalling Hamdushi's contemptuous estimate of Spanish honesty, dismissed it forthwith from mind and hastened to the *fonda*, as such restaurants are universally called. It proved to be a long, narrow room, containing a long, narrow table, about which the several nations of the world, in the persons of wandering representatives, were earnestly eating against time. Before each was a

mountainous pile of plates, the topmost filled with food; and as soon as the diner finished with the course in hand, — or even ventured to look away, —the plate would be whisked off by a ubiquitous waiter and other viands substituted, the last plate always remaining, thanks to accurate calculation, for the cheese. This was, of course, a *mesa redonda*, for Spain vies with Italy in calling the table d'hôte a "round" table with a high disregard of the dictates of geometry; and it was a thoroughly excellent one, as well, as is very likely to be the case with any Spanish railway restaurant.

Ordinarily, the Spanish railway is considerate enough to allow a full half hour at the very least for the consumption of refreshments, which gives time for an imposing meal of at least half a dozen courses and the inevitable bottle of wine. The service is bewilderingly rapid, and the waiters seem to be omniscient as well as omnipresent. To turn one's attention from one's plate is ordinarily fatal. In a trice the tortilla, or whatever remained of it, is gone, — and you look back to find a brace of tiny chops staring you in the face! As a result of this celerity everybody finishes his meal before the multiplicity of signals that preludes the departure of every train has even begun.

Now the departure of a train is, in Spanish usage, a matter of much greater pomp and circumstance than is the case in any other country known to man. Five minutes or so before the scheduled moment,

the station master sounds a prolonged tocsin on a large bell hanging midway of the long platform, and from every side may be heard the sonorous intonation or chant of *señores viajeros en tren*, — the final word being spoken, or rather sung, with a rising inflection that is often almost churchly in effect. The *señores viajeros* obediently scamper from all directions at once and resume their seats, but the train is not yet nearly ready to go. Ultimately the same bell rings again, — three strokes, this time, — and whistles shrill from all sections of the train, doors slam, and the engineer, if he is at his post and graciously pleased to do so, blows a warning and starts — starts so gently and easily that every one is enchanted. If, however, the engineer is busy talking to somebody else, he postpones starting until the conversation is finished. And as a sort of parting benison the chief of the station blows a raucous horn. The crowds disperse, the tumult and the shouting die, and nothing more happens at that station until the next train comes along a few hours hence.

At every station there is a tiny drinking booth, legibly marked "cantina," to which it seems to be the regular thing for railway hands, traveling military guards, passengers, and all to repair while the train waits, to purchase a thimbleful of something, — presumably aguardiente. But although we saw the train hands repeat this dose at almost every station on the way to Granada we could not dis-

cover that it produced the slightest intoxication. Indeed, I do not now recall that I saw a single drunken man in all our journey through Spain, unless a noisy fellow outside Segovia could be set down as such, — and I incline to believe he was demented. Generally speaking, the Spaniard is temperate.

Bobadilla is nothing but a great railway junction, and a busy one. It boasted, as we discovered, two sets of station buildings on either side of a network of tracks, which were to be crossed by means of a subway. On the farther side lay our train for Granada, and true to his word the *mozo* had deposited every article we had intrusted to him in a proper compartment, with the important exception that it was marked for *señoras solas*. The presence of one mere man in that holy of holies was evidently not to be tolerated by the obdurate conductor, even when assured by the señoras that they did n't in the least object, — and for the second time that day I had an illustration of the sanctity of the notice "Ladies Only." I relate this simply to show the care that is commonly taken to make sure that unescorted women shall have every reasonable comfort when traveling by rail.

Just as in the morning we had crossed from one fertile plain to another by threading steep mountain valleys, so again in the afternoon did we the like, our train climbing patiently out of the levels around Bobadilla into an inspiringly rugged, rocky country

given over to pasturage and olive orchards, until at last it had gained the heights and descended by easier grades to the broad and famous vega of Granada, — a tract which, for breadth and fertility, far surpassed anything we had yet seen. The climb through the mountains was interesting, — too much so to make us regret the painful slowness of the train. Before we had left the pleasanter valleys behind, the landscape was brightened by hundreds of fruit trees in full bloom, blushing pink amid the green of the fields, or royally purple against the grays of upland boulders. Owing to the height to be scaled, the railway made immense circles around the sides of a deep valley, always higher and higher, and seemingly pivoting on an isolated rock in the centre of the basin which constantly changed its rugged shape.

In due time, having reached a sufficient altitude, the train branched off into the heart of the mountains, through a district which the Baedeker described as "savage." It was not especially so, however, for the gray-green of the olives relieved the prospect of utter barrenness. The fields were hopelessly rocky, however, and the melancholy rivers that we crossed lay at dizzy depths below the clanking, clattering trestles. There were not nearly as many flowers as we had seen on the road to Ronda, nor were the gorges as impressive.

The stations which we passed, however, bore names redolent of a stormy past, — names that

Irving's tales of Granada had made familiar from childhood. But they were peaceful enough now, and no clattering horseman spurred his way through narrow streets or across the plains with tidings of good or ill to Christian or to Moor. The platforms were invariably crowded with idle onlookers of both sexes and all ages, but all of one condition — poor. Women stood gazing at the cars, their babies slung in some wonderful manner in their shawls. Children wandered up and down the platforms, crying cakes and oranges for sale. Sharp-voiced maids shrilled their calls of water or goat's milk for the thirsty. Ragged boys pattered up and down with aguardiente in bottles. The air at every station was resonant with manifold cries, none musical, and all monotonous. "Quien quiere agua?" — "Who wants water?" — "Quien quiere leche?" "Naranjas!" It was Babel, surely, but without confusion of tongues. Here for the first time we came upon the commendable custom of announcing, not only the name of the station, but also the length of time that the train was to stop. — "Antiquera-a-a-a! Cinco minutos!" thus considerately informing the passengers just how much time was available for the pleasures of the cantina, or for another smoke on the platform, strolling up and down.

It was late in the afternoon when we passed the last of the mountains of Loja and made a rapid descent to the vega of Granada. It was a smiling

plain, fair as a garden of the Lord, dotted with villas, pleasant with trees, already green with the growing crops, in striking contrast with the rich chocolate-red of the soil. Down through its midst wandered the silver thread of the river Genil, glittering in the afternoon sun, while beyond to the eastward, sharp and keen as razor-edges against the gathering dusk of the blue, ran the pure white ranks of the Sierras. No sky could be bluer; no snow whiter.

It was seemingly at the very feet of these imposing peaks that our train came to a halt amidst a general clamor and impetuous assault of porters and hotel men. Almost without effort on our part we were borne bodily from the car, bag and baggage, gasping out the name of our hotel and vainly clutching at the passing throng to stay our headlong career; and ultimately we were cast precipitately into a rickety landau and whirled away from the station over a surprisingly bad road lined with plane trees, toward the city. As usual, the station lay far outside, and — equally as usual — the road to it was rutty, dusty, and unpaved. As we bumped our headlong way into town, we were too much occupied in holding on to take in the full grandeur of the view, or the beauty of the city's situation. We had a dusty notion of an impending mass of great, white summits, rising above a tumultuous sea of tiled roofs, from which also arose the towers of many churches and the enormous bulk of a black

cathedral. Just beyond the mass of dull-colored buildings we could descry a lofty and heavily wooded hill crowned with tawny towers. But the swaying of the carriage as it jolted rapidly over rut and tramway impaired this first view of the city and the Alhambra of our dreams. Ultimately we passed within the buildings of the city, rattled at a smart pace up the street of the Gran Capitan and the street of the Catholic kings, — no city in Spain is complete without these two, — and turned abruptly around a corner, through an arch, and up into a spacious park of elms. Then, and not until then, did our horses slow to a sober walk, and we sank back on the cushions to drink in what lay before and above us.

It was certainly very steep, this climb out of Granada to the Moorish citadel on the overhanging height, but the instant the carriage had crawled up through the yellow gateway in the lower wall, the surroundings became indescribably beautiful. The road ascended through a dense forest of elms now just in bud. Shady footpaths meandered here and there through the trees. Torrents of green and turbid water dashed singing by from the heights above, their color bespeaking their origin in the eternal snows. Birds twittered their vespers in the treetops and were answered from far below by the faint melody of the cathedral bells. Through the delicate tracery of the branches, not yet in full leaf, we could see the outlines of ancient wall and

massive tower, ruddy in the sunset, high above us. After the heat and bustle of the long day on the train, this secluded park, with its waters and its quiet, was soothing and delightful. Let it be admitted that this approach to the Alhambra was distinctly British, that the trees were English elms, and planted by that excellent Briton who subsequently won fame as the Duke of Wellington. It surely need disappoint no one on that account, and there are few more ideally charming spots in all Spain than this glorious park of trees.

The road turned and twisted its way up the hillside, and at last the toiling horses passed under the great main entrance of the faubourg of the Alhambra. We had left the great main Gate of Justice far below, its sculptured hand and key on successive arches still bearing mute witness to the legend of the castle's supposed impregnability, and now were in the little hamlet that makes of the summit almost a distinct town. Within the walls a small collection of buildings has been permitted to grow up, — a few houses, a small hotel or two, and some shops devoted mainly to the sale of photographs and antiques. These dwellings and stores, together with the palace of the Alhambra and the ruined palace of Charles V, constitute what amounts to a separate upper ward of Granada. On nearly every side the hill is too steep to be accessible and it is only by long windings that the road scales it on the west and south. In reality it is a sort of double hill,

its two spurs separated by the wooded ravine where Wellington planted his elms; and the lower of these hills contains other buildings as well as the more celebrated of the hotels. A squeaking tram-line has managed to scale this lower eminence. But the real precinct of the Alhambra, walled with ruddy stone, remains a tiny city by itself. There you are in a realm of your own. The city of Granada lies at your feet, its noises subdued to a confused, murmurous hum. Its squalor and dust are forgotten. To see it at all you must go to the brink of the precipice and peer down into it. One might abide long in the Alhambra without caring to visit the greater city below at all, or even thinking of it, isolated as one is from it by that abyss filled with secular elms.

Thus it came to pass that we were to live for a space in the Alhambra, — meaning thereby the walled precinct which covers the entire summit of the loftier hill, but not the famous palace of that name which most of us commonly associate with the word. We had found a tiny hotel, in a tiny street, with a tiny garden behind it in which a fountain was splashing. Just over its garden walls we could see the tops of the elm trees, harborage of numerous nightingales. Save for the birds, the plash of waters, and the rumble of an occasional cart through our narrow street, all was quietness and peace. A scant two hundred yards divided us from the obscure gateways of the Alhambra palace — and fairyland.

Nevertheless, although Granada was not essential to our happiness, we did go down through the forest to the city, — not once only, but many times. And while we had at first voted it a stupid and thoroughly unattractive town which must always suffer severely from the glaring contrast with the enchantments of the Alhambra overhead, we later found many byways that we learned to love after their own fashion, albeit nothing we found among them ever rivaled the palace of the Moors, or that glorious grove on the slanting hillside.

Most of Granada is still squalid and beggarly. Its streets, like all Moorish city ways, are narrow and tortuous where they have been allowed to remain in their native state. But the streets of more modern aspect, like that of the Catholic kings and the spacious alameda, or boulevard, that leads down to the river with its shady promenades and *paseos*, are fairly agreeable, and here and there even pretentious. It was down by the river-side that we wandered first, on a balmy Sunday, to see the ceremony of swearing in the new recruits. All the world and his relations were there, redolent of much garlic, but good-tempered and anxious we should see all that went on, — even offering to raise the ladies in sturdy arms that they might overlook the heads of the gathered throng!

The new soldiers were mustered in the broad paseo, bareheaded and solemn with the sense of weighty responsibility. All around stood veteran

troops, cavalry, infantry, artillery. Before them had been erected an open-air altar, where, as we drew near, the archbishop or some other lofty dignitary of the Church was celebrating mass. There was no music save for the occasional blare of bugles, thin and clear, and at that distance we could hear not a word of the service. But when Holy Church had completed her ministrations, the bugles blew again and the recruits marched in a hasty single file under the extended banner, — perhaps a sort of modern *sub jugum* like that of the Roman captives, — kissing the hem of the flag and thus enrolling themselves as true and loyal soldiers of His Most Catholic Majesty Alfonso XIII. Then all the crowd broke up with decorous Sunday hilarity, and wandered homeward through the shady alameda, while the roadway on either side of the promenade was filled with a marching host, with prancing horses, and with rumbling gun-carriages dashing madly up the grade.

All this formed a scene of much gayety and animation, with much brilliant coloring of uniforms to offset the sombreness of the mantillas with which the women universally draped their heads. And yet, despite all this animation and bustle and movement, our first impression of Granada was disappointing. Even the older streets lacked in picturesqueness, and the new ones, furbished up as they were to make a modern appearance, were as unwelcome as tasteless adornment on a withered crone.

I think we found the cathedral rather disappointing, too. It was our first great Spanish church, for that of Ronda was but a little one. It possessed the usual characteristic of all the cathedrals of Spain, — impressive bulk, — but it lacked to an uncommon degree inspiration and grace. It was of irregular shape, and, as is common in Spain, it made no outward pretense to being cruciform, that being left entirely to the internal arrangement of aisles and side-chapels, and transepts that did not project. It was vast and dim within, for in Spain religion seems to demand a degree of gloom, and the few really light and cheerful churches one meets generally produce an effect of surprise. That of Granada is certainly not one of those. Almost nothing could be seen, even on a sunny afternoon, without the sacristan's tapers.

It was here for the first time that we came upon the characteristic internal arrangement which it will be well to speak of at some length, because almost every great church in the country possesses it, and because it affords one of the few instances in which the Spanish architects and churchmen seem to have diverged from accepted models and to have devised a style of their own. With very rare exceptions, the cathedrals of Spain are really great sheltering edifices, of intricate design and vast elaboration of detail, inclosing a sort of secondary church within. The latter consists of two parts, — the choir (*coro*), an oblong space walled off from the

nave and aisles, open only on the side toward the high altar; and the *capilla mayor*, containing the high altar itself, walled off on every side from the apse, but open toward the choir. These two inclosures, whose walls are often elaborately adorned with sculpture, face each other in the midst of the church, generally on either side of the crossing, and are connected by a railed passageway for the use of the officiating priests. The worshipers congregate in the space between the two, close against the railings, and this constitutes the real church. To light it adequately, the Spanish have devised one other characteristic feature, the *cimborio*, or lantern, often a thing of great beauty, surmounting the crossing in a sort of low dome, or tower, filled with glass. The obvious effect of all this is to make a church within a church, like the "portiuncula" of Santa Maria degli Angeli at Assisi, vastly magnified and elaborated. From the architectural standpoint, however, it is a highly unfortunate arrangement, since the intruding screens of both choir and chapel break into the nave and apse, and thus cut off a portion of what should otherwise be a splendid vista. A great oblong section is cut out of the midst of the cathedral by implanting there two minor structures connected by an isthmus of railing. However, one grows accustomed to it, as we discovered, and in time may even acquire a taste for it, provided the effect is not too badly marred by the decoration of the screens with too many poor statues and too

much baroque ornamentation, — the easily besetting sin of Spanish architects.

Such is the general arrangement at Granada; and the gloom of the interior, relieved only by light filtered through ancient glass, we found to be excessive, making it almost impossible to see anything of the side-chapels. A voluble but rapacious sacristan helped us to see some of the features there by the aid of a taper on a long pole, — among other things two portraits, said to be accurate copies of contemporary work, representing Ferdinand and Isabella. These, with the tombs in the royal chapel close by, containing the bodies of Ferdinand, Isabella, Philip I, and Juana the Mad, form the chief lions of the church.

As is very common in the Moorish sections of Spain, this cathedral succeeded a mosque, its sacristy standing on the actual site of the old city's principal Mohammedan shrine. It was to the door of that mosque that the valiant knight Del Pulgar affixed his scroll bearing the audacious words "Ave Maria," using his dagger for a nail, when the Christian host was besieging the city. The mosque itself has, of course, quite disappeared, and in size probably did not compare with the present Christian church.

Externally, the cathedral cannot be said to be especially remarkable. Its façade seemed to us commonplace. Its eastern end was semicircular and easily the most notable feature as seen either from

the main thoroughfares or from the heights above. The incorporation of the sagraria and other adjacent edifices in the mass of the cathedral tends to give the ground plan an amorphous character, such as is common among the Spanish churches, even in the better examples of Spanish Gothic.

Our wanderings through the adjacent streets of the city developed nothing save a more intimate knowledge of the local propensity for begging, which is shared by nearly all the children of the southern cities. There was a general dearth of commercial activity, save among the hucksters and venders of peanuts along the curbstones, and the shops seemed dark and unattractive. The notable exception was a brass-mongery where we spent much of our time, — for Granada is famous for its brass. Nowhere else does one find it of such a color, — an unbrazen, almost silvery sheen, that gives even to the humblest vessels an air of distinction. It was here that we first came upon the Spanish barber's basin, the original of the diminutive brass bowls which to-day the barbers of every Spanish town employ to announce their trade, hanging them in tinkling pairs from their doorposts. I imagine that the real basins are not actually used to-day, except possibly in very primitive localities, save as equivalents for the familiar barber's poles of other lands; but in days gone by they were an essential part of the barber's equipment and one such incidentally achieved immortality as the helmet of

Mambrino. In appearance they are merely shallow basins of brass with a wide and only less shallow flange, out of which a segment has been cut, resembling nothing so much as a huge bite. Into this slot, which is conveniently shaped for the purpose, the patient was accustomed to insert his neck, thus bringing his face and chin into convenient position for laving. At least such was the idea given us in pantomime by the industrious little man who presided over the shop and its fascinating wares.

By far the most interesting part of lower Granada, however, we found to be the narrow section that extends up the valley of the Darro — a tiny stream that forces its way down between the hill of the Alhambra and the loftier heights to the north, through a very deep and constricted ravine. Its northern side is the gypsy district, and below, where the ravine broadens to the vega, lies the oldest part of Granada, still known as the Albaicín. There was not much water flowing through the channel of the Darro; but, thanks to the melting snows above, we were assured it was never dry, and its waters still serve the peasantry for irrigation, although it is not probable that much gold is now winnowed from its sands. It is a river as mysterious as the fabled Styx, for when it reaches the city proper it disappears from view into a sort of subterranean canal and thus proceeds through Granada to join the Genil on the farther side of the town. But just under the hill of the Alhambra it is a

brawling rivulet in a gravelly bed, where kneeling women in gay-colored garb are continually washing their linen. Here we found it pleasant to wander on warm spring mornings, up the winding and shaded paths on the Alhambra side, under the coolness of the cliffs, meeting long trains of donkeys laden with water casks as they came dripping down from the many hydrants by the wayside. Gardens were there, and many a pleasant tree, beneath which were cool stone benches where one might sit at ease, overlooking the rippling river and the opposite hillside dotted with the mouths of its gypsy caves.

To the latter we did not go. Gypsy life in Granada to-day is a very different matter from what it must have been in George Borrow's time, — little short of civilized, in fact. At any rate, those who daily returned from explorations of the gypsy haunts told tales of neatly whitewashed caves lighted by electricity! Gypsy dancing, however, unquestionably remains one of the characteristic sights of Granada, and commands a very considerable revenue from the curious. Gypsy "princes," so called, in the traditional and picturesque garb of their tattered royalty, occasionally capered nimbly in the lanes of the Alhambra while we were there, and besought us to buy their pictures. But somehow it all had too much the appearance of being a show, instead of an unstudied state of nature, and as such it lacked convincing qualities. It was partly this feeling that the gypsy life of the day

was more or less artificial and theatrical, coupled, I suspect, with a desire not to run the gauntlet of any further begging, that held us aloof from the caves of the Romany. For the begging of the Granada gypsies is notoriously audacious and persistent, and forms the great drawback to venturing among the burrows of the race. We contented ourselves, perhaps to our loss, with looking down into it from the lofty hill that overhangs the ravine of the Darro, or across at it from the shady path that follows that winding stream up into the vale between the hills.

Of all our Granada memories unconnected with the Alhambra itself and the still loftier heights above it, none surpasses that of our wanderings through the district of the Albaicin and up the Darro with its little villas and gardens. It was there that we spent many careless hours idly gazing at the pleasant scene, the rugged hills, the wooded copses, the women singing over their heaps of linen by the river's brim, the camels, — for there are camels in Granada, — being laden with gravel, in the river bed, and all the unstudied life of the peasantry as it flowed by us on the path, always with a pleasant nod or smile and never a word of sorrow. Beaming men rode past on their donkeys, sometimes eating placidly, as they rode, from their little bowls of *puchero*, — the latter a national stew made of the omnipresent chick-peas which De Amicis thought "must be ripened in heaven." In the little shops by the wayside in the more populous portions of the

Albaicin, women were weaving elaborate mantillas of white or black. Overhead, out of a wall of greenery, its trees feathery in the springtime, soared the ruddy walls and towers of the Alhambra. Hospitable women, as we passed, begged us to enter and enjoy the fragrance of their gardens, gathering nosegays for us, and — wonder of wonders! — protesting as they accepted our trifling coppers in exchange.

Yet even the Albaicin, old as it was and associated with the earliest days of the Moorish occupation, proved rather bare of architectural interest. There were a few old churches to be seen, with mossy belfries and façades fantastically adorned with carving in stone, — nowhere of great distinction. More interesting by far were the little bridges that here and there sprang across the Darro at a bound, and above all the remnant of a Moorish arch that marked the great entrance of the Moors to their citadel above. Apart from these the charm of the Albaicin lay in its villas and its people, and even these would hardly serve as attractions in and of themselves. It is always the magnificence of the Alhambra that saves Granada from oblivion and utter decay. Without these she would languish, — a hungry town, proud of her past, careless of the present, slothful in business, and much given to putting off until *mañana* what would much better be done to-day.

CHAPTER V

THE ALHAMBRA

To sit down with the deliberate intention of attempting a description of the Alhambra is discouraging. No better evidence of the indescribable character of the palace should be needed than the fact that it never yet has been adequately described, although much has been written about it. The world is flooded with travelers' tales of its ethereal magnificence. Close students have expended immense pains on its manifold intricacies of detail. Irving has woven into a matchless tapestry the scores of legends that cluster about its walls and courts. Histories of the Moors and of Granada have sought to make the world familiar with its traditions of war and peace. And yet the Alhambra as an actuality defies them all to give in words the true idea of its almost unearthly beauty, its marvelous lightness and fragility, and its unfading, undying charm. Never did any building give less promise of permanence, yet few have come through as many centuries so perfect and unharmed. It is almost like that curious survival of the ancient glassware that one finds dug up from the ruins of antiquity, unshattered and with iridescence undimmed, seemingly

the most fragile of all human handicraft, yet outlasting the massive temples and houses it adorned.

Much of the Alhambra to-day is as perfect as in the days of its kingly occupants. Restoration has been sparing and cautious. There is none of that garish gaudiness that so sadly mars the rejuvenated alcázar at Seville, but everywhere prevails the soft coloring of the olden time as well as its incomparable grace and lightness, each due in large part to the fact that so much is the original work untouched by modern hands. To add to the existing mass of literature on this fairy palace might well seem a supererogatory work, and at least one to be undertaken with hesitancy. For the palace must be seen. Photography fails almost as signally as word-painting, and even the brush of the artist cannot hope to reproduce more than a tithe of the effects that crowd upon the eye. Investigating the details with undue minuteness spoils the charm and reduces the Alhambra to a scientific problem too much concerned with individual members of the decorative scheme, which, however beautiful they may be in themselves, are best considered as parts of one stupendous whole.

It is certain that the Alhambra could not be reproduced to-day with anything like success, however accurately architects and builders might copy it to the minutest feature. Attempts to simulate it, or to adapt Moorish architecture to modern conditions, have resulted uniformly in abominations

which show that the Christian has not been vouchsafed the Moor's celestial vision. The former's work is dry and uninspired, and even the attempt to furbish up the great alcázar of Seville is a lamentable failure. The Alhambra is so loaded down with adornment that the visitor cannot but wonder that it succeeds, — but succeed it certainly does, and the secret must be that the Alhambra, more than almost any other ancient building, has an undying soul of its own which age cannot wither nor custom stale, although such a building springing up to-day would instantly be voted a wearisome infinitude of variety.

The name Alhambra, as intimated hitherto, is by no means to be taken as applicable to a single building, however much our long usage has led us to associate it exclusively with the palace of the Moorish kings. The word signifies as well the whole fortification of the hilltop which the Moors made their citadel and within which they reared their regal residence. It is a spacious hilltop, broad and nearly flat, protected on almost every side by natural moats and fosses in the form of abrupt ravines, and further fortified by massive walls of reddish stone, the color of which gives the place its name, — the "red palace." The space within the walls is not more than half built upon. Its eastern end is a broad, open field. The northern and western portions are occupied by the palace and its gardens and the diminutive hamlet of modern buildings that has been allowed to take root there. Of the multi-

tude of towers that once broke the undulating line of the wall at regular intervals, many remain in almost perfect preservation. From their feet the cliff drops away sheer on every side, and most precipitously of all on the side next the modern city. It is small wonder that, in those days of meagre artillery, the Moors deemed their fortress impregnable, and graved on the successive arches of the outer gates the symbolic hand and key, haughtily averring that until the one should grasp the other the stronghold of their kings should not fall.

Our first view of the Alhambra, as our carriage rattled through the gates and up the narrow streets of the hamlet, was disappointing. Of the Moorish palace nothing whatever was to be seen, and the one prominent building was the ruined palace of Charles V, blatant and obtrusive, decidedly the greatest architectural crime perpetrated in that monarch's name. In the nature and coloring of its stone it harmonizes with the rest of the Alhambra, but in no other way. It makes no pretense of following Moorish lines, but is frankly of the Renaissance. Down in Granada, as an *ayuntamiento* or an office building, it would shine. Up in the Alhambra it is as out of place as a power plant would be on the acropolis of Athens. It encroaches on the domain of the Alhambra palace, almost half of which was torn down to make room for it, and completely hides the modern approach thereto. It never had the slightest excuse for being, and, indeed, it was

never completed, — so that its sole function from the first has been that of a blemish, colossal and inescapable, in close juxtaposition to one of the most beautiful buildings ever erected by human hands.

Having taken up our quarters in the neighborhood, — for we had elected to live in the Alhambra rather than abide in the more pretentious hotels outside, — we hastened forth to make immediate acquaintance with the palace and its grounds. The entrance proved difficult to find, hidden as it was behind Charles V's monstrosity, and indeed the very existence of the ancient palace would never be suspected from its exterior. It certainly is not fair to outward view. Rather does it resemble a very ordinary shed or stable. It is long and low, tile-roofed, and few indeed are the points whence its walls are visible at all from without. Tradition says that this unattractive exterior was deliberately encouraged as an offset to the luxuriant magnificence within, the Moors entertaining, in common with most other primitive peoples, the notion that it was dangerous to appear too prosperous outwardly, lest the wrath of Heaven be visited upon the ostentatious. Therefore the Alhambra was made as plain as might be externally to avert the evil eye; but within the Arab artisans wrought magic, apparently held in no fear that the knowledge of Allah could by any chance pierce this unpretentious and rather hypocritical roof-tree, or view with any such disapproval the glittering mosaics, iridescent tiles,

graceful arabesques, and pendant stalactites which adorned the inner chambers.

The sun was setting when we finally discovered the humble door which to-day gives access to the royal abode, and no time remained for an inspection of the maze of rooms and courts within. But it was the time of all times to wander through the fragrant gardens outside, snuffing the sweetness of the box hedges which lined the path to the westernmost tower, — the Torre de la Vela, — whence one may best see the glories of the sunset. A young man of the town who was loitering at the foot of the tower assured us in careful English that there was yet time to ascend, and an aged woman with a Roman lamp led us by a winding stair through intense darkness to the summit.

Over our heads hung a great bell, which is used during the night to regulate the hours for drawing on the Darro for irrigation; and a pretty local custom further permits the tolling of it on certain festivals by the maidens of Granada in the hope of attracting thereby proper husbands within the year.

At our feet, but far below, lay Granada spread out like a map, her houses huddling close around the base of the hill in a great lunette of gray; while beyond and stretching away to illimitable distances was the vega, a smiling meadow, purple in the evening light and traversed by a thread of gold which we knew for the Genil. The snow mountains to the east glimmered coldly against the approach-

ing darkness, but the jagged western peaks were glorious bulks in the warmth of a crimson twilight. Surely nowhere are the sunsets finer than from the Torre de la Vela!

Close by the foot of the tower and at intervals along the walls that mark this verge of the precipice there are formal gardens whose walks are bordered with the inevitable myrtle and box, and whose beds are aglow with iris and roses. Through these we could see wandering many people of the town as well as a multitude of foreigners, all quietly enjoying the coolness of the air and the brilliance of the sunset sky. But one by one the colors faded, the glow departing last of all from the snow-fields of the mighty Sierras; and one by one the stars lighted themselves in the deepening blue of the heavens. The forms of the distant mountains faded out of view and left Granada in the midst of a shoreless sea of plain. The cold of the Spanish night made itself felt, and silence, broken only by the murmuring of the wayside streams, settled down on the Alhambra.

Morning found us early at the gateway of the palace. Visitors are freely welcome, and there is no admission charge of any sort, the one requirement being that on the first visit one shall be accompanied by an official guide. Subsequently no guide is required, and none ever offered his services after our first appearance. Just how the others knew that we were not novices I was never able to discover.

We set out with a dapper individual through an echoing corridor and out into the great Court of the Myrtles, bathed in sunshine. The perfection of the architecture, and the reflections in the placid mirror of the fishpond, framing a vision of inverted arches, invited photography, and I unslung my camera preparatory to taking my first shot, when the guide interposed. He said we must get a permission. What happened to us I never knew, but I never succeeded in getting any formal permission at all. Instead, the first guide disappeared and a second took his place as if by magic, a much better one who had no absurd scruples about photography, and we learned to love him well. He unburdened himself of a great deal of honest information in wonderfully intelligible Spanish, manfully abstaining from the traditional attempt to show us blood-stains in the Hall of the Abencerrages, and sensibly remarking that the marks in the fountain were not blood at all.

When Washington Irving came to Granada in the early part of the nineteenth century, he was assigned a room in a wing of the palace itself, which was then in a ruinous condition that threatened its very existence. Irving — and he was not alone in the apprehension — confidently predicted the ultimate ruin of the building through neglect, and congratulated himself on having seen its beauties before their final decay. This gloomy foreboding was natural. The Alhambra was tenanted by bats

and beggars, and its custodians, if they cared to do so, were seemingly powerless to arrest the slow progress of dilapidation. It was only the timely awakening of Spain to the value of preserving this incomparable monument of a conquered people that forestalled the devouring process of time. To-day, fortunately, no speedy destruction is to be feared. The Alhambra is not now suffered to lie in neglect. Its roofs and walls are no longer going to ruin. Workmen are constantly at work upon it, retouching here a little and there a little. Its garden paths and courts are swept and garnished. In the shade of its many porticoes an army of somnolent custodians is always dozing. Naturally it is agreeable to think that the delicate palace is so well protected against destruction, though I cannot but envy Irving his haunted chamber overlooking the little garden of Lindarraxa, and his intimate association with every nook and corner of the place. Then, if ever, might one hope to do justice to the Alhambra.

Roughly speaking, the palace as it remains to-day consists of but two great courts, adjoining one another and inclosed in two hollow quadrangles by low-roofed buildings which form the palace proper. The first and larger quadrangle, variously called the Court of the Myrtles from its hedges, or the Court of the Fishpond because of its placid and spacious pool, is perhaps the less celebrated of the two, although it would be somewhat dangerous to attempt any comparison on the score of beauty.

To-day the court shows almost no traces of the fire that once ravaged it, and nothing could well be more peacefully charming than this spacious close with its fragrant, close-cropped hedges and its glassy sheet of water reflecting alike, with photographic accuracy, the slender grace of the delicate porticoes at either end, the greenery of the myrtles along the marge, and the fleecy clouds that go floating by in the blueness of the open sky above. The tone of the stonework within is as warm and tawny as without, but instead of the massiveness of the outer walls there is everywhere airiness and lightness, an impression produced by the slenderness of the marble columns and by the incredibly graceful and intricate tracery which swarms over every wall.

Let critics quarrel as they may over the dominant architectural influences that manifest themselves in this palace, be they Byzantine, Greek, Persian, Arabian, or really and peculiarly "Moorish"; all agree at least that never was there another such combination of fragile elegance with enduring strength. After almost four centuries of neglect it remains practically unharmed, its original coloring doubtless mellowed but thereby improved, and its wealth of tracery and tiles but slightly marred.

Down along the edge of the pool within which numberless goldfish darted to and fro, we wandered to the cool and lofty chamber still called the Hall of the Ambassadors, because it was here that the kings were wont to receive emissaries on missions of peace

and war. Here later stood the thrones of the Catholic kings, and a thoroughly untrustworthy rumor insists that in this very chamber they received Columbus.

The room occupies a massive, square tower, entrance to which is gained through a portico, vaulted like a hollow ship and somewhat marred by fire. Within, it is a marvel of art. The lower portion of the wall is set with figured tiles (*azulejos*), possessing a metallic lustre which modern science strives in vain to reproduce. Above this succeeds the main surface of the wall, covered with a bewildering infinitude of arabesque patterns which seemingly were impressed on the buff-colored stucco with moulds while the stucco was still warm and plastic. And at the top the great room closes in a dark and mysteriously lofty dome, adorned with the curious stalactite formation which the Moors understood so well how to employ. Deeply recessed windows of graceful outline, their coupled arches separated by columns of a marvelous slimness, afford a view out over the glens below, — deep glens whose feathery treetops do not reach as high as the Hall of the Ambassadors. From one of these very windows and down into this very glen it is claimed that his mother lowered the ill-fated Boabdil by a rope of scarfs, that he might be borne away by faithful servants and escape the death which his jealous and sanguinary father plotted for him.

What is true of the adornment of the Hall of the

Ambassadors is equally true of the numerous other pavilions and chambers which surround the quadrangular courts. Everywhere is the same wealth of azulejos. Always the bewildering mazes of the stucco work, wherein delicate geometric figures combine with Arabic texts to produce at once a scheme of adornment and a sentiment of piety. Over and over again occurs the text, — and even one who knows no Arabic will soon learn to identify it out of a thousand, — "There is no conqueror but Allah"; with which fervent abnegation the founder of all this magnificence, Mohammed I, greeted his subjects on returning, humbly triumphant, from a successful campaign.

The second and inner quadrangle, universally known as the Court of the Lions from its most impressive characteristic, the central fountain, differs from the Court of Myrtles chiefly in being smaller and arcaded on all sides instead of merely at the ends. There is much more to be seen of the Moorish arches and decorative work, and above all there is the fountain, — a quaint basin borne on the backs of twelve stone lions all facing outward radially from a common centre. When the water is running it gushes from the mouths of all twelve, but ordinarily the fountains of the Alhambra are silent, and are active only on state occasions. "Please make the lions play," pleaded a lady of my acquaintance as she stood before the astonished guard. "Play?" he returned with bewilderment. "Madame, they

cannot play! They are of stone!" And stone they surely are, curiously carved and highly conventionalized; but rude as they are no one could mistake them for anything but lions, any more than one could mistake the stone pigs of Ávila for sea-horses.

Practically the whole court is lined with the graceful portico or colonnade of horseshoe arches, which here reach their highest perfection. And yet it is interesting to know that the horseshoe arch was by no means a Moorish invention, but was found in Spain, ready to hand, when the Moors arrived, — brought there in all probability by the Visigoths, who in turn got it from Byzantium. So, according to the archæologists, this ancient invention of Arabian, or Islamic, craftsmen came to the Mohammedan invaders of Spain overland and met them there, instead of journeying to Granada with them.

The several sets of chambers that surround the court are not greatly different from that described in the Hall of the Ambassadors, although the tracery seems here to excel slightly in delicacy, and the windows, instead of looking out into deep ravines and over precipices, face upon fascinating gardens close at hand, with dark cypress trees pointing upward in sombre rows. Of course there is a legend to go with each, and notably the gory tale of the murdered Abencerrages, — once a powerful clan of Granada, — who were summoned to a feast in the Lion Court by the king, and then one by one

called aside to the gloomy chamber that still bears their name, only to have their heads lopped off and mingle their lifeblood with the waters of the fountain that still plays there — when fountains in the palace play at all.

To attempt any description of the manifold details would be even more discouraging than to give a general idea of the palace, and happily it is not necessary. The true charm of the Alhambra lies not in such details at all, but rather in the unanalyzed *tout ensemble*, wherein all components blend and go unperceived, like individual instruments in a great orchestral harmony. Splendid as the great chambers are with their tiles, their arabesques, their stalactites and wondrous lanterns, their coupled windows and their delicate columns, they are not the pictures the mind carries away, nor are they the ones to which one returns with the keenest pleasure. Rather does one learn to love most of all, I think, the open courts with their pools and fountains, and above all their vistas, — long vistas of cool, dark halls, whose distant windows, destitute of glass, frame bright and glowing pictures of sunlit green.

Our own favorite and particular spot in the Alhambra came to be a little balcony entirely outside the more ancient Moorish building, and connected instead with some small modern apartments added by more recent Spanish kings, — mainly, I believe, by Charles V. Access to these separate cham-

bers is obtained by turning to the right as you enter the Hall of the Ambassadors and traversing a narrow gallery which is extremely attractive in itself. It leads one to the *tocador*, or royal boudoir, its interior still adorned with rude frescoes representing the naval victories of old Spain, which are interesting in their way despite their crudity and bad state of preservation. Just outside this, and almost completely encircling it, is the balcony that we cherished most of all the rare spots in the building. Looking from this toward the mountains up through a long vista of green trees, one could get a delightful glimpse of the glittering summit of the Velata, the one mountain of the magnificent chain behind Granada that possesses any semblance of a peak. The fresh verdure of the trees, the gleam of the distant snow, the blue of that cloudless sky, the dull red of the receding procession of the Alhambra towers, — all these combined to form a picture which I shall not soon forget.

Down below in a cool and dusky portion of the building that lies between the two great courts and beneath their level, is still to be seen the royal bath. In fact, despite the warmth of the April sun in the courts above, we found this ancient toilet apartment to be a decidedly chilly place; and it was a comfort to read later, in a description of the palace by an English clergyman, that the several rooms were warmed on occasion by a "subterraneous hypocaust." Surely something of that nature must

have been required when these apartments were in regular use, especially as there were bedrooms adjoining, similarly clammy and cold and in dire need of the hypocaust too. The beds were spread, it appeared, on a raised dais of stone adorned with azulejos, doubtless made soft and comfortable by the use of rugs and blankets; and high above a gallery was to be seen whence musicians discoursed soothing music, either to invite slumber or to while away the hours of wakeful royalty when fresh from the bath.

This portion of the palace is all that is left to give any intimate idea of the life of its occupants, the courts above being more in the nature of state chambers. Here one feels that one is in the bosom of the family, and it is interesting to see how their life was ordered. It should be remembered that this remaining fragment is the summer portion of the old palace, intended for occupancy mainly in those warmer months when subterraneous hypocausts cease from troubling. The winter side of the structure, also consisting of two quadrangles, disappeared to make way for Charles V's gigantic folly. That monarch, great and valiant emperor that he was, can hardly be pardoned for this; and indeed it is curious that the man who so stingingly rebuked the canons of Cordova for their ruin of the great mosque, should himself have been far more guilty in his treatment of the palace of the Moors. Charles's huge palace is windowless, roofless, and ugly to-day,

as one comes into its curious central court from the Court of Myrtles. Its circular patio with its admirable colonnades is the only interesting feature of the building, — aside from the fact that it shows the curious instability of rather a massive structure contrasted with the enduring properties of the Alhambra.

Behind the palace proper and before one emerges from the narrow lanes into the open field that covers the eastern end of the height, there are secluded gardens, hidden by the high wall of the street. It was a glorious garden, already abloom with many flowers, and on its farther edge stood a most attractive little mosque or "mezquita," quite as well furnished with azulejos as any apartment in the palace.[1] Beyond rose the many towers of the narrowing hilltop, each with its legend or actual history, — this one the "tower of the captive princess," that the "tower of the Infantas," and last of all the remnant of the gate of the "Siete Suelos," — Tower of the Seven Floors, — through which poor, impotent Boabdil passed out of the Alhambra forever, "weeping like a woman over the loss of a kingdom he could not defend like a man," and out across the bare hillside still called the "Last Sigh

[1] Subsequent visits to Granada have revealed the utter ruin of this garden, which was one of the most charming spots in the Alhambra precinct. From present indications it has been irremediably spoiled by ill-judged efforts to rehabilitate and rejuvenate it.

of the Moor." The gate, in accordance with his last wish, was closed up and never used again. To-day it is a ruin.

Limitations of space will not permit any extended reference to the romantic history of the building of this palace and its ultimate conquest by the Catholic kings. It is worthy of remark, however, that Ferdinand and Isabella, on taking formal possession in 1492, were enchanted with their new abode and proceeded to occupy it as a palace, restoring it wherever there was need; and a royal residence it continued down to the days of the weak-kneed Philip V, who decided that, as between the Alhambra and its costs, he would rather have the money, and therefore allowed it to fall into decay. Then came the French invaders, who abandoned Granada so recently as 1812, and who proposed, as a parting token of their esteem, to blow the whole building to atoms. A fuse was even lighted for that fell purpose when a Spanish soldier spied the sputtering thing and quenched it, — a quick-witted act which was all that saved the Alhambra from sharing the melancholy fate of the Parthenon.

Between the hill of the Alhambra and the overhanging height still higher above it, commonly called the "Seat of the Moor," there is a sunken road which follows the deepening ravine down to the Darro, at first gradual but later increasingly steep and stony as it drops from the levels of the Alhambra to the very base of its cliffs. On a shelf

of the upper hillside, overlooking this road and its glen, surrounded by Moorish gardens and ancient cypresses, stand the white walls and towers of the Generalife, once the summer palace of the Moorish kings, but now a villa in private hands. It stands somewhat higher than the Alhambra, with which it once had direct connection by a passageway; and to-day it is to be reached only by making a long detour from the highroad that leads away to the southeast.

Merely as a matter of Moorish architecture, the Generalife is not to be mentioned in the same breath with the more famous palace. As a sample of Moorish gardening, however, it is probably supreme. Admission to it is freely granted, but for some reason the present owners choose to make the obtaining of tickets as inconvenient as possible, decreeing that every one shall seek the Casa de los Tiros down in the city and obtain his gratuitous tickets there. The latter house is not particularly easy to find without the help of boys; but there are always armies of those about, so that the one complaint is the inconvenience of going downtown and back. The Generalife at any rate is to be seen without money and without price, but for every visit a permission is necessary. With a very little practice one can school one's self to call it the "Henry Leafy" without looking too conscious.

The way to the Generalife gardens lies through an avenue of cypress trees, close clipped, some

pointed, some truncated, but all sombre, and forming together a shady tunnel down which one has a rearward vista to the snowy Velata. Through an unpretentious gate, which, like that of the Alhambra, is wholly unrelated to the magnificence within, one steps into a miniature paradise. It is a court much narrower than that of the myrtles in the great palace below, but it recalls it at once by reason of its long hedges, its fragrance, and especially its long and narrow pool of water. On either side of this placid canal — for it is much too attenuated to be called a pond — range multitudes of flowers and shrubs; and across the two ends stand porticoed buildings, — not fairy palaces like the halls and towers of the Alhambra, but light and airy houses of white, with plainer arches and dainty pillars. Open balconies above give superb views down upon the Alhambra with its tawny towers just across the deep and shady dell that lies between. There is also a quaint portrait gallery in the upper rooms of the principal building, interesting less because of the quality of the painting than because of the subjects portrayed. But its interest pales sadly before the attractiveness of the gardens that lie outside and above, on the terraces that mark the steep ascent of the hillside to the impending "Seat of the Moor," — the rocky brow that looks down on even the lofty Generalife.

There are in all five terraces above the palace, all very similar in design. They are reached by easy

flights of brick steps, the balustrades of which are often grooved to permit the flow of water from one level to another. Nowhere, save in the more spacious and less attractive royal gardens at Seville, does one obtain so good an idea of the passion of the Moorish invaders for hydraulics and geometric gardening. Cypresses, many centuries old, with gnarled and ancient trunks, cast a dense shade over these narrow terraces. There are many walls, but one is not conscious of them owing to the luxuriant vegetation that covers everything; and indeed one is hardly conscious of the smallness of the gardens themselves. The whole air of the place is more free and easy than is the case with the Alhambra. It is not by any means unkempt, yet impresses the beholder with a sort of unstudied and comfortable neglect that makes it far more "livable" than the showy splendors of those gorgeous state apartments below on the adjoining hill. When we were there the water was not running, and the one thing needful was the cooling plash of the streams and fountains to complete the indescribable charm of the spot. Not until the authorities arrange for the continuous playing of the waters will the Alhambra and the Generalife come fully to their own.

The environs of Granada abound in pleasant walks. If you will but pass out of the Alhambra and take the road up through the elms past the Washington Irving Hotel and the gateway that leads to the Generalife, you will come in a few moments

to a cart-track leading off to the left. Strike boldly into this, and follow it through an olive orchard and up a narrow valley between two bare hills, and in a little space you will attain the top of that long, treeless ridge that lies behind Granada. It is an easy and gradual climb, and the view well repays the effort. Swinging around to the left along the still ascending hillside where a roughly marked sheep path indicates the way, you will find yourself at length in the "Silla del Moro," — the seat of the Moor, — with the Generalife at your very feet. It is from this eminence that one obtains the best idea of the Alhambra which lies below, spread out like a toy plan, the entire circle of its walls and towers visible at a glance as in a bird's-eye view, the palace courts and gardens showing in a fascinating miniature, while beyond and still farther below is the city, shorn of its last remnant of sordidness. The point is even better chosen for viewing the sunset than the Torre de la Vela because of the grander view of the Sierras, which remain in sight most of the way home and afford more ample opportunities for enjoying the afterglow that lingers when the sun is gone. Besides there is the broad prospect of the country on either side, the immensity of the fertile plain with its checker-board of green fields and chocolate soil, the violet bulks of distant mountains, and the infinitesimal olive trees so far below that the ladies declared them to look "like French knots!" At the

feet is the deep cañon of the Darro and the bare, bald heights that rise so grandly opposite; and back, far back of Granada, are the first foothills of the snow-mountains, yellow and scarred by innumerable furrows like wrinkles in the skin of some huge giant. As a vantage-ground for overlooking Granada and its environs, the Seat of the Moor is unsurpassed.

Should one desire a still more comprehensive view of the country outside, however, there is that limitless ridge running back along the Darro, where the cart-track traverses a vast and silent upland moor. It has neither trees nor shrubbery, and its herbage is a symphony of lavender and sage-green. The panorama of the mountains is magnificent. The sheer drop to the Darro is appalling. The desolation is in striking contrast with the abundant fertility of the vega. As for the Sierras, it is true that they are often sadly clouded, but when they are clear the spectacle is truly Alpine in its contrast of white against the blue. There are no marked peaks, to be sure, and it is rather a succession of regular domes, giving the general effect of a snowy ridge. The only point of any prominence is the little rise that marks the summit of the Velata, and the loftier and more distant Mulhacen shows to very little advantage when it can be seen at all. The guards of the Alhambra are accustomed to point out the Velata from the little balcony of the tocador, and call it the Mulhacen; but as a matter

of fact that snowy dome is to be seen only from the bald mountain just across the Darro, a splendid hill dominating the district of the Albaicin from whose midst it towers.

To see that smooth and neighboring eminence as we did on our first scramble to the Seat of the Moor was an invitation to climb and conquer it; and on the following afternoon, when the burden and heat of the day had begun to abate, we set off for it, passing down to the river by the sunken road and over into the Albaicin by the bridge at its foot. The way thence among the houses of the town proved somewhat blind, but chance served us well. While we were hesitating over the way to turn and attracting an increasing army of clamorous children whose one thought was centimos, a head was thrust from an upper window and a voice inquired if we were in quest of the road to the monastery above. We were. Whereupon the voice gave us the desired directions, adding, "I know you very well. It was I who the other night directed you to the tower of the Vela!"

The begging host who followed us to the very foot of the hill abandoned us as hopelessly uncharitable when we prepared to begin the actual climb through a rough and cactus-grown field where stony goat-paths afforded the only road; and from there on we met none but goat-herds and occasional groups of peasants. On the brow of the first rise stood the monastery, whence high walls radiated in every di-

rection over the hillside, pierced here and there by gates; and at one of these which seemed to afford the speediest access to the open smoothness of the mountain-side we found a dozing officer, doubtless supposed to be sitting at the receipt of custom. He was an affable soul, and made us sit down to rest. Poor man, few chances for conversation fell to his lot, and it seemed a relief to him even to greet three hot and weary Americans whose limit of small talk was a wave of the hand toward the imposing row of Sierras and a heartfelt "buena vista!" We tarried but a little while with him, however, for the day was far spent and the summit towered still far overhead. The most direct path was entirely too steep to be tempting, but by circling around, the climb was made less arduous and the summit was attained in something like half an hour. The view was easily worth the trouble, — even if the Mulhacen was a disappointment and far less impressive than the Velata after all. Over behind our hill we had a glimpse into a new and attractive country, a country of low hills as smooth and bare as our own, separated by deep vales through which a glistening ribbon of white road led to distant villages. The adjacent steeps were patched with gray herds of grazing sheep, and at our feet lay a lazy boy dreamily watching his scattered goats. I suppose it is these numerous herds and flocks that keep the hillsides so close cropped, giving them an almost startling nudity when seen from afar.

Besides, centuries of rain have worn innumerable deep furrows in the skin of the earth which the shadows bring into sharp relief until they resemble nothing so much as huge wattles and giant rolls of fat! The bareness of the hills and vales constantly recalls the relief maps which geographers sometimes make out of plaster.

On the way down the mountain we came upon a company of children tending the family flocks not far from their outlying home, and instantly a small lad broke from the group and ran after us, madly waving a brazen chocolate-pot of comely shape and moderate size. It was his evident desire to convert this metallic vessel into silver by the subtle alchemy of bargain and sale; and in due season we arrived at a price satisfactory to all, whereupon title was passed to this needless but altogether fascinating chattel. We had barely reached the foot of the steep and were about to emerge from the cactus hedges when there was a clatter of feet behind, a great rolling of stones and loose pebbles, and a very agitated and breathless boy precipitated himself gasping into our midst, anxiously announcing, "Mi madre no quiere! Madre no quiere!" (Mother, in other words, disapproved the sale recently consummated: whether because of the price we paid or because of a desire to keep her chocolate-pot at any cost, we never knew.) The pot was returned, to the lad's intense relief, and the major part of the purchase price

duly restored; whereat he departed up the slope as hurriedly as he had come, with much scrambling of feet and dislodgment of stones in the gully that does double duty as footpath and watercourse.

I have found it absolutely essential to exclude from this chapter with stern but reluctant hand all attempt at relating the myriad legends of the spot. There is not a tower in the Alhambra but has its memories, — pretty fables, it is true, and generally devoid of any historic foundation, yet sufficiently strong to have conferred upon the various structures names that have endured for centuries. Since the whole mass of legend has been fused together in Washington Irving's immortal classic, no subsequent writer has had either the occasion or the hardihood to essay a task so certain to fail by comparison. To this day, Washington Irving has high honor both in Granada and in the Alhambra which he celebrated to the Western world. He has even achieved the apotheosis of having a hotel named in his honor, and the guards of the palace still point out his room, overlooking the gardens of Lindarraxa, from the windows of which he saw such visions, and in the cool shades of which he dreamed such exquisite and romantic dreams.

CHAPTER VI

SEVILLE

It is a long day's ride from Granada to Seville. Nine hours are consumed by the train in making the run, which in pure linear distance is something like two hundred miles. Fortunately there are through coaches to be found, if one is wise enough to look for them, and these avert the necessity of changing at Bobadilla and La Roda, not to mention Utrera later in the afternoon. Three times a week, I believe, there is also an express train that makes the run in better time.

It was another hot April morning when we left Granada, and the second-class car — for we had decided imprudently to trust in the modest comforts of that conveyance and repented of it later in dust and cinders — jolted its leisurely way over mile after mile of shimmering plain. As far as Bobadilla the way was familiar, but reversed. There was a tedious climb to the mountain passes of Loja, and as compensation therefor a headlong descent to the meadows beyond, in the midst of which Bobadilla spreads her network of steel. It was on the run down the slope that we essayed to eat our luncheon, and the difficulties of the meal awakened us to a realizing sense of the fact that

Spanish trains can run rapidly on occasion and that their roadbeds are not always constructed for extreme velocity. However, we managed to consume the major portion of Landlord Carmona's sandwiches, and spilled but a little of our bottle of Rioja while the train was coasting down a winding grade at about forty miles an hour. This, however, was the only stretch of road where any fast time was made. In the main we ambled across the southern end of King Alfonso's dominions at a very moderate pace, stopping everywhere for at least a "minuto," and commonly for more.

As second-class passengers we came into closer contact with the people of the country than heretofore. While they were awake they were extremely voluble, and the conversation far outran our meagre facilities for comprehension. They partook of food also, but wisely postponed that operation until the train was jogging serenely over the gently undulating plains that lie toward the west, where eating was less a matter of dexterity. So far as appeared from their actions, there was no attempt made to share the viands that came forth from their bundles of greasy newspaper, despite the common tradition that every Spaniard thus indulging himself is in duty bound to proffer his store of provender to his fellow passengers, — they in turn being equally in duty bound to refuse! Perhaps the incongruity and emptiness of offering what it is universally known is not to be accepted

has dawned upon the Spanish mind; for it is said that the failure to decline would be esteemed a bit of rudeness comparable only to a churlish neglect to extend the invitation. At any rate, the other occupants of our compartment consumed their food in seeming disregard of one another, although conversation never flagged, save when one or more of the participants grew weary of it and snored, for a change.

Mountain scenery there was none after we had slid "down the valley with our guttering brakes asqueal," and lost the snowy sierras forever behind a ridge of nearer and rockier hills. All day the way was through a green and pleasant prairie, not lofty enough to be bleak like the deserts of the interior, and occasionally marked by groves of trees, although for most of the way it was merely broad miles of meadow with nothing taller than palmettoes to be seen. Late in the day we drew into Utrera, changed ends with the locomotive for the last time, and speedily sighted across the meadows the giant cathedral of Seville, "like an elephant amid a flock of couchant sheep," the graceful tower of the Giralda glowing rosily in the level rays of the departing sun.

A dusty ride through tortuous streets and over execrable pavements led us under the very shadow of the great church and into a pleasant, palm-shaded square in the centre of the city, where stood our hotel; and good it seemed to wash away the

stains of our arduous day's traveling. After the stifling heat and jolting of the train the hotel seemed cool and quiet, and a breeze springing up with the setting of the sun rustled pleasantly in the great fronded palms of the plaza beneath our windows. For our balconies overlooked the spacious square, and in the distance across the palm-tops rose the Giralda, fair as a lily and glowing bright against the deepening blues of the April dusk.

Few cities have been more celebrated in song and story than this Seville that we looked down upon, — a city which from its languorous climate and intrinsic beauty, as well as its historic associations, seems always to have possessed a peculiar charm. It is more than sixty miles from the ocean, yet is actually to all intents and purposes a seaport town, the broad and winding channel of the Guadalquivir bringing to the very heart of the city seagoing steamers of considerable burthen. In size it is still notable among the cities of Spain, harboring something like one hundred and fifty thousand souls.

It was evident that the principal buildings were grouped about the open park into which our balconies looked, or at least were in no case very far away, for directly opposite stood a handsome building in the "plateresque" manner, which has been justly deemed one of the finest of that difficult class in Spain, — the ayuntamiento, or city hall, — and beyond this it seemed but a stone's throw to the cathedral. Radiating from the vicinity of this

square as a natural focus of activity were a score of streets, mostly narrow and redolent of their Moorish past, but seldom worthy to be termed beautiful. Seville is no garish capital bedizened with tinsel and display. She is old. Her glories are of a substantial kind, and are really few and choice. Apart from them she is a city compactly built, the close-set houses lining the borders of streets that generally lack sidewalks, reserving what efforts they make at architectural adornment for their inner courts and patios.

Despite the fact that the day was done and darkness at hand, we set forth immediately for an initial stroll before the dinner hour, — which in Spain is as often eight as earlier, — and soon found ourselves quite by accident in the great orange court that lies in the shadow of the cathedral. It was walled from the street by a fort of churchly offices ranged about it in a hollow square, the whole being raised above the level of the streets by a platform of several steps. A grand Moorish gateway, topped by a belfry of many arches, gave entrance to the inclosure, where the air was heavy with the perfume of orange blossoms. Bells were clamoring noisily from the Giralda overhead, that tall and graceful shaft still rosy with the reflections of the western sky, although in the courts below it was very nearly dark; and I hold this delicately colored tower thus seen against the background of approaching night to be very nearly the finest sight in Spain.

It seemed quite too late to hope for entrance to the cathedral, and yet the booming of an organ somewhere within stole out to us as a peasant lifted the leather curtain of a door in the obscurity of the dusk. We followed the sound, and ventured with careful feet through the dense blackness of the interior, for there was not any light save where distant candles far away in the body of the church revealed the presence of shrines. Windows far above gave only a sort of indefinite twilight high among the arches and groinings of the roof. Of the floor we could see nothing, and we groped our way cautiously along the benches toward the music, which was the most remarkable I have ever heard in any religious edifice. It was nothing more nor less than the gayest and giddiest of glide polkas played at top speed on the king of instruments, and giving the effect of nothing so much as the organ of a merry-go-round at an American country fair! Nothing more thoroughly out of harmony with the prodigious solemnity of the dark and enormous church could have been devised. But then, they have always done strange things here! Do not the priests of Seville cathedral dance Pyrrhic measures there on certain feast days, saluting the high altar with castanets? At any rate, I am absolutely sure of the glide polka, the joyous and tripping cadences of which increased in volume as we worked our way nearer in the gloom of that forest of pillars. It turned out to be a baptism, some infant receiving its christening at the holy

font in a dim chapel just around a corner of the aisle; and if its auspices accord with the melody that accompanied the churchly ceremony, it will surely dance its way merrily through life.

Our real exploration of the cathedral began on the following day, and the result was so satisfactory that it drew our feet back thither on many other days thereafter, despite the fact that one full round of all the chapels and art treasures in company with the official sacristans was voted to be quite enough. It is essential, however, to "undergo" this, as Hare would have put it, in order to see all there is in this immense church, much of which is of absorbing interest and visible in no other way. One must perforce be accompanied by the official guide, and the chapter thriftily sells tickets of admission, good for one continuous passage through all points of interest, which latter include a long succession of chapels and sacristies, chapter halls and choirs, constituting together one of the notable art collections of Europe.

Considered not as an art museum but purely as a church, the great charm of Seville cathedral is found in its vast nave and aisles, now fully restored to their pristine beauty after several costly disasters due to the falling of the roof. The magnificent dimensions of the cathedral — it is second to St. Peter's for sheer magnitude — are sufficient to compel admiration, and would still be so, even if, as in St. Peter's, they failed to combine grace with

mere immensity. As a matter of fact, however, the majesty of this church is due almost as much to the one quality as the other, and it achieves one result that St. Peter's does not, — namely, that of a convincing unity. Where St. Peter's is a vast, cold, religious precinct, Seville's cathedral is a single church, used by one congregation as smaller churches are. You feel that this edifice is used for worship by the people of Seville, just as you cannot feel that St. Peter's is used by the people of Rome.

Architecturally considered, it would be hard to conceive anything built with hands more thoroughly worshipful and inspiring than this matchless interior. To be sure, it is marred, as all Spanish cathedrals are, by the intrusion of the screened choir and *capilla mayor* on the vistas of the nave. But there is so broad a sweep of aisle on either side that the injury worked by this intrusion is less than usual. Furthermore, the cathedral is dim without being dark, light falling in richly colored bands from windows loftily placed, and only occasionally screened by curtains. Not the least of the secrets of Seville's charm is this cunningly devised scheme of lighting. It is not such as to give very good views of the pictures hung in the chapels below, to be sure; but it more than atones for this defect by enhancing the grandeur of the church as a whole.

When the chapter originally voted to build this cathedral, they deliberately set out to erect a building "so vast that the beholder should esteem

them mad for having undertaken it." Few, however, will to-day entertain that sentiment, even though the cathedral does still hold the palm for sheer magnitude among Catholic churches, and even if the successive fallings of the cimborio might point to at least a lack of precautionary wisdom on the part of the architects. It is truly an enormous church, but its proportions are so admirably contrived that mere bulk ceases to be thought of. Outwardly it is not nearly so effective. Its façade suffers from the usual over-elaboration, and its whole outside lacks in inspiration, as so many of the Gothic churches of Spain admittedly do. The airy beauty of the Giralda, which serves it as a campanile, sorts curiously with its sombre stone, and the joyous arabesques of the tower panels are in strange contrast with the Gothic style. Nevertheless, after having seen many of the famous churches of Spain, I cannot but conclude that on the whole Seville cathedral is one of the grandest, if not the grandest, of them all. I cannot share in the sentiment of those who have belittled this church and taken a supercilious delight in criticising its defects. Whatever were the vainglorious desires of the chapter in designing this colossal edifice, they at least succeeded in producing a vast and dignified temple wherein to worship, and the worshipful impulse has seldom found more adequate and satisfying expression than this, combining as it does the beauty of holiness with majesty and power.

It were hopeless to attempt any description of the numerous art treasures contained in this vast church with its multitude of chapels and chapter rooms. In the baptistery, however, to which we had unwittingly wandered in the gloom of our first evening, there hangs a noted Murillo, representing the appearance of the Holy Child in a vision to St. Anthony of Padua. St. Anthony's sombre figure in the lower corner was once dextrously separated with a knife, from the remainder of the painting, and stolen. It reappeared some time later in America, and was recovered, its restoration to its proper place in the original canvas being wonderfully successful. The picture itself is worthy of long study as an example of Murillo's more sombre work, but is so hung as to be wretchedly lighted. The same artist is also worthily represented in the other portions of the cathedral by well-known paintings, chief among which is the Guardian Angel, — the English-speaking guides call it, I believe, "The Angel of the Guard!" But this, like many of the others, is execrably lighted, and to see it at all well requires that one remain indoors long enough to accustom the eyes to seeing in the dimness of the sanctuary. One will speedily discover by experience what hours serve best for viewing certain of the more celebrated paintings.

In the large sacristy in the south wall is the principal museum of the cathedral, where the great

majority of its art treasures have lately been grouped and rearranged with tolerable success. It is a noteworthy collection, and might well rank among the celebrated European galleries, despite its comparatively small size. Many old masters are represented in it by pieces of more or less authenticity, and there is to be seen at least one of those surprisingly lifelike sculptures in wood representing the Crucifixion with excruciating realism. It is in wood alone that the Spanish sculptors seem to have done their best work, and in that they have excelled most other nations.

Our visit fell on the verge of Holy Week, and at the time the workmen were covering the enormous retablo of the high altar with a purple veil. But the organs were not yet hushed, and we were fortunate indeed to hear them, for nothing more uplifting can well be imagined than the full-throated melody of those myriad pipes soaring through the twilight of that magnificent grove of pillars. In nearly every Spanish church the arrangement of the organs is the same, — one on either side of the choir, perched high above the stalls, with a horizontal flare of trumpet-shaped pipes radiating above the head of the organist like leveled blunderbusses. These in Seville may not be the finest instruments in Europe, but their effect in the enormous fane was indescribably fine, as indeed was the impression produced by the whole service, — the monotone of the droning priests, the

bursts of melody from the lofty instruments, the sweet fragrance of the censers, and those long, dusty shafts of colored light falling through the "strong, thick, stupefying incense-smoke" to form brilliant patches on the huge gray boles of the supporting columns.

In the south aisle of the cathedral is the tomb of Christopher Columbus, wholly unworthy in design of the illustrious navigator whom it commemorates and whose bones it now incloses. It savors of the degenerate taste which has latterly marred so many noble churches, and which is so acutely out of accord with the surroundings of so chaste a Gothic interior as that of Seville cathedral. Columbus, while a Genoese by birth, was far more Spaniard than Italian by association. He died, not at Seville, but at Valladolid; and his remains were moved about from pillar to post until it seemed that the doughty admiral was destined to be as great a voyager in death as he had been in life. He lay for years in an obscure church in the Triana district of Seville, and was later transported to the New World he had discovered, — first to Hayti and later to Havana, in which latter place he rested until the war of 1898 deprived Spain of her last shred of empire. His body[1] was then taken back to Seville and solemnly interred in this grotesque tomb, its huge coffin borne aloft on the shoulders of gigantic figures. Possibly it may now be permitted to rest here until

[1] Let us at least believe it his!

the Judgment Day, undisturbed and duly reverenced.

A further unworthy feature of the Passion season in Spanish churches is the disfigurement of them by temporary monuments. While we were in Seville they were erecting one, a sort of pavilion behind the rear screen of the choir, adorned with huge statues of grotesque mould somewhat like those on the tomb of Columbus and suggesting them, but having this advantage over the tomb, that they at least were transitory instead of a permanent blemish. To the native mind, however, it seemed that the Easter monument was if anything superior to the ordinary splendors of the church. On our nocturnal visit an eager boy had clutched the hems of our garments and had led us through the mysterious darkness of the nave to one of the graven images about to be hoisted to place on top of the pavilion, exhibiting it with much pride. It was an awesome thing in the dark, towering heroically, its general appearance faintly guessed by the glimmering light of distant tapers. But by day it stood revealed in all its tawdry hideousness, yet hailed by the devout populace as a triumph of religious art. It makes it seem a pity that Murillo and Velasquez were born so early, or at least that their exquisite taste could not have been transmitted to their fellow townsmen of a later day.

The Giralda, already many times referred to, the tower in which hangs the multitude of cathedral

bells, is in part at least a work of the Moors. When Christianity drove out Islam, the mosques of the latter commonly became the churches of the former, and God continued to be worshiped there under another name and sign. Indeed, as at Rome and Athens, even the sites of remote pagan worship thus remained dedicated to pious uses, and analytical visitors have discovered in the processions of Good Friday, for which Seville is so famous, survivals of the pagan period.[1] These *disjecta membra* of creeds long outworn, discoverable in so many of the sites of the older civilization, might well afford material for highly interesting research.

At Seville the mosque proved less enduring than that of Cordova; and while worship continued on the same spot, it was in a different temple, the older edifice being entirely wiped out when the chapter adopted the mad design of making a mon-

[1] Mr. Havelock Ellis in his admirable *Soul of Spain* traces a probable connection between the image of the Virgin borne on the shoulders of men in the processions of Holy Week and the ancient processions described by Virgil, wherein the Berecynthian mother was borne on a car through Phrygian cities. And he adds: "Seville was the only city of the western world that held a temple of Salammbo, whence every year at her festival the goddess went through the city in procession on the shoulders of noble ladies. Justina and Rufina, the young Christian market girls, refused to do her homage and were martyred by the pious crowd, becoming in their turn the tutelary saints of Seville. Yet in the end Salammbo has conquered, and the ancient Sevillians could not fail to recognize and reverence their goddess in the streets to-day." — *The Soul of Spain*, pp. 366, 367.

ster church. Only the ancient minaret remains, much altered and amplified, — but fortunately not at all impaired as to its beauty. The main body of the tower is of Moorish construction, and is said to embody much ancient Roman stonework. With the present pinnacle added, the crest of the tower is now something like three hundred feet above the court of the oranges at its base, and surmounting it all is a huge bronze figure of "Faith," — the *giraldillo*, or vane, which gives its name to the tower, — turning freely with every wind of heaven. The inappropriateness of such a function for the image of Faith has often been commented upon; and yet, in view of the manifold mutations which faith has undergone on this very spot between Iberian, Roman, Carthaginian, Moorish, and Christian occupants, it may not be so inappropriate after all.

The ascent of the Giralda is not a difficult task. The climb is made by means of a series of inclines instead of by steps, and at least one venturesome person has ridden to the belfry on horseback. From among the arches where the bells are hung there is to be had a magnificent view over the level plains and down the winding Guadalquivir, — the "silver road" once traversed by the venturesome and triumphant Admiral Colon. The Giralda bells are named for various saints, and while we stood there looking down on the broad meadows and the yellow thread of the river, Santa Maria and San Juan were engaged in a clangorous duet, the bell-

ringers whirling the huge masses of metal over and over in mighty circles with a dexterity that compelled admiration in spite of the overpowering, deafening din.

It is from the belfry of the Giralda that one gets as intimate a view of the cathedral as is possible from any point. It lies below, but not far enough down to prevent examination of its lofty roof, with its clerestory and Gothic ornamentation. Besides there is a splendid view over Seville with her palm-grown squares and narrow streets, and even into the deep dells of the Alcázar gardens, which seem to lie almost at the Giralda's foot. As a matter of fact, it is but a little way to the Alcázar itself, — a Moorish palace which, despite its failure to compare in beauty with the Alhambra, is decidedly not to be ignored. Its gardens, rather than its halls and courts, afford the chief charm with their maze of paths and hedges and their very curious application of hydraulics. As in the Alhambra, one goes with a guide; but unlike the Alhambra, this palace opens only to the silver key, and a ticket is issued for a price in the name of thrift. For this fairy palace has not been abandoned to the mere uses of a show place, but is even to-day a royal residence, and is said to be preferred by the present queen to the splendid but oppressively enormous palace at Madrid.

The Alcázar is not only less ancient than the Alhambra, but it is also much more obviously be-

furbished and renovated. Its gilding is as fresh and bright as that of the library at Washington. Its reds and blues and buffs have not the saving grace of age. And so much of it is garish, blatant, and thoroughly unsatisfactory. It might have been much more effective if it had remained as it was and had been permitted to yield to a general flavor of mild decay. Even the additions of Charles V might please, — although the guides generally exclaim, as they point to these Carlovingian additions, "Carlo Cinco — malo!" As it is, the Alcázar of Seville has a spruce and rejuvenated appearance that grates rather harshly. A sweet disorder in the dress comes not amiss in such buildings after so many centuries.

Practically nothing now remains of the original Alcázar, and still less of the Roman Prætorium, which was its predecessor on the site. The present building is merely the restored palace of Peter the Cruel (Peter I), plus certain amplifications made by the great Charles shortly after his marriage in these very courts to Isabella of Portugal, whose altogether charming portrait is to be seen to-day in the Prado at Madrid. The palace, however, is more thoroughly identified with Peter's memory, and many interesting traditions of his reign survive. He was a curious character, sudden, quick in quarrel, and apparently well worthy of his sobriquet; for as you wander through the gardens, you are constantly reminded of sanguinary acts which he committed in the name of "justice" — a quality

on which he prided himself. And yet he appears to have been rather a popular monarch. He murdered cheerfully whomsoever he would, and then occasionally cracked a grim joke by demanding that the police produce at once the guilty homicide, on pain of their own decapitation! On at least one occasion this grim jest reacted on the king himself. While carousing in disguise through the streets by night, as was his wont, he killed a man, and his face was accidentally seen by an aged crone, who carried her momentous secret to the alguazil. Here was indeed a quandary! The alguazil had been commanded by Peter himself to produce the culprit within forty-eight hours, — and that culprit was Peter! Tradition relates that the quaking prefect made him a graven image marvelously like the king, and at the time appointed haled it to the royal presence; whereat the king ordered the effigy to be hung as high as Haman, and absolved his ingenious officer in haste.

Peter had for his favorite consort Maria de Padilla, for whose sake he put away a lawfully wedded wife of royal blood; and he constructed for her use a long subterraneous bath, — warmed by a hypocaust, no doubt, — through the vaulted roof of which he provided windows for viewing that charming lady at her ablutions. It remains to-day, a cool and gloomy apartment like a tunnel, truly grateful on a hot afternoon to one wearied with the heat and glare of the gardens. The stone tank in its

midst is very long and narrow, not deep enough to swim in, but large enough to accommodate Maria de Padilla and a whole regiment of waiting maids at one bathing. The courtiers were expected to drink eagerly of the water afterwards, and in view of their master's hasty temper and habit of cutting off heads for less offense, they doubtless did so with loyal enthusiasm and much smacking of lips!

The palace gardens are extensive and, as has been said, are charming, particularly in the early summer, before the parching heat of Seville has burned them. Thanks to the Moors, who were a cleanly race and addicted to the copious use of water, the garden paths lack not for hydraulic arrangements of every kind. At least one path is perforated from end to end with tiny holes, almost imperceptible to the eye, and the guards regard it as a huge jest to inveigle one into this tempting byway and then set the whole district to playing madly by a sudden turn of a hidden stopcock. The jets rise vertically from the pavement to a height of perhaps four feet — and to appreciate it one must be dressed in a bathing suit. To those unsuitably attired, the one feasible course is to beat a hasty retreat to dry ground, and laugh.

It is in Seville that one first comes full upon Spanish art as manifested by one of the greatest of the few essentially Spanish painters, — Murillo. With all due respect to the museum of the Prado, — easily one of the finest art collections in the world,

and probably the very finest considered purely as a collection of the art of the golden age, — it cannot claim to rival the museums of Seville in its capacity as a treasure house of Murillo, any more than Seville could claim preëminence to Madrid as the possessor of the work of Velasquez. There are several notable gatherings of Murillo's work in Seville, and I have no intention of attempting anything so hopeless as to describe them in detail. It is somewhat unfortunate that Murillo lived in an age of such excessive religiosity; for the demands made by Holy Church on his indefatigable brush confined him far too steadfastly to the portrayal of Madonnas and Infant Christs, and the result is a sameness throughout his work, despite his inimitable mastery of mellow color. The main collection in the principal art museum of the city is therefore but ill designed for human nature's daily food, and the artist, great as he evidently is, suffers sadly from his own prodigious output of Holy Families, saints, and Blessed Virgins grouped together in one vast and lofty room. Just a few cold, gray-green Velasquez portraits here and there would relieve the monotony of all this loveliness, and give a pleasant and needful contrast, both in subject-matter and coloring.

With all due reverence, one must hold it a very great pity that Murillo was so constantly employed in decorating the altars and conventual institutions of his native land, just as one must deplore the fact

that Velasquez, that other great Sevillian, was so beset with requisitions for the portrait of the vapid Philip IV. Each artist was sadly fettered by his *clientèle*. The religious world was too much with the former, and his royal master was too insistent with the latter, to permit much diversity in either. It is certainly not Murillo's fault that he seems to-day to have moved too steadily within the sacred circle of the church and too seldom to have thrust but one foot without it. The demands of his time, fanatically Catholic, even for Spain, simply precluded him from following any other line. And the fact that he so triumphantly surmounts these hampering difficulties is what proves him essentially great. In that endless round of saints and martyrs he does not lose his freshness, and there is no diminution of the skill of his coloring. He was the painter of light, as his fellow townsman Velasquez was the painter of shadow. The latter could not have painted those radiant saints and children, and the former could not have painted *Las Meninas*.

Since one must have Murillo inseparable from religion, it is probable that he is to be seen at his best in those cases where the paintings remain in their original places, as is the case with the St. Anthony of the cathedral, or the magnificent panels and lunettes of the Hospital of the Caridad. The latter, like those of the cathedral, are unsatisfactorily lighted; but by a sufficiency of manœuvring and excluding the glare of the windows, one may

obtain a very good view of the loftily hung painting of "La Sed," — the thirst of the wandering Israelites, — and of the little less celebrated representation of the miracle of the loaves and fishes. Aside from these and four other smaller Murillos still hanging in the Hospital of the Caridad, that edifice offers almost nothing of interest. But it needs no more.

The founder of this hospital, a gay youth who repented of his early sins like St. Francis, but without achieving the same celebrity, lies buried humbly beneath the threshold; and as you pass out over his tomb you stand face to face with the Tower of Gold that graces the bank of the Guadalquivir near by. It was once covered, according to a proud tradition, with gold, — more probably with azulejos of a golden tint, — and was a wonder in the sunshine. The situation of this golden monument was well chosen, standing as it does on the verge of the river's tawny flood, down which the galleons of Spain were wont to float on their way to the ocean and the western world. It was on the bank of this stream that Columbus was received when he returned from his voyages of discovery, — the discovery that opened to Seville her great but transitory eminence. From the west came fabulous stores of gold. Spain became the richest of nations and her empire the broadest the sun shone upon. Seville was invested with the rich monopoly of transatlantic trade. The golden tower was the

symbol of the city's commercial greatness and the empire's pride. And yet the tower long antedated the discoveries of Columbus, built as it was by the Moors before a western world was ever dreamed of, and used for long years by Peter the Cruel as a prison. And in these days of peace and decaying commerce, Seville uses it as the office of her harbor-master! But the banks of the river are not deserted, even now. The water is deep enough to bring vessels of sixteen feet draught to the city from the sea, and all up and down the curving quay may be seen large steamers loading or discharging, schooners and barks, tugboats and barges. It seems incredible that Cadiz and the ocean are more than sixty miles away.

Across the broad river, the current of which is yellower than even that of the Tiber, there rises a considerable settlement whose pottery shops are well worth the visiting. It is a section bearing the name of Triana — a reminiscence of the Emperor Trajan, who was born not many miles away. The neighborhood, by the way, was prolific of Roman emperors of the later period, for Hadrian and Theodosius also sprang from Italica, an adjacent town, the remains of which are still easily discernible if one will but take the trouble to drive thither. As for Triana, it is to-day merely a squalid outpost of Seville devoted to lustre-pottery of a curiously beautiful kind, and approximating in its iridescence the lost art of the azulejos. A splendid bridge that

marks the head of navigation for large craft spans the yellow flood. Here it was that the two favorite saints of the city, Justina and Rufina, met their violent deaths for refusing to do homage to a pagan procession in honor of Salammbo — lineal ancestor of the very procession that all Seville to-day bows to in such reverence!

The streets of Seville proper are narrow and winding, as they have been from time immemorial, bearing witness to the cunning of the Moors in mitigating the rigors of the summer sun by providing an abundance of shade. Outwardly, as has been said, the houses which line these winding highways are much the same, reserving all their architectural pretensions for the patios and courts, fascinating glimpses into which are constantly being afforded by slightly open doors. There are one or two buildings of magnitude that command attention, notably the enormous official tobacco factory that lies near the station for Cadiz, resembling a palace far more than a hive of human industry of rather an inferior grade; and also the ayuntamiento, or city hall, before referred to as fronting on the palm groves of the Plaza de San Fernando. This latter is of the plateresque style (i. e. silversmith's work) and is easily one of the handsomest of that ornate variety to be seen in Spain.

Opening from its northern corner is the Calle de las Sierpes — Serpent Street — the main shopping highway of the town. It is not a street in the full-

est sense, but is rather a paved footway between lofty buildings, barred by posts against the entrance of carriages, and is in effect a long arcade without an arcade's roof, save that in summer it is protected from the glare by awnings. Through it flows a constant tide of humanity. It is lined with handsome shops, cafés, and clubs — the latter thronged with pleasure-seekers sipping chocolate, coffee, and liqueurs, and making the air resound with the steady click of dominoes. Fans, laces, and cigarettes are to be had in profusion — more especially the fans and cigarettes, which are native in Seville. As for fans, no Spanish lady considers her wardrobe complete without an arsenal of them, — it may be many dozens, — and her skill in manipulating them is wonderful. Spanish coquetry may be on the wane, for at any rate one seldom hears much mandolin or guitar strumming under the casements now; but skill in the art of the fan shows no diminution in the hands of dark-eyed señoras trained by centuries to its use. One may buy all sorts of them in the Sierpes, from the cheap and gaudy *abanico* decorated with scenes from the bull-ring, to the delicate confection in ivory and gauze.

Remote from the centre of the town and its activities lie several interesting old churches and the so-called *Casa de Pilatos*, — Pilate's house, — the latter worth decidedly more than a passing glance. It is generally esteemed to be an accurate repro-

duction of the house of Pilate at Jerusalem, although there is more than room for doubt of this. In any event, the ducal founder, in the true Spanish fashion, added a little here and there in Catholic zeal; for he caused to be set up in one of the courts a reproduction of the pillar at which Jesus was scourged. Once the awestruck visitor used to be asked to believe that this was the very pillar at which Jesus suffered, the Pope having bestowed it on the founder of the house in recognition of his piety. The improbability that any Pope would ever consent to part with so priceless a treasure, however, has caused this bit of embroidery on the tradition to fall into disuse, and to-day nobody pretends it is anything but a reproduction, — as the rest of the house is, although probably not of Pilate's palace more than of any other in Jerusalem. It is, indeed, a most interesting construction with a very pronounced tendency toward the Moorish style, and some fascinating gardens, which latter, unfortunately, are seldom shown. There is in full view, however, one of the most magnificent displays of bougainvillea that I have ever seen.

When day is declining all the city goes for a drive in the boulevard of the Delicias that leads down along the Guadalquivir and out into the open country. It is the regular thing, when the heat of the afternoon has abated, to take your carriage, — or hire one, for it makes no difference, — pack it as full as possible with family or friends, and join

the innumerable caravan which moves along the broad highway under the long rows of trees. I should have been sorry not to take that ride, if only to see Seville relaxed and on pleasure bent; but purely as a ride it would certainly have been disappointing. The roadway is uncommonly bad, for a boulevard, and there is little charm in the scenery despite its abundance of trees and occasional gardens. The interest centres in the endless procession of carriages passing in two long files at moderate pace, one going and one returning. It must be two miles from the beginning of the boulevard to the turn, and the common practice is to make the circuit several times, drawing up now and then at the side of the road to see the rest of the parade go by. Altogether it is such an array as one may see from the penny benches of Hyde Park, without the royalty, — save on rare occasions, — and inevitably with a much greater degree of democracy and variety in the vehicles, which at Seville are by no means confined to the luxurious carriages of the rich, but include conveyances of every sort and kind.

Our personal experiences in Seville closed with an excursion down the Guadalquivir, an expedition which even the most casual visitor should not be induced to omit. It came to our attention that a little steamer plied twice a day between the docks at the Triana bridge and the tiny town of Coria, ten miles or so downstream, but exact information

as to its hours of departure was difficult to obtain. Policemen along the quay, who must see the craft coming and going daily, were wholly unable to tell us anything about it, but hazarded guesses all the way from half-past two to three in the afternoon. As a matter of precaution we came at the former hour, and as a perfectly inevitable sequel waited until well past the latter, sweltering under a broiling April sun, before the little vessel ceased her periodic whistling and shoved out into the river. It was a thoroughly delightful sail down the great windings that the current makes as it meanders through immense meadows toward the sea. Even here, sixty-two miles from Cadiz, the tide ebbs and flows with force, and as a result our several landings going and coming were matters of nice calculation on the part of the helmsman, the steamer's speed, due to the current alone, being considerable. We touched at many hamlets on the way, tiny villages whose low-roofed huts were invariably dominated by great bulbous kilns for the firing of pottery. Here and there we passed great ships coming up to town, or lying at lofty coal-pockets. Sailing craft of quaint design floated by on the calm bosom of the mighty river. Always the low shore was fringed by bushes of luxuriant green rising close out of the muddy flood.

We had on board a motley gathering of merry villagers returning from their marketing in Seville, most notable of all a handsome, self-reliant woman

with whom the steamer hands had much sport, robbing her plethoric basket of its leeks and onions while she kept up a fire of laughing badinage. It developed that she was the wife of a dredger stationed on one of the mud floats down the river remote from any regular landing, and it was her hope to save her spouse a long and laborious row against the tide by signaling him in season to be met in the family wherry as the steamer passed. Hence her good humor as she witnessed the pilfering of her wares, with the ill-concealed design of currying favor with the captain and his merry men. The latter, however, gave her a very bad quarter of an hour, insisting that to stop at any but a regular landing was impossible. The comedy proceeded at a furious rate, the exchange of the controversy growing shriller and more voluble as the steamer bore down on the mud-scow where the unsuspecting husband was at work. Captain and pilot remained obdurate, — and each had a face that would have graced the decks of Captain Kidd. It was then that the resourceful passenger took the law into her own hands, and, dashing around behind the grinning steersman, grasped the whistle cord with a right good will, waking the echoes of the river-bank with a prolonged and vigorous tooting that brought the dredger out of his cabin in a hurry. He jumped into the wherry, shoved out to midstream, and the steamer drifted with the tide whilst the vociferous and triumphant woman leaped over the rail with

her basket, shouting derision at the grinning crew and bidding them all "go along with God" to Coria.

It was the return journey, however, that presented the greater charm. The sun was setting in a glory of purple and gold, and the gentle landscape of the Sevillian plains was bathed in an effulgence like that of Murillo's canvases. The tawny river glided with such a tide as, moving, seemed asleep, — yet when the steamer stopped her screw and merely drifted, she still swept silently upstream so swiftly that the boatmen must snub their cables sharply to make their landings. Far away over the broad meadows and soft treetops soared the ethereal shaft of the Giralda, blushing rosily pink against the evening sky, above the grim grayness of the giant cathedral and its massive buttresses. From scattered cottages among the trees rose curling wisps of smoke. Even the yellow muddiness of the river lost itself as the light faded, and the smooth, unruffled surface of the waters gave back the blue of the placid sky. In the calmness of the sunset the Giralda glowed down on the forest of masts that lined the river's curving brim, and Seville, glistening whitely along the crescent of the quay, surrendered herself to the languorous April night.

CHAPTER VII

CORDOVA

If one will but take the trouble to scan the yellowed pages of some of the older city directories published in New England forty or fifty years ago, it will be discovered that the shoemakers and leather-workers of that day were almost invariably referred to as "cordwainers"; and it is probable that here and there a battered signboard in the more remote villages still serves to keep alive that quaint designation, the meaning of which is hardly comprehended by the present race of New Englanders. I recall that my own youthful imagination pictured the cordwainer as a hewer of wood, — obviously a notion springing from a mistaken derivation of the word. For in actuality the word cordwainer was merely another form of "Cordovaner," — the man from Córdova, — just as the milliner was the man from Milan; and the principal commercial activity of the city in each case gave a generic name to artisans in those lines everywhere. Milliners endure, however, while cordwainers have ceased to be and have sunk into an ill-deserved oblivion, in which course they have merely followed the decline and fall of the leather industry in Cordova herself. For to-day the material which made that city famous is

much better bought in Morocco, and the latter country has largely supplanted the Spanish city in the industry, both in fact and in name.

From Cordova the glory has departed. She occupies her ancient site on a steep bluff overhanging the upper reaches of the yellow Guadalquivir, but retains almost no vestiges within her gates to reveal her former grandeur as the chief Mohammedan seat in Western Europe, apart from her great mosque and its adjoining court of oranges. Nothing is left of her former proud preëminence in science and the arts. Nothing save the vast shrine marks her as the ancient seat of the caliphs, who left behind them no such secular monument as one may find on the heights of the Alhambra. Whatever remained after the flight of the Moors was either destroyed with ruthless hand or was hopelessly marred by the inept and over-zealous Christian.

Such, at any rate, was our first impression as the omnibus jolted its devious way from the outlying railroad station to the hotel, through a dense fog of dust. And such is probably the impression that most visitors carry away with them from Cordova. All the world goes thither, as a matter of course, in passing from Seville to Madrid; but it is probably a fact that the average visitor finds fewer objects to interest him there than in any other Spanish city of equal importance in history. And yet, whatever Cordova may lack in the number of her surviving treasures, she makes up in abundant measure by the

impressiveness of what has been allowed to endure. Not even the lamentable defacement of the mosque by the zealous canons of the cathedral can be said to have obliterated its ancient charm. It has marred it, to be sure; but in so doing it has emphasized it by force of contrast.

The railway from Seville threads the valley of the Guadalquivir, — a river no longer capable of being the highway of commerce that it was seen to be below the Seville bridges, but a broad and shallow stream, brawling in a turbid flood over frequent rapids, lined with bare meadows and dun bluffs. We leaned from the windows of the leisurely train to catch the last glimpses of the great cathedral of Seville towering out of the houses of the city and dominated by the slender bulk of the Giralda. More than ever did it seem the elephant amidst the sheep that Gautier thought it, and the appropriateness of his simile increased as the city receded. We were still riding second class, and the compartments were filled with a heterogeneous multitude. It was a curious car, separated as always by transverse benches, but open above their backs so that one could see from one end to the other, and if need be climb over the backs of the seats. One agile and good-humored native did so, to help an aged dame open a window, — *mirabile dictu!* For the day was hot and even the native passengers condescended to admit a little of the outer air to mingle with, and mitigate, the garlic and cigarette smoke. It was a

curious gathering with curious baggage. Many of the faces were of the type more commonly found in the third-class coaches, — and I suspect they rightfully belonged there. All regulations, however, break down in an overcrowded train, and we jogged along harmoniously enough, accompanied by a most wonderful assortment of valises, sacks, crates of terrified and blinking poultry, a brace of caged rabbits, a dog of dubious lineage, and a singing bird. Everybody smoked, and nearly all produced parcels of food and leathern flasks. Meantime the train skirted the winding valley, pausing here and there for the usual lengthy halts, crossing and recrossing the river on clattering bridges, burrowing under hills topped with ruined Moorish castles, and finally, with a prolonged shrieking of the whistle, dashed into Cordova and disgorged by far the greater portion of its human freight.

Of rain there had been none for some time, and the streets were inch deep in a fine, powdery dust which rose from the passing vehicles and settled in a white film over the shrubbery of the station grounds. The afternoon sun beat down mercilessly on the highways whose glare the new spring verdure hardly sufficed to relieve. They were not interesting streets through which the 'bus clattered, but were painfully bare and ugly and new. An effort had been made to line them with gardens, and in a later, or a moister, season they would doubtless have relieved the general effect; but on this April day

they were parched and discouraged by the unseasonable warmth and the long lack of rain. Only when the carriage swerved with a jerk which took the outer wheels off the ground and entered a livelier thoroughfare, did the prospect improve. It was a broad boulevard bearing the name of that doughty warrior of the town, Gonsalvo de Córdoba, yclept the "Gran Capitan." Its centre was a broad and well-shaded promenade wherein all Cordova appeared to be gathered. The adjacent cafés were full, and the clicking of dominoes rose above the clatter of the wheels. It was out of this hurly-burly that we soon turned into a narrow lane, wide enough for but one carriage at a time, and jolted our way over its stony pavement to the yawning portals of the Hotel Suisse, — a cleanly house, withal, but, as we subsequently discovered, expensive out of all proportion to the size of the city.

We were in the heart of Cordova now, and the garishness of the boulevards gave place to something much better, — the devious byways of an old Moorish city, high-walled and shaded against the noontide, and by the same token well shielded in winter against the icy blasts of the north. Men walked in the cool darkness where the shadow fell sharply on the gleaming white of the neighboring walls. A succession of these narrow ways led toward the cathedral, and we plunged into them, guided by faith rather than by sight, and pursued by an officious individual, who was uniformed as a guide.

He was a most persistent fellow, who seemed to fathom our specious air of nonchalant familiarity with the tortuous streets as something assumed entirely for his benefit; and when we halted in very real perplexity at the foot of the Calle de Jesus Maria, he laughed us to scorn and disappeared from view. Thereafter we were more free to follow our own noses.

The Calle de Jesus Maria, by the way, may serve to cause us a moment's digression to consider the pious nomenclature so common among Spanish cities and families. To the pure nothing is blasphemous in Spain. "Love of God Street," the "Street of Jesus and Mary," and such like things are to be met everywhere. With a high disregard of sex the man-child is likely to be named Jesus Maria. Nor does the Spaniard esteem it a sin to swear roundly in a way that would shock a moderately religious American. And they are such comprehensive oaths! The Spaniard does not swear by heaven; neither by the earth. He swears by the Name of God, by God Himself, by the Mother of God, by the whole Holy Family, — *Jesus, Maria y Jose!* Generally he means no ill. We knew later a charming señorita of eighteen in Madrid who was struggling with the rudiments of English grammar and whose efforts were constantly interlarded with the prettiest little oaths imaginable, astounding and terrible when translated, but spoken in the innocence of a thoroughly reverent and maidenly soul. A vicious

"darn" in the mouth of a scrupulous New Englander would have far more profanity in it than Señorita Rosario's most despairing *dios mio*. Still further to digress, since we have spoken of the Señorita Rosario, her name and such names as Dolores, Mercedes, and the like, reveal still further the passion of the Spaniard for holy names; and not content with the simple Maria, he employs a score of her saintly attributes, — all of which is leading us far afield.

The Calle de Jesus Maria turned out, appropriately enough, to lead to the cathedral, where God is now worshiped in a fane once consecrated to Allah, the demons of paganism being duly exorcised by marking a huge cross in the centre of the building in the shape of a surpassingly ugly choir and transepts, which, with the inevitable *capilla mayor*, constitute the cathedral of to-day. It is a veritable house in the woods, a great church erected in the midst of a low building composed of an acre or so of those slender Moorish pillars which invariably give the effect of low-branching trees. Looking down upon the ground-plan of it, one sees it as a cross in the centre of the ancient building. But seeing it as the actual beholder must from the floor of the mosque, it resembles nothing so much as a rather intrusive building set in a dense grove of saplings; and the screens of the choir serve to block the view in a manner even more irritating than is usually the case. On every side of the Christian church proper,

stretches the old shrine of the Moors, its vistas of pillars reaching away to what seem like illimitable distances, shrouded in steadily increasing gloom.

No other church in Spain has so magnificent a cathedral close. The court of oranges at Seville, fragrant and beautiful as it is, cannot be compared with the court at Cordova. As at Seville, one gains no adequate idea of it from without. It is surrounded by a massive cincture of stone resembling a fortress, battlemented and strengthened by massive buttresses. Only at a single point does it give any outward and visible evidence of its inward and spiritual character; namely, where the massive bell tower rises above the Gate of Pardon near the street of Cespedes.

It was from that narrow thoroughfare that we emerged after some wandering on our first afternoon in Cordova, and stood marveling at the curious outworks of the cathedral. The great gate was closed, the outer surface of its mighty doors studded with metal scales and bosses. Towering three hundred feet or so above it was the campanile, shorn of every Moorish semblance. The archway of the gate, however, was of the traditional horseshoe form, and might easily have passed for Arab workmanship had not authority existed for holding it a mere Christian copy of the very similar gate at Seville. With the massive bell tower above, it is far more impressive than its more ancient original.

Comparatively few of the gates which once

pierced this outer bulwark of Islam now remain. Where once there were twenty-one portals there are now but a dozen, distributed along the various sides of the great square court, showing ample traces of their Moslem origin. Through such as stand open one may from the streets outside gain some little idea of the beauty within, — a beauty entirely out of accord with the grimness of the inclosing walls. And yet the walls are not without their claims to interest, containing as they do some bits of ancient Roman milestones and many fragments of Moorish ornamentation.

When we presented ourselves before the Gate of Pardon it was after five of the clock, and according to all authority the mosque should be closed for the day. But a peasant disappearing down a narrow flight of stairs through a small postern adjoining the greater gate led us also gingerly to thrust feet into the coolness of a gloomy passage and to follow him into a new and different world. For the broad court of oranges lay bathed in evening sunlight. The glossy green of the leaves contrasted charmingly with the gold of the ripening fruit. The air was heavy with perfume. Row after row of ancient trees led in broad aisles down to the walls of the mosque, out of the low roof of which towered the present church, far within. On every side of the courtyard ran a cloister; and dominating it all the graceful tower — graceful despite its sturdiness — soared above the fronds of a gigantic palm. Bells

clamored a melodious chorus in the arches high above. At the fountains of the court picturesque groups of women filled their water jars. Shouting children romped in the shade of the trees. Everywhere was warmth and beauty and sweetness and Spanish life at its best and gayest.

In the distant days of the caliphs, this had been the court of ablution; for the Moor, among his other excellences, was a cleanly creature, and his religion enjoined the washing of the body to a degree which his Spanish successors on the spot might emulate with great profit. The sad fact seems to be that bathing and the worship of Allah were simultaneously abandoned, and the excessive amplitude of Maria de Padilla's bath has been atoned for by the abolishment of such pagan utilities altogether as being something essentially Moorish, — and therefore, of course, of the devil! So worshipers no longer bathe in the court of oranges before proceeding to the church; but water gushes from the fountains as of old, and the groups of women with their jars are constantly changing.

In original usage, therefore, as well as in design, the court of oranges was really an integral part of the scheme of the mosque. Its files of orange trees merely prolonged the rows of marble columns out into the open, and opposite every avenue in the orchard an archway led into the pillared groves of the building itself. Most of these arches have been filled with brick, surmounted by lunettes of out-

rageous green and yellow glass. Only one of the original nineteen portals serves as a gateway now, and all the beauty of the orange grove disappears the moment one steps within. It is one more evidence of the wretched disfigurement worked by Christian hands in the name of improved religion, and the wonder is that the mosque bears it so well. Those garishly glazed windows are enough to kill anything but an essentially immortal work of architecture.

No other surviving religious monument of the Moslems in Spain can compare with the mosque of Cordova. It was the chief mosque of the western world, and in its prime was only second in size to the famous Kaaba at Mecca. This magnitude and grandeur was by no means reached in a day, however. The original mosque was but a small affair, and supplanted a primitive Christian temple on the same site. But as the wealth and importance of Cordova increased under Moorish rule, caliph after caliph added to the building, pushing always toward the south until the river bluff became too steep for further amplification in that line, and forced future extensions to spread toward the east. Two hundred years after the building was begun, in 990 A. D., the mosque stood complete, and rivaled in size and grandeur the grand chief shrine of all Islam. Its columns numbered well over a thousand, of every sort of stone, — porphyry, jasper, marble, breccia, — which tradition insists came

from every part of the known world, although it seems probable that most of them were quarried in Spain. Each pillar bore up a horseshoe arch and above this vast collocation of arches ran a second row supporting the roof. None of the shafts measured more than thirteen feet, and as a consequence the whole roof is very low. Most of the light comes from the windows on the side of the court, and the distances are dim and obscure. The oriental effect of the interior is heightened by the painted decoration of the arches in red and white bands, —a device which may not be altogether fortunate because it produces an effect somewhat like that of bunting. But if one can overcome the illusion that this is a temporary structure decked out for the uses of a Grand Army fair, it will be seen that it preserves the effect of an Arab building despite its spoliation by the triumphant Catholics. The roof is no longer satisfactory, having been restored with but poor success, but in the general gloom of the place one scarcely notices that. As for the actual church now used by Christian worshipers, perhaps the less said of it the better. It is, indeed, light and airy while the rest is dark and chilly, but it is hopelessly out of harmony with its setting. Even Charles V, under whose permission the work was done, expressed appropriate disgust at the result, remarking that the canons, in building what anybody else could have built, had destroyed a building that could never again be duplicated. And yet,

as we have already seen, Charles himself did even worse at Granada without the shadow of an excuse, — whereas the priests of Cordova could at least plead that their liturgy demanded the erection of an altar and the choir.

It is on the farther side of the mosque, remote from the present site of worship, that the greatest magnificence is to be found, where still remain the prayer niches (*mihrabs*) with their wonderfully vaulted ceilings and their rich incrustations of mosaic. These, however, one is forced to see in the company of a sacristan with a taper.

Naturally there has been great question as to the means of lighting so vast and so low-roofed a structure in the days when it served as a mosque and when no lofty church set in its centre served to let a flood of light into its very midst. The roof was certainly not pierced with windows, and at no place was it more than thirty feet above the floor, — a surprisingly low altitude when the vast expanse of the floor space is considered. It has been suggested, however, that possibly, besides the nineteen arches open toward the court of oranges, there may have been an open colonnade above them on the other sides, helping to illuminate the innermost depths of the centre. Nevertheless it must always have been a dimly lighted spot, and cool even on the hottest days of summer. In April, at sermon-time, I can testify to its chilliness, even to-day; for we stood through a long hour listening to an eloquent

discourse by an impassioned and gesticulating friar, held there by his animation rather than by what we caught of his words, and came out chilled to the marrow. What wonder that the whole Spanish nation suffers from a racking cough? All through the country, north and south alike, we found the populace suffering from distressing colds, sneezing, coughing, snuffling, — and, what was worse, spreading the distemper by the carelessness of their habits in public places and railway coaches. It was not without reason that James Howell uttered his sententious dictum, before quoted, as to the need of being phlegmatic in Castile! Apparently centuries of environment have not acclimated the Spaniard to his own land. He pays the penalty of sudden changes from hot days to cold nights, from blazing streets to frigid churches and unwarmed houses, damp and ill-ventilated.

There is one other awe-compelling feature to divide the honors with the mosque as being Cordova's chiefest attraction, and that is the great bridge over the Guadalquivir. Subsequently we saw many such in other parts of Spain, always old and yellow and many-arched, defended at either end by massive towers. This at Cordova is mainly Moorish in construction, although the foundations were laid by Rome. Crossing its dusty roadway to the farther bank, one may obtain what is probably the very best general view of the city, the town rising steeply from the muddy river on its undu-

lating bluffs, the cathedral with its campanile dominating the picture, while in the foreground lies the hoary old bridge striding across the shallow but very spacious and very turbid waters of the stream. Below, still used and operated, lie some picturesque Moorish mills.

But apart from the mosque and the ancient bridge, Cordova, it must be confessed, has rather few lions to show. A massive and picturesque alcázar to the southward of the city is interesting in itself, and lends a striking contrast to the scene as between the old and new. Still the most attractive thing about Cordova, after her major sights, lies in her winding streets with the innumerable patios that open from them. The doors generally stand ajar, and as a rule you are welcome to enter. As always, the exterior of the Cordovan house is excessively plain, and the luxuriance and beauty of these inner courts is in lively contrast with the outer view. Looking into these fascinating interiors was a pastime of which we never tired, although sometimes we ventured in with the furtive timidity of children, fearful of intruding where invasion was not desired. They were so cool and clean and so fragrant, these patios of Cordova. Their colors were so brilliant, and they were so quiet after the rattle of carts over the stones of the narrow streets — streets so narrow that every corner must bear a printed signboard to mark it as either an entrance or an exit for vehicles, owing to the utter impossi-

bility of passing. Of architectural beauty we found very little, but that little was worth searching out, — a courtyard here, a portal there, the tower of some quaint old church yonder, ever and anon through streets that twisted and turned blindly among white-walled houses, up and down steep little hills in the city's midst. There were seemingly few shops, and yet those that we saw were of a remarkable neatness, notably those dealing in groceries and foods.

"From the deathlike stillness of Cordova," remarks Sir Augustus Hare, "it is a strange transition to the animation and bustle of Seville." And Richard Hutton, also speaking of Seville, similarly contrasts the bustle of that lively city with "that almost morbid impression of stillness and silence that the traveler finds everywhere in Cordova." It was with these placid sentiments in mind that we sought repose on our first night in the city in the upper rooms of our inn, after a long and imposing table d'hôte. But Cordova, whatever she might have been by day, was by night anything but a place of deathlike silence. The hollow cavern of the street gave back the rumble of passing wagons at intervals throughout the night, — intervals nicely contrived to catch the would-be sleeper dozing off into his dreams of mosques and Moors and minarets. Between the recurrent visits of omnibuses and carts, the population of the city paraded its way up and down under our windows, never by

any chance alone, but by twos and threes; and never by any fortune silent, but laughing, shouting, singing, quarreling, debating. The fifty-seven thousand people Baedeker accredited to the city seemed to our troubled minds to be marching and countermarching past the hotel all night in an endless procession like the Roman legionaries in an opera. All the traditional remedies for insomnia failed dismally. Flocks of sheep that lazily passed by could not subdue the consciousness of the noisy flocks of lazily passing Cordovaners. Neither poppy nor mandragora could cope with the stern reality of busy mosquitoes from the Guadalquivir. As had been the case at Seville, these latter pests were sought to be held at bay by "bars" of netting, but the effect of these was merely to bother the mosquito and stifle the victim. Nothing could drown the irritating noises of the night, the strolling thousands, the late omnibuses, the melody of a distant cinematograph. Seville had been noisy with her constant passing of carriages, her grinding, squealing electric cars, — but Cordova was vastly more irritating because the noises were intermittent. I still believe that night in Cordova to have been as uncomfortable as any we passed in all Spain. I have since been awakened many times in country towns by the *sereno* calling the hours and telling his auditors somewhat of the night; I have huddled in cheerless railway fondas at midnight over stoves that held fire without giving

warmth; I have jolted all night over rough road-beds in primitive railway cars; but I believe them all to have been nights of peace and pleasantness compared with that first attempt to sleep in sleepless Cordova amid the tumult of the Calle Hornachuelos.

But let us not traduce Cordova or regret one wakeful moment spent there. The mosque was worth them all, and would have been even without the splendid old bridge and those smiling multitudes of patios. It was pleasant to visit them all, again and again, but those dim aisles and red-banded arches of the Mohammedan temple are the things that now seem most vivid of our Cordovan memories, — more vivid even than the recollection of that pleasant orange grove with the crowds of children and women with water jars. When service in the church was done, the priests, canons, acolytes, and churchly dignitaries of high degree in full regalia were wont to march in stately procession about the sacred edifice, their varied vestments blending with the changing hues of the pillars through which they wound their way, chanting the while in a deeply monotonous bass. This long file of men, long-robed and filling the air with song, losing itself and reappearing among the narrow aisles, now enveloped in shadow, now plashed with a slanting ray of sunlight, went far to make vivid the impression of being in some dense forest in some bygone age, witnessing some ceremonial of a mystic rite.

We cast about one hot Sunday afternoon for some suburban excursion which should take us on a long walk into the country, and finally selected one which the guidebooks described as "less important," but well within the reach of hardened pedestrians. It was to be to the convent of San Jeronimo, now used as an asylum for the insane, but said to be interesting. We never found it, as it turned out; but instead we stumbled quite by accident on the lofty hermitage of Valparaiso, — a point which we had despaired of attaining because of its distance from town. I should certainly not advise any one to attempt the walk for pleasure, because it involves so long a tramp across a level and dusty plain before one comes to the foot of the sierras on top of which the monastery stands. That we ourselves accomplished it was due to the fact that we were adrift on the vegas of Cordova with no chart or compass, and little realized the magnitude of the task until we finally staggered, footsore and weary, into the hotel at nightfall.

All went merrily on the way out. We passed the station, swung out into a broad meadow where a grass-grown cart-track invited us toward the distant hills through a lush growth of herbage and myriad wild-flowers, such as cistus and orchids, and then began a climb over low foothills where stood scattered farms. These were protected by perfect hordes of dogs, but obliging women drove them off and insisted on accompanying us up the slope until we

found the highroad that led ever upward to the monastery. It began to dawn on us that this could not be San Jeronimo at all, but must be the hermitage that Baedeker had so discouraged us from visiting. A path verged from the road and made for the top of the most promising peak, so we obediently followed it, little caring whither it led if only that some end might be. It was steep and difficult enough, over shelves in the mountain-side, around great boulders, and sometimes up breakneck natural steps; but we pushed on and were rewarded at the top, after a scramble through a narrow gully, by finding ourselves suddenly at the monastery gate with Cordova's spacious plains at our feet.

It was a well-protected establishment. All around it, even where the hillside was so steep as to be inaccessible, ran a tall white wall. But there was a great gate with a wicket and a bell, which latter we boldly rang; and with the result that at last a brown friar came, bearded and cowled, peered at us suspiciously through the wicket with one brilliant black eye, — at least as black as any Barbary corsair's, — and then let us in. We had expected the señoras would be refused admittance, but apparently this was no such stern order. He gladly got us water from a mountain well to refresh our parched and dusty throats, and then conducted us over the grounds, which were spacious and ran off indefinitely over the mountain-side, with buildings scattered here and there. All about were solemn

cypresses, twin rows which lined a gently ascending avenue along the ridge. The scattered buildings appeared to be small individual houses, one for each brother, built of stone and cleanly whitewashed; and far away, glistening among the trees, was a diminutive chapel. One of the monk's houses was shown us, — a spare one, available for guests. It was a tiny affair of two rooms, very bare but spotlessly clean, one a sleeping room of truly monastic simplicity, and the other a living room with a table, a chair, and a crucifix; nothing more. A visitor might abide there and welcome, remarked the friar, but few ever came. Within a year — the brother swelled with visible pride — the king had been a transitory guest, and had eaten luncheon on the very terrace where we were standing.

Surely it was fit for a king, that view on every hand over the plain, the distant hills, the winding valley of the Guadalquivir. Long rays of evening sunlight streamed down the deep glens of the western mountains at our backs into the great green meadows, and gilded the domes and towers of Cordova far away. Meantime the brown brother babbled on, unmindful that we comprehended about one word in every dozen. Were we Germans? No? French, then? Surely not Italian? American, — south or north? Ah, North Americans, and from the United States! — the brother hesitated, and I felt for a moment that I detected a sinister aversion in those Barbary eyes, which glimmered for a mo-

ment and was gone. I gave him a peseta, and he bowed us out with quiet dignity, but I still feel that he would have preferred us to be Germans.

It was not a delectable walk home, after we had left the hills and elected to adhere to the highroad all the way instead of trusting ourselves to the dim uncertainties of that vast and silent plain with its deserted cart-track. The books had told us that "bandits were not unknown" in the hills we had just quitted, although it was nowhere recorded that any one had ever seen such a person there. Anyway, the highroad was new ground, and we would venture it for sheer variety. But it was tedious and uninteresting, and we regained Cordova at dusk well wearied. Go out, then, to the Eremitas, by all means, gentle reader, and climb to it on foot over the mountain path. But ride to its foot, and above all ride home again. So says the voice of experience.

Our own ramble proved to be the prelude to a strenuous night. It was our last day in Cordova, and the ride thence to Madrid was to be made on the night train,—the usual thing, and, with all its discomforts, still easily the best. The station was gloomy and gusty, as well as ill lighted by flaring gas and oil lamps which repeatedly blew out in the night wind and left us all shivering in the darkness. The ticket offices were deserted, and in the high-backed settles of the waiting rooms isolated porters, stretched at full length, snored heavily. Every-

where was the penetrating chill of the Spanish night, more penetrating than ever because of the tempestuous breeze that swept the cavernous station from end to end.

But the "rapide," when it came, proved to be a splendid modern train with brilliantly lighted corridor cars and ample room, — for a wonder. It was one of those limited expresses in which one pays an extra fare for his seat and on which it is occasionally quite impossible to get any seat at all, for love or money. But to-night it was quite true, as the somnolent ticket-vender had remarked, that there were *poca gente* abroad, and we curled up to rest in a broad compartment with two pleasant French gentlemen for company. We started with doors open to the air, but before long the train had climbed into highlands where the atmosphere was nipping and eager, so that everything was sealed up in true European fashion, and each cowered shivering in overcoats and rugs. The two Frenchmen soon snored apace, and the rest feigned a slumber that I fear was but factitious. In the corridor without, people passed and repassed, chatting as animatedly as if this were still the Calle Hornachuelos and our compartment the Hotel Suisse. Doors up and down the car grated on their hinges like the gates of Milton's inferno. A dim light filtered through the swaying curtains as the train groaned its way through tunnels, across trestles, over clicking switches. Stations made themselves felt, half guessed in the

gloom, by the flashing of their lanterns as we trundled through them.

Occasionally we stopped, and now and then a belated traveler came aboard. One such, after securing his seat, went wandering through the train and finally entered our compartment by mistake. He was a fat and jolly soul, and sank into what he supposed was his former seat beside a companion, whom he embraced with fervor, — thereby awakening the startled Frenchman, who was snoring in peace, and causing him to sputter with astonishment at this unexpected manifestation of esteem. The horrified Spaniard jumped from the compartment as if demented, ejaculating "Carr-r-ramba!" The Frenchmen joined us in a laugh of truly Homeric proportions, which was renewed a moment later when the same jolly face was thrust in again, the same blunder repeated, and the same hasty exit made with a muttered *tampoco* (freely "what, again?") — after which our wandering visitor was seen no more.

It grew colder and colder as the train clambered into the interior table-land of Spain, and when day dawned at some unearthly morning hour it revealed a vast and barren country, bleak deserts, rocky heights, scattered villages of starveling appearance, plains cultivated sparsely here and there, but in the main vacant and cheerless pastures. One by one the stiffened passengers shook themselves from comfortless slumber, splashed weary eyes with

water in the cindery washrooms of the train, and gazed with envy at the equally weary-looking occupants of the solitary sleeping car. And still the train dashed along through those endless plains, down barren valleys between smooth and naked hills, wrinkled like folds of giant flesh, — and at the last, far away across a great depression in the desert, came Madrid, a great city set in the midst of utter desolation, her roofs and towers sharply clear in the crisp air of the morning.

CHAPTER VIII

IN OLD MADRID

It is commonly averred that Madrid really owes her official primacy among Spanish cities to the great toe of Charles V. The keen climate of its lofty plateau suited well the ailments of that doughty and gouty monarch, and led him to pass much time there, thus making a capital by pure fiat in a spot where originally it would have seemed that there existed no excuse, near or remote, for building any city at all, — certainly not a city intended for the residence of a royal court. Madrid was not without her claims to centrality, to be sure, and this element naturally shared with the salubrious character of her atmosphere the honor of making her the capital of Spain. But in the time of Charles V, it was the imperial gout that really decided the matter, and Madrid came into being as a regal city in a spot devoid of every vestige of natural attractiveness.

With Philip II, who succeeded Charles, the geographical element probably weighed the more heavily. The constituent parts of his kingdom were such that no other city would serve as well. Saragossa, Burgos, Seville, Toledo, Cordova, — all well-established and ancient cities, — were either by

location or by nature unsuitable. Some new site must be found; and while Madrid had no form nor comeliness that a monarch of ordinary mould should desire her, she was obviously most central with reference to the discordant sections of the Spanish dominions. Furthermore, Philip was far from being the man to revolt from cheerless or gloomy surroundings; and what would have repelled almost any other king as being quite unsuited to the requirements of a royal abode probably appealed to his austere and chilly soul with double force. The monarch who could build an Escorial must inevitably approve Madrid as the site of his government.

Circumstances long ago ceased to make this a habitation enforced either by physical or governmental necessity. Subsequent rulers escaped the twinges that so burdened the Emperor Charles, and Spanish unity would doubtless be as well served to-day if the capital were elsewhere. The kings of Spain since the line of fanatic Philips have generally been much less addicted to the worship of misery and much more inclined to cheer. But Spain is the land of fixed habits to an extraordinary degree; and after Madrid had served the country as its capital for two successive reigns it is probable that it would have required a delicate surgical operation on the intellect of the entire people to implant the idea that a capital could ever by any chance be located anywhere else.

No site in all Spain could have been less promis-

ing. A lofty and arid desert stretches away on every hand in the most stupidly dreary landscape that could well be imagined, — gratefully relieved to the north and west, however, by the rugged and snowy chain of the Guadarramas. Yet these same mountains, while diversifying the view, likewise serve to render the climate of Madrid intolerably bitter in winter without sensibly mitigating its intense heat in summer. The climate of the whole interior of Spain is bad enough, but it is probably at its worst in the principal official city of the realm, which stands at a level of two thousand feet above the sea.

And yet Madrid lives, and presumably always will, despite occasional proposals to move the capital to some more agreeable site. Her people manifest an almost absurd devotion to the spot. They have permitted themselves for many centuries to believe that their capital is one of the most charming in the world. They have done their best to beautify it with imposing buildings and magnificent streets and squares. To the east of the city they have laid out a huge park of trees in feeble imitation of the Bois de Boulogne, the life of the trees being as artificially maintained as the life of Madrid has been from the first. And still, despite all the loving care that has been lavished on it, and with all the activity and enthusiasm of its half-million of people, Madrid cannot conceal that artificiality, and remains, according to the concurrent judgment of many hasty visitors, one of the stupidest of all the

famous cities of the earth. She has too much the air of having been made to order. She lacks the saving grace of romantic legend and stirring history. As she exists to-day she cannot even claim to be particularly old. But she has remained the capital of Spain for so long that the inconvenience of her location and climate has been swallowed up in the greater inconvenience of moving away. And I must confess that the city has a certain degree of charm which has grown on me as I have come to know it better.

While the most famous of the Spanish monarchs were thus directly responsible for the adoption of the site as their capital, it must not be assumed that there was no previous occupancy of the spot. As a matter of fact, the settlement and the name of the city go back to the Moors, who appear to have established an outpost here as early as the tenth century, calling its name Madjrit. It had no celebrity, however, and little strength. It lay exposed in a bare table-land on the edge of a deep ravine through which ran the Manzanares, — a stream which is meagre at best. Indeed, it is recorded that when Philip built a rather pretentious bridge over it, a brilliant Frenchwoman in his court inquired why he did not sell his bridge or buy a river!

So much for the fact that Madrid blossomed in the desert by monarchical decree. Her tenure, at first precarious, seems so no longer. Her streets are broad and teem with people. Her distances are

magnificent. Her cafés are numerous and gay. Her major thoroughfares are crowded with fine carriages and splendid automobiles, filled with fashionably dressed and handsome women. Her shady boulevards afford a delightful promenade. Madrid is no mean flower to have grown out of such sterile soil, but is joyous, and brilliant, and blessed with an abounding sense of her own charms which the foreigner, casually visiting within her gates, finds it a trifle difficult to understand. Even a local proverb sums up the keenness of the climate by saying that it "is as sharp as a knife; it will spare a candle, but blow out your life." And with all the life and gayety and movement in the city streets, it is probably the fact that if it were not for her matchless museum of the Prado the average visitor would dismiss the city with no more than a day's notice.

It is a decidedly modern place. The great streets radiating from the spacious Puerta del Sol are lined with magnificent shops of every kind, and one will not inspect them very long before discovering a remarkable feature of business life in Madrid; to wit, the prevalence of the *sobrinos*. A *sobrino* is, being interpreted, a nephew; and in no other land are collateral relations so proud of their connections. It is no uncommon thing to read in imposing gilt letters over a shop such an inscription as "Widow of Juan Cortez and Nephews of Manuel Cervera," or oftener still, merely the "Nephews," — thus prolonging the commercial celebrity of some old

established house unto the third and fourth generation, — occasionally spread out pretty thin, no doubt.

The shops are seldom open before nine in the morning, for the Madrileño is essentially a creature of nocturnal habits and is not often to be seen abroad at any very early hour. This delay in opening the day, however, is amply atoned for by postponing its close far into the night. The grand central square of the Puerta del Sol is as lively and congested at mid-evening as it is at midday, and of all the sights in the modern city is easily the most animated and pleasing. Ten great streets radiate from it, and out of each comes a constant torrent of people hurrying, as much as anybody in Spain ever does hurry, into the maelstrom of the square and into the streets on the other side. By day it is a vast area of sunshine, well deserving its name. By night it is gay with myriad lights. It is, in consequence, noisy at all times, and the hotels which cluster around this focus of activity are noisy too. One who cherishes repose will do well to avoid the immediate vicinity of the Puerta del Sol and seek such seclusion as adjacent highways may grant, — but not too far away. For the puerta is the practical focus of Madrid, centre and soul of the tramway system, and therefore the point from which every other point may most easily be reached. Here also most of the public carriages congregate, bearing aloft metal flags inscribed *se alquila*, — "to let."

However, there are not very many attractions in Madrid that the stranger will seriously care to see, and these few are at no great distance from the Puerta del Sol. The chief of all must always be the grand collection of paintings housed at the Museo del Prado, which it will be well to consider here at some length. And after that collection, little remains to see save the royal palace and the magnificent armory adjacent to it, in which latter narrow room one may absorb more vivid history in half an hour than would be derived from many books in many weeks. There are also one or two minor collections of paintings which, by comparison with the Prado, are unimportant; but beyond that Madrid has almost nothing to offer but her intensely modern life in a modern setting. For those who prefer that sort of thing, Madrid possesses abundant charm. But it requires, of course, opportunities for protracted residence to attain anything like familiarity with this side of the city, and a more intimate acquaintance with Spanish life than can possibly fall to the lot of the casual traveler. I can imagine Madrid being a very delightful place to one properly equipped. To the artist, especially, it must be one of the most desirable cities. But to the ordinary voyager through Spain it is perhaps the least attractive and is saved from disgracefully cavalier treatment by the fame of Velasquez alone.

The Prado museum, which is, as its name implies,

located on the boulevard of the Prado, enjoys an admirably attractive situation. The highway that stretches up and down before it, well shaded by vigorous trees and adorned here and there with attractive fountains, is one of the handsomest thoroughfares in Madrid, and one of the gayest. As for the museum itself, it will hardly be denied that it is one of the finest collections in Europe, from any point of view; while as a gathering of the works of the most famous painters of the golden age of art, it is perhaps the very finest in the world. Its most undisputed preëminence is, of course, in its possession of Velasquez; for no other gallery in the world can begin to compare with it as a repository of the work of that consummate master. If the Prado museum had no other paintings to show than those of Philip IV's great court painter, it could still claim a foremost place among the world's notable collections of pictures; and as an actual fact it can show a great deal more. The late John Hay, writing something like thirty years ago, did not hesitate to rate it above the Pitti, the Louvre, and the National Gallery as a collection of the great masters of the Renaissance, although other galleries may easily surpass it in exemplifying the many lower strata which mark the gradual progress of art. When one adds to the vast body of foreign work the exquisite achievements of the native Velasquez, a due proportion of Murillo, a multitude of the works of El Greco, a grand collection of the paint-

ings of the industrious Ribera (*Lo Spagnoletto*), and a highly interesting, though occasionally somewhat grotesque, accumulation of Goyas, it really seems not to be a very dangerous exaggeration to place the whole at the head of the notable art collections of the world.

The building in which the treasures of the Prado are housed was begun by Charles III, who designed it for a museum of natural history; and as a natural result it leaves very much to be desired as a place for hanging oil paintings to-day. The chief credit for converting it to the uses of a great museum of art belongs, by a curious circumstance, to Ferdinand VII, — whose other claims to celebrity are lamentably few. That monarch, being seized one day with a desire to renovate and decorate his palaces, had all the pictures they contained taken down and carted to the Prado for storage. And the instant popularity of this temporary housing led the king to make it permanent; so that the mere accident of a monarch's passing whim gave to Madrid her crowning glory.

I have no intention of entering upon anything like a catalogue or thorough description of the museum of the Prado. Its scope is so great and its canvases are so manifold that to attempt any such thing within the compass of this book would be physically impossible, as well as a bit of needless hardihood. Nevertheless one obviously cannot pass it by without a word, and must select with some

little care what to speak of in passing. Following the course of least resistance, and recurring only to what left its profoundest impression, I find my mind reverting to the great room set apart for the works of Velasquez and ignoring the superb collection of Italian masters, although by no means forgetful of the incomparable portrait gallery, the wealth of Riberas, the gaunt Grecos, and the curious Goyas. For within this temple of art, Don Diego Velasquez is unquestionably high priest. Of all his known works, practically a half are housed here, in a collection by themselves. There are about sixty of them, and no other gallery possesses a tithe of that number, or can claim to possess anything like the same interest. The Velasquez room leads off the great central hall about midway of the building, and is practically given up in its entirety to the works of the Spanish master.

But these are not all. In the long and narrow hall outside hang several Velasquez paintings (only partly authenticated, however), including at least one of the familiar portraits of Philip IV, as well as a most charming one of the young prince Baltasar Carlos at the age of sixteen. This latter is one of those that are only "attributed to" the great Sevillian, but I cannot bring myself to regard it as anything but a Velasquez, in full and regular standing. Surely it is thoroughly admirable, and if the master did not paint it himself he must have transmitted his personal skill for this one effort to some

remarkably apt pupil. Nowhere, in my own judgment, does Valasquez succeed better than in his several paintings of this ill-starred son of Philip IV. He seems to have found an inspiration in this radiant boy that was wholly lacking in the long, lean, supercilious face of his much-painted father. Don Diego painted the lad again and again as he grew toward the manhood he was destined never to reach, — now as a child with a gun, now mounted on an incredibly fat and roly-poly pony, now as a sweet and winning youth in sober black, — but always with a princely grace and air of distinction. He painted Philip, the father, more often still, and likewise in many attitudes, — even at prayer, with an abstracted face and lack-lustre eye that make you feel that the painter was more in his thoughts than his devotions. One grows to love the little prince, Baltasar Carlos, and to bemoan his untimely death. One grows to dislike Philip IV, from seeing him too much. And yet one does feel, at the end, that one knows him rather well! Velasquez proved himself a worthy vassal, and gave his sovereign an immortality that the king's own deeds would never have conferred; and he saved poor little Don Baltasar from the oblivion that his early death had otherwise wrapped about him.

Fortunately we are not left without an accurate idea of the features of Velasquez himself, for besides his other portraits he managed to work his own face into the picture generally esteemed to be

his masterpiece, — the painting known as "Las Meninas" (the handmaidens), which enjoys the distinction of having a room to itself, perfectly lighted and always besieged by a throng of admirers. To add to the almost perfect illusion of the picture, the custodians have arranged mirrors for viewing it indirectly, and when thus seen it is difficult to believe that this can possibly be no more than paint and canvas. Velasquez himself is seen looking out of the picture, dark and debonair, brush in hand, and obviously at work on the canvas that rises just before him. Most probably he is painting the portraits of the king and queen, and not that of the little princess in the foreground, who, in all the oddity of her prodigious skirts, is enlivening a respite in the sitting, surrounded by her maids.[1] One of these offers her a bit of refreshment, while the others stand in rather stolid indifference to her left hand, and a mischievous dwarf prods a sleepy old dog with his foot. It is a wonderfully lifelike dog, and one may fairly hear his comfortable grunts as the lad rolls him under his slippered toe. In the dimness of the background, in a mirror, one may catch the reflected image of Philip and his queen. Don Diego thus considerately helped himself to a

[1] Critics differ hopelessly in describing the Meninas, some stoutly maintaining that Velasquez represents himself as painting the little princess. This interpretation has never seemed to me as reasonable as that which the weight of authority seems to prefer, — namely, that he was painting Philip and his queen, who are shown only in the glass darkly.

share of that immortality of feature which his brush bestowed so impartially on Philip, Isabel of Bourbon, Marianne of Austria, Doña Maria Teresa, Don Baltasar, and all the rest.

It is entirely probable that Velasquez suffers from this excess of Philip IV. It is small wonder that he grew marvelously expert in portraying him. But it was with Velasquez as it was with Murillo, — he was forced to work too much along one line. Even the elusive reflection in the dusky mirror in the background of Las Meninas could by no possibility be mistaken for any one but Philip, the most beportraited king that ever sat on any throne. Nevertheless, Velasquez did now and then escape altogether from his royal master, and gave a taste of his quality in other directions. Just outside the door that leads to the shrine of the handmaidens there is a large and admirable picture of tapestry weavers, — perhaps second only to the more famous painting within as a masterpiece of Velasquez's art. On an adjacent wall hangs the historical painting representing the surrender of Breda, a wonderful presentation of the magnanimous hour of victory, part portrait and part imagination. Different from any of the other works in tone and temperament is the painting of the roguish bacchanals, — half-drunken peasants who are playing at pagan divinity and are initiating a neophyte. It is not entirely pleasant, to be sure, but there are few more realistic faces on any canvas than that which leers out at you from

over its brimming cup. A still different class of pictures is to be found in the tall panels called respectively "Æsop" and "Menippus," — evidently character studies, and to my mind very nearly the most attractive of all this prolific painter's inimitable work. Then there are various other portraits scattered about, — repulsive dwarfs, jesters, lawyers, sculptors, story-tellers. It is a wonderful room for variety, after all, despite the frequent recurrence of Philip's morbid face with its watery blue eyes and pale mustachios. The prevailing tone appears to be a cool gray-green, its varying degrees of sombreness relieved now and then by such touches of color as the rosy scarf of the little Baltasar on his corpulent and prancing steed. Not many pictures before Velasquez's time possess this curiously sombre charm, but there is at least one in the Prado which may well lay claim to it, and that is Titian's magnificent equestrian portrait of Charles V, cantering so gravely and alone to battle at Mühlberg.

A Crucifixion hung in the same room with the others reveals the fact that even the lively and courtly Velasquez permitted himself to paint a religious picture now and then, but he would certainly never have achieved great fame by these alone. It is by his secular work, his portraits, his whimsical interpretation of character, his consummate mastery of light, and above all of shade, that he has climbed to his present eminence, — rather pain-

fully and rather slowly, to be sure, for it was nearly his tercentenary before the world at large hailed him as acknowledged prince among the immortals.

Crowding closely on the heels of Velasquez as affording to the halls of the Prado unusual distinction come Titian and Raphael. The great portrait of Charles already referred to is but one of forty canvases from the brush of the great Venetian, which include other portraits of that puissant monarch and his gloomy son, worthy to rank with the interminable collection of the later Philip as relics of a famous age. On the whole, Titian fares as well in the Prado as he does in any European gallery, simply because he was so great a favorite of the emperor; and Vasari relates that after Charles became acquainted with Titian and his work he would permit no other painter to portray him.[1]

Raphael's contributions to the Prado collection are somewhat less numerous, but happily they include several of his most famous works. There are two admirable Holy Families, one of which Philip IV bought for £2000 of Charles I of England, and regarded as "the pearl" of his Raphaels, although not all have since concurred in this judgment. The

[1] Titian seems to have pleased Charles most of all by his representation of the final apotheosis of the emperor and his son, Philip II, they being received on high with evident approval by a benevolent and kindly Deity. This picture, which now hangs in the Italian section of the Prado, was taken to the monastery of Yuste, whither Charles retired after his abdication, and was the last object that his dying eyes looked upon, — to his great content.

Madonna of the Fish, which also hangs in the Italian section, ranks high among the noble army of Madonnas with which Raphael peopled the galleries of the continent, and appears to be indisputably a work entirely by the master's own hand.

Space would fail me to attempt here any more detailed description of this bewildering array of Italian masters, or any extended catalogue of the paintings of the industrious and honest Ribera, — so honest that soiled nails and other blemishes were not beneath his notice in the portrayal of unkempt hermits and holy men! Yet he unquestionably ranks among the best of Spain's painters, and some have been so discerning as to declare him to be the superior of Murillo. Neither shall I make any effort to describe tall, thin Grecos or the quaint array of Goyas, although Madrid holds Goya in high esteem and adorns the principal entrance of her great art gallery with his rotund and quizzical statue. It should be added, however, that much of the uncouthness displayed in his paintings is to be accounted for by the fact that many of these were mere studies for the guidance of tapestry weavers. But I am free to confess that I personally have never been able to bring myself to like him, and even Greco seems to be a sort of acquired taste to which many pretend, but which few genuinely feel save as a duty.

I cannot forbear to say just a word regarding the great portrait gallery that opens from the rotunda

at the entrance, because this hall must divide with the royal armory at the other side of the town the high honor of being Madrid's greatest historical inspiration. Here is Titian's other great portrait of Charles V, — standing, this time, rather than on horseback, and accompanied by a huge dog. Close beside him stands the figure of his gloomy son, Philip II, also by Titian, revealing the joyless and fanatical priggishness of his nature in his sombre face. Isabella of Portugal, Charles's wife, — where will one find a lovelier queen than she? Surely not in the features of Mary of England, whose beady eyes and scowling brows stare out at one from across the room! And yet it was this very painting that led a king of Spain to desire her to wife!

The tendency to prolixity in such a presence is a dangerous one, — more especially so when the layman seeks to set down his vagrant impressions of art months after the pictures have faded into elusive memories. And while it is with a sincere regret, I must resolutely deny myself the luxury of further consideration of the Prado, well knowing that therein I must leave much of that noble collection of Italian and Flemish masterpieces quite unmentioned.

Let us hasten, then, with the memory of these historical personages clearly in our minds, to the armory before referred to as lying close to the great royal palaces. It is situated at the end of one of

those tremendous stone antennæ that embrace the level Plaza de Armas, or parade ground, before the royal residence; and to reach it one must cross that broad square, glaringly yellow in the noontide sun, where the green-gloved soldiery maintain a constant guard. The armory, a rather small room by comparison, is one of the most impressive museums of warlike accoutrements in the world. Here are stored the arms of the kings of Spain from the earliest times to the present day, as well as the trophies of many a hard-fought field. Here is a multitude of guns, and here are swords, daggers, pistols, lances, suits on suits of armor, — the latter not only standing erect but filled in many cases with the effigies of their ancient and royal owners. Charles V, mounted on his powerful horse, canters as gravely off to Mühlberg as ever he did in Titian's picture, — and this is the very armor that he wore. This is the self-same horse-clothing that we see on Titian's canvas, from the trailing cape to the "Plus Ultra" of the bridle rein. Here is the slender and ladylike sword that Isabella of Castile was wont to carry. Here is the richly decorated tent used by the ill-starred Francis I at Pavia. Truly it is a bewildering arsenal, and every piece that one sees is instinct with the momentous history of a glorious past. The inlaid gun-stocks, the Damascened blades, the highly wrought greaves and cuirasses, —all are of marvelous beauty.

With all this martial display, reflecting the glory

that was Spain's, bugles from far outside seem to blend perfectly. It is the signal for the daily changing of the palace guard, — a stately ceremony that one may profitably step outside to see. One corps of soldiers, representing detachments of infantry, artillery, and cavalry, which has been guarding the royal person for the past twenty-four hours, is about to be relieved of its arduous duties by another similar detachment. It will take something like an hour — say from eleven o'clock to noon — to perform this ceremony, so it is well to step into the shade of the building for comfort. But as you are prudent, be quiet and sedate; else the officious troopers who swarm all about will glare and admonish! At last comes the relieving host, heralded by a splendid band playing a soft and haunting melody, — the royal march of Spain. It is no quick-step, this march, nor yet is it a dirge. It is simply a stately and dignified measure, as difficult to "march by" as the bridal music of Lohengrin, to the notes of which so many awkward steps have been taken; but the Spanish soldiers do it admirably, throwing out their advancing feet and poising them in mid-air with all the grace and precision of a *corps de ballet*.

Slowly and with impressive tread the invading host circles about the Plaza de Armas, and as slowly the retiring troop collects its scattered squads ready to march out. Each body is at last drawn up before the palace. The captains ride majestically up toward the royal balcony, empty as it is, and salute.

The band plays a brief concert programme, — said to be for the pleasure of the queen. Then the captains salute each other, the bands begin once more the haunting softness of that stately march, and the old guard — that marches away but never surrenders — passes slowly out of the inclosure to those deep, dainty, dignified, yet martial strains, every man keeping time with that astonishingly unmilitary goose-step. And at last they are gone. The new guard settles itself in the shade of pillars and sentry boxes, pulls its bright green cotton gloves up over its wrists, and sets itself to watching over the king and his interesting family, as every well-regulated domestic guard should do.

King Alfonso XIII, by the way, appears to be a very popular young sovereign, with an equally popular young English wife, a very lusty and popular crown prince, and a second son, — born on the very day of this writing, — who, if he lives, will doubtless be popular too. It is to be hoped that these evidences of popularity are sincere, and not superficial merely. As for the young king, his appearance is that of a good-natured, boyish, but still dignified monarch, fond of a jest, courageous, chivalrous, and fond of automobiling. The Prince of Asturias, who at this writing is about a year old, is already a full-fledged colonel in the army, — in a regiment of infantry, no doubt! The younger son, Prince Jaime, is already, I believe, a high admiral of Spain.

It remains for us to turn to one other feature of

Spanish life not as attractive as the Prado nor as instructive as the armory, but fully as often described as either. Let us assume that it is a Sunday in the vicinity of Easter, — Palm Sunday, if you please, — and that the hour is three in the afternoon. The Puerta del Sol is alive with people as usual; but this time, if they come from every quarter, they all proceed thence in one direction, down the great and broad highway of the Alcala. Some are riding in street cars marked in great letters "TOROS." Others crowd into railway omnibuses, diverted for the afternoon to the purpose of taking the populace to the bull-ring. Thousands go on foot. It is a scene such as the subordinate American city can show on but one day in the year, — circus day; but in Madrid it is the regular Sunday afternoon spectacle from Eastertide until the feast of All Souls. Such was the sight that greeted our own eyes one Sunday as we descended the long flights that led down from our *pension* in the Calle Mayor and joined the moving throng.

I had made up my mind to see at least one bull-fight while in Spain, although with great reluctance, — chiefly because to omit it would be to ignore one experience that might be said to be thoroughly Spanish. At the last moment one of the señoras decided to go too, though with many womanly misgivings, — and we went.

That we did not enjoy it may as well be predicated from the first. People not to the manner born,

but who live in Spain, tell me that after a few experiences one may overcome the initial aversion and even grow to like it; but I cannot conceive of it. A more abominable exhibition of brutality, misnamed "sport," it would be almost impossible to devise. Our football games, with all their drawbacks and dangers, are not to be mentioned in the same breath with bullfighting. It is true that fatalities in the bull-ring are now rather rare, and it may well be that football levies the greater annual tribute of life and even of limb. But the indictment of bullfighting is that it is not worth the name of "sport" at all, as we understand that term. The Spanish *torero* is no sportsman, and his game is not sportsmanlike, either in conception or in execution. Briefly stated, it consists in killing a foolish brute in the presence of a breathless multitude, after goading the beast to as high a pitch of insensate fury as possible by means as diabolical as man's ingenuity can devise. For be it understood the bull is but a foolish beast, after all, despite his formidable appearance and his long sharp horns. He is thick of wit, slow of motion, always ready to vent his absurd rage on a red scarf without noticing the man behind it, and so clumsy that a trained and nimble *toreador* can elude his onslaughts with ease. Still it would not be so bad, even as a sport, if it were not for the utterly indefensible employment of blindfolded horses, whose presence in the ring conduces not one whit to the killing of the bull, but simply affords the brute a

live object on which to vent his propensity for goring something. To allow the bull to waste all his strength in tearing a red cape to tatters would be poor sport for a race delighting in real blood. To allow the men themselves to be killed would not at all suit the honorable profession of toreros. Hence the presence of horses, — generally worn-out old hacks that have served their time in the streets of Madrid or elsewhere, — to furnish the gore and give a semblance of real carnage to the play.

It was a bleak Sunday in Madrid that we chose for our visit to the Plaza de Toros. The sun shone with but an ineffectual fire, and a bitter wind swooped down from the Guadarramas in a way that made us glad of our wraps. We were early on the road, fearing the crowd, but it was an unnecessary precaution. The bulk of the population proceeded in other conveyances than the special trolley cars, owing to the fact that for this occasion only the fare had been raised to half a peseta. Thus we rode out to the bull-ring, — a circular building affecting the Moorish style to some degree, and far from ungraceful in design. A great crowd streamed toward it from all directions across the vacant lands that surrounded it, but the system of tickets and entrances was admirably worked out and there was no confusion. Even unskilled as we were, we found the right entrance for our red tickets, and ascended the stairs to the corridor which adjoined our lofty section of the amphitheatre.

Seats for a *corida de toros* may always be bought at an established office in the city, and we had procured ours there in the forenoon, taking care to learn which were most advisable for ladies who might conceivably wish not to remain long. These we found to be in the balcony immediately above the unroofed circle that adjoins the arena, which latter would exactly correspond to our "bleachers." The technical name for the rank in which we found ourselves seated was *delantera de gradas*, and it turned out to mean a row of leather-cushioned settees ranged close to the railing of the balcony. They were movable, and across a narrow passageway behind them rose more and more tiers of fixed seats, more comfortable than those below and covered by the roof of the ring proper, — or better by the flooring of the boxes above. For the topmost row of places was given up to boxes of equal size, save where the royal apartment projected above the heads of those below, and the balcony of the president of the games made itself apparent just above the main entrance. There is always a distinction drawn between the seats in the sun and those in the shade, the latter being as a rule the more desirable and therefore more expensive. But on this particular Sunday we shivered in our seats and envied those who received the few pale rays which the afternoon sun vouchsafed to send down upon Madrid.

The arena proper proved to be a huge open circle

of yellow sand around which, in a perfect amphitheatre, rose the thousands of seats. They were already filling with an excited throng, although many still loitered in the level area below, discussing the prospect of the day's sport, and, I presume, wagering their sesterces on the blood of the six bulls, although I have not been able to understand what there is to lay wagers upon. It is a moral certainty that the bull will be killed, and that many horses will be disemboweled and slain, but hardly probable that any man will be so much as scratched. Possibly there is ample room for betting on the way the animals will die and on the thousand and one fine points that we outlanders do not in the slightest comprehend.

All around the arena in which the actual fighting was to take place there ran a narrow corridor, separated from the ring by a barrier several feet in height, — supposedly high enough to keep the bulls inside during the conflict, but not too high to prevent the fighters from leaping into a place of safety when too hotly pursued. Active and unusually angry bulls have been known to leap over this fence, I am told, and when that happens there is a large chance that somebody will be killed or maimed. The barrier was pierced by numerous gates, and until the fight was about to begin these stood open, admitting the crowd freely to wander about, conversing in little knots.

At the appointed hour a trumpet sounded and

the ring was speedily cleared, most of its occupants betaking themselves to the seats nearest the arena, where they packed themselves in tightly, content to sit there as long as might be necessary. Exit from such seats is a matter of great difficulty, and we had been warned against them. As soon as the ring was entirely clear, the gates swung open and the fighters entered in a splendid procession. They gave the needed touch of color, for the dense throng of spectators rising on every hand was a sombre spectacle, composed mostly of men and sadly lacking the lively hues that Spanish women with their fans and gay costumes might have given on a more balmy day. In the advancing band of toreros, however, there was an abundance of good cheer. They were gay with red and blue and tinsel. Even their black cocked hats had an air of alert life, and the flaunting capes lent animation as well as color. On foot came the men whose duty it was to excite the bull and divert him from making human sacrifice. On horseback came the *picadores*, armed with long lances, whose function is never to kill, but to infuriate the beast and get their horses gored if possible. Also there were *matadores*, — the swordsmen who do the actual killing in the end.

These gorgeous creatures encircled the arena, followed by a gruesome team of horses or mules, dragging a tackle which was intended for hauling off the dead bodies of bulls and steeds. They halted before the box of the presiding officer, made stately

obeisance in his direction, and disappeared. Two horsemen in black then cantered around the ring, making sure everything was snug, received the official key flung down from the hands of the president, unlocked the door from which the bulls were to enter, and then dashed madly out of the arena as if all the herds of Andalusia were after them. The crowd sat in a breathless hush on the edges of the seats, expectantly eyeing the grim portal on the farther side of the ring from where we sat.

Slowly it swung on its hinges, and from its shade a dun bull advanced suspiciously into the open, shaking his magnificent head with its wicked horns. The gates of the barrier clanged behind him, and he gazed to right and left in stupid bewilderment, evidently astonished at finding himself in an unwonted spot. He stood in the midst of a huge and perfect circle with thousands of men looking down upon him, no longer silent but yelling their encouragement or their derision. Far away across the sand were gesticulating figures in gay attire, waving banners of a color that he loathed, and advancing gingerly in his direction. The bull snorted, lowered his head, and charged for the nearest picador, who braced himself with leveled lance on the back of his poor, doomed horse. It took place at our very feet. The poor animal, blindfolded as he was, had no possible chance to save himself, and knew nothing of the furious creature bearing down upon him. I closed my own eyes and waited for

the agonized shriek which should tell me that the horse was fatally hurt. None came. I opened my eyes cautiously again, and saw what was far worse than a dead horse, — for the horns had not inflicted a deathblow, but had merely gashed the side of the poor beast, and his rider was urging him, maimed as he was and bleeding frightfully, to his feet. He himself had not been unhorsed, but had punctured the bull's tough hide with his spear. The *chulos* with their capes were scampering over the yellow sands trailing their red-maroon cloths and tolling the bull after them. He made for the other horse, and I closed my eyes once more. When I opened them again the second horse was down and obviously done for. His rider had jumped and vaulted over the barrier, while the chulos once more tolled the infuriated monster away. Happily an attendant dispatched the dying horse with a poniard and left him convulsively kicking in his death agony. It was sickening, and I shall not again speak of the repeated assaults on these decrepit hacks, which quite as often were not killed, but staggered, half-eviscerated, around the arena until their tired legs would bear them up no more. To all this I discreetly shut my eyes, — else I fear I should not have remained to see the ultimate slaughter of even a single bull.

To our unbounded relief a trumpet speedily sounded the end of this, the first act of the drama; and the horses that remained alive were led out of

the ring, leaving the field to the men on foot. This was better, surely. The men, at least, were there because they wished to be, and with their skill apparently stood in no great peril. Besides, the second act promised something more enlivening than the goring of a few wretched horses who could see nothing, — something savoring of dexterity and nerve. The chulos remained in the game with their flaunting capes, which the bull invariably menaced with his reeking horns, preferring to expend his fury on these and to ignore the men. Now and then a cape would be dropped, and without it the chulo would vault lightly over the barrier to wait until a chance offered for recovering his weapon. Now came the *banderilleros*, the men with ribboned darts, who to my mind afford the chief excitement of a bullfight. One of these standing entirely alone in the midst of the arena extended both arms toward the bull, who had halted opposite him regarding him with shaking head. In each hand he waved a bunch of gaudy ribbons. It was too much. The bull dropped his head and made for him at full speed, lumbering over the sands with terrific momentum. Calmly the banderillero awaited him, not a muscle moving, arms still extended and darts poised. Then, just as the bull was upon him, he leaped lightly to one side, drove the darts down into the neck of the brute as it thundered past him, and a chulo with trailing scarf drew the animal on. The surrounding thousands burst

into a roar of applause, and I confess that I applauded too. For it was masterly well done.

This continued for some time, several performers planting their barbs in the neck and back of the bull, who was growing tired and losing his fighting spirit instead of gaining it. He proved to be but a poor beast, after all, and his nerve was gone. He stood irresolute and pawed the sand for minutes at a time, while the crowd called him *vaca* (cow), and demanded fireworks to enliven him, — considered, I believe, a disgraceful last resort to encourage coward bulls. These latter were speedily forthcoming, the banderillero planting them in his adversary's bleeding shoulders with the customary precision, whereat the squibs they contained exploded. But it was of no avail, and the trumpet impatiently sounded the last act, — the matador with his sword.

He came from his retreat under the building, — a handsome, alert figure attired in magnificent, tight-fitting raiment. In his hands he bore a keen, flexible blade and a bright scarlet cape. In a few words which we could not catch he addressed the president, apparently asking permission to kill this bull for the honor of the citizens of Madrid, — and then turned to his work. But it was a sorry opportunity for any skill. The brute was now absolutely tired out, and refused to be harried into life again. In vain did matador and the lively chulos wave their red cloths in his bewildered face. He backed away

from them all, and at last — crowning disgrace! — retired to the other side of the ring and lay wearily down, as much as to say, "I'm tired of all this. Come and kill me, and let us have it over." I had never expected to pity a bull as I had so recently pitied the poor horses slaughtered to make a Madrileño's holiday. But here was a tired brute, as devoid of fight as a sleepy kitten, mutely begging to be allowed to die!

The matador in disgust went up and dispatched him with a blow. The crowd were angry, of course, and heaped derisive epithets on the carcass as it was dragged ingloriously out, and the dead horses after it. The evidences of the carnage were covered with fresh sand and in a trice the trumpet sounded for the second bull.

I shall not attempt to describe this second killing in detail, although I remained to see it through. This beast had more fire than the first, and from the moment when he charged into the ring sent the chulos scampering in hot haste for the protection of the barrier. But the game soon steadied down to a tiresome repetition of the first one, — the same endless flaunting of banners, the same goring of horses, the daring feats of the banderilleros, and finally another killing by a second matador, who had more of a task before him than the first. For this bull did not lie down and beg for mercy or for death. He kept the runners busy, and the swordsman had an opportunity to show his skill by piercing his

spinal marrow neatly as the great head dashed by him, — in pursuit, as usual, of a red flag. There was, however, one moment of very real excitement and danger. A picador, impaling the bull upon his lance as his horse went down, was unable to withdraw the weapon and found himself pinned under the animal with the bull glaring down upon him. The roar which had greeted the assault froze on the lips of the crowd, and the angry bull lowered his horns, unmindful of the frantic chulos and their scarfs. This time I could not close my eyes, — the scene fascinated me far too much, awful as it was. The terrified picador was caught on the horns and tossed, — fell among his fellows, who instantly formed a cordon around him, and was hurried, protesting and struggling, to a hospital. A daring fighter managed to get the bull's attention and drew him away. And the fight went on.

Next day we learned that the wounded picador had received a serious cut from the sharp horns of the animal, and would not be able to appear again for some time. He was treated at the hospital adjoining the arena, for such an institution is always handy, and eke a chaplain to shrive any torero who by any chance may be fatally hurt. It is also said that a chapel is likewise connected with the bull-ring, and that it is the custom of these hired butchers to prepare themselves for their dangerous game by prayer and devotion.

I am now prepared heartily to echo the sentiment

expressed by the clergyman quoted in the guide-books, who says he came away from the bull-ring "bored" by the spectacle. For I was even more bored than disgusted by it, if that be possible. Surely nothing could be duller. Always it was the same skillful toying with a senseless creature, too clumsy to be especially dangerous to an expert fighter, and seldom capable of being stirred to more than a passing frenzy. The bull was the one participant who never had any chance at all, if one except the poor horses who had no function to perform but to stand and be gored, thus serving as living incitements to the fury of the bull, — an improvement over the red capes because they would bleed and suffer, while a bloodthirsty crowd looked on and rubbed its hands with delight! And yet these same people could be all kindness and courtesy to the stranger, devout Christians, loving husbands and wives, gentle toward animals and passionately fond of little children! How can one reconcile this lovable side of the Spanish character with its devotion to bullfighting? It is a passion that no power has been able to eradicate. Popes have fulminated against it in vain to these most Catholic subjects of the Most Catholic King, — and yet bullfighting goes on with unabated vigor.

I came away while the third bull was being baited. He was no more vicious than the first, and the killing of him was evidently to be the same old

story over again. At the *pension* the charming Señorita Rosario inquired how we enjoyed it.

"Not at all," said we.

"Ah, no!" she replied. "Nor do I. The bulls are not so bad, but the horses, — it is not pleasing! You will without doubt desire some viskee or some cognac? No? Most Americanos and most Ingleses do so!"

CHAPTER IX

TOLEDO

THE ancient and honorable city of Toledo lies to the southward of Madrid, somewhat to one side of the main highway of travel, on the very verges of Castile. It is near enough to be made the object of a day's excursion from Madrid as a base, and many find this amply sufficient to satisfy them. It boasts hotels of every grade of price, however, from outrageous extortion to moderate reasonableness, so that it is possible to remain there for some days in tolerable comfort if one desires. As is the case with nearly all adjacent towns to which the tourist travel is extensive, the railroads offer tickets for the round trip (*ida y vuelta*) at generously low rates, though these are generally limited as to time.

It was with the idea of spending no more than that day in Toledo that we presented ourselves at the Atocha station — the southern terminal of Madrid — one misty, moisty morning. A quite needless interpreter of the predatory sort vainly endeavored to assist in the purchase of tickets at the second-class window, but we laughed him to scorn. One rapidly learns to depend on one's self for such things in Spain, where the unbiquitous

Cook has established but few outposts; and by this time we had lost all fear of the Spanish ticket agent and could by due diligence protect ourselves even against the false change for which these gentry are notorious. For this the safest method is to calculate the fare in advance from the printed tariffs and approach the office with the exact price in hand, so that there may be no change, bad or otherwise, to reckon with.

The day promised little in the way of weather save showers and gloom. The clouds hung low over the deserted steppes through which the railway led southward, and withal it was damp and cold. The second-class coach, with its usual quota of four small wheels, jolted tediously along with windows tightly closed against the outer bleakness, while the occupants smoked, read their morning papers, and stared intermittently at the foreigners. The scenery was of little interest for many miles, being a mere open moor, or prairie of slight undulations, across which solitary figures here and there, huddled on the backs of patient burros, wended a leisurely way along the scarcely discernible trails. They looked wet and miserable. Nevertheless, despite the fact that there was no great amount of life visible, the stations were by no means few, and the train was continually halting at them, the hyphenated names indicating that different settlements lay concealed in the hollows at some distance on either side and used the station in common. Now and then we

could catch sight of one of these distant towns nestling under a bare, brown knoll in the prairie, its buildings closely set and gloomy in color, the red-brown tiles invariably dominated by a single, dark church tower. Rarely indeed did the sun send down a ray as we puffed and whistled our way across this barren desert, but everywhere was a sky that seemed about to weep. Decidedly it was a cheerless and depressing prospect; and we wrapped the drapery of our raincoats about us and sat down to return the stares of the passengers with interest.

It was a run of about two hours to Toledo, and as the train made fair progress this meant that the distance was about fifty miles. As we began to draw near the city the scenery visibly brightened, and even the sky grew a trifle more promising. The train clattered across the infant Tagus on an iron trestle and proceeded down its narrow valley, which broadened gradually and grew greener as an earnest of the broad and fertile vega which lies behind Toledo's rocky heights. Occasional breaks in the pall of cloud permitted long, slanting bars of golden light to touch here and there on the landscape, and at length as we swept around a bend in the river one of these fell upon the lofty towers and spires of Toledo and gilded all with its cheerful beam.

As usual the station was an outlying one, unkempt and poor. Its platform was alive with a tatterdemalion horde clamoring for pence, for employment, for a *limosnita*, for the patronage of decrepit

carriages, for the high privilege of guiding the señor and señoras to the city and through it, — for anything, in short, which would tend to relieve the general poverty. We steeled our hearts, scorned the carriages that filled the roadway outside, and set off up the road for the city at a brisk walk that soon discouraged the native peasantry and left them well in the rear. Toledo had mysteriously disappeared again, but we knew it could not be far away, and soon we came upon it towering on the steeps of a river bluff, a huge square alcázar with its corner steeples at the summit of it all. Below, in a deep and narrow gorge, brawled the greenish-yellow Tagus, — no inconsiderable river even at this early stage of its career.

The city of Toledo, like many another in Spain, occupies a site that nature plainly intended for defense. The stream, forcing its way through a ravine in the granite hills, has worn a great horseshoe, shaped almost like a capital "C," inclosed in which is the prodigious rock on which the city stands. The river thus makes an admirable moat on every side, save where the narrow opening in the "C" permits an isthmus of meadow to connect it with the vega. Everywhere the river-banks are precipitous and rocky and, though not lofty, are no mean bulwark, even now. In the ancient days, when this was the proud capital of Castile, it was a site difficult to take and easy to hold. Once it boasted a population of two hundred thousand. To-day it

has but an eighth of that number, and we speedily concluded that the great majority of these were in the begging business, which achieves its greatest activity in this ruined stronghold of the past.

As the road wound around the shoulder of the rugged heights opposite the city, we came upon the lofty and imposing bridge which now affords the chief access to the town. It is a Moorish work, as its name — Alcantara — would imply; for any name having an "al" about it may be set down at once as Moorish in origin, and this particular word signifies merely "the bridge." It is probable, however, that the upper portions of the structure are of a later date, and possibly are the work of Alfonso the Wise. To-day it consists of a great, bold arch springing over the main part of the river at a bound, followed on the city side by a second and much lower arch. These serve to bear up a very narrow roadway high above the river; and the whole is protected, as is the case in all such bridges, by stalwart towers of stone at either end. Over this narrow highway we found a great concourse of people passing, mostly in the direction of the city. The morning train had come, its meagre harvest had been gathered, and the citizens of Toledo were hastening back to town to dispose themselves in points of vantage for a fresh assault on invading visitors.

Directly behind us and towering well overhead rose the rocky height that fronts Toledo just across the gorge, — a lofty river bluff topped by a ruined

castle, or what looks like one. As a matter of fact, it was originally a well-fortified convent, sacred to "San Cervantes," — who, it need scarcely be added, had nothing to do with Don Quixote, although the creator of that worthy knight did at one time inhabit Toledo. San Cervantes possesses no especial interest to-day, but its ruined walls certainly make a picturesque environ for the city, and are admirably suited to the wildness of the ravine whose sides they overhang.

The major part of the invading procession that thus filed across the Alcantara wound its way along the gradual highroad leading by wide détours and windings up to the city on the side toward the plain. We, however, took a leaf out of the book of the local peasantry and scrambled up a long flight of stone steps that gave immediate access to the height facing the river, and speedily had the tall, thin structure of the Alcantara at our feet, looking more like a child's toy than a bridge of imposing magnitude. To one approaching Toledo on foot this is decidedly the best way to come, both for directness and for the view. From the summit one looks back on the bridge with its tawny gates, the winding road, the green rapids of the river two hundred feet below, the ruggedness of San Cervantes, and the broadening vega stretching off to the north and losing itself around the shoulder of the range of hills. To the right the river hastens on, and soon vanishes in the winding depths of the precipitous glen.

The way grew less abrupt now, and we turned toward the nearer buildings of the city. The alcázar still towered high above and far away on the very crest of the hill, but Toledo proper lay much lower down. On the way we passed what was once the Hospital of Santa Cruz, — now, I believe, a part of a military school. It was a building just then in the throes of vigorous restoration, but even the masses of scaffolding could not conceal its charm, which resides chiefly in lofty halls, spacious corridors, and splendid arcades, the second stories of which are reached by a thoroughly satisfactory and eminently beautiful staircase. Outwardly, the Santa Cruz would not merit one's pausing, and its over-ornate portal is to my mind grossly overpraised. Within, however, it is delightful, and it is to be hoped that the restoration now going on will not mar what even in decay was so perfect.

We came into the chief square of the city before we were aware, entering it abruptly through an arch that pierced the surrounding rows of houses. It was a delightful square, — for one may surely call a triangle a square in Spain as well as in Boston, — almost completely surrounded and inclosed by a cincture of balconied buildings, old and weather-stained and highly picturesque. There could be no doubt that it was a city once Moorish in character, and even the name of this great central plaza — the Zocodover — was a direct inheritance of the Mohammedan days. Zocodover, indeed, was an

old friend, etymologically; for its primal syllables were nothing more nor less than another form of the "Soko" which Tangier so long before had made familiar to us. A few booths were scattered about in the open space, which comprised not far from an acre of ground; but there was evidently no market that day, and the greater proportion of the square's occupants were idlers. They afforded little interest in themselves, compared with the quaint structures that hemmed them in, almost every house adorned with an overhanging balcony which was neither Moorish, nor yet Spanish, in appearance. The whole effect was more that of a stage-setting than of reality, and to this illusion both design and coloring contributed.

The obviously Moorish character of the city came more strongly to our attention when we plunged into the devious and gloomy streets that lead one down from the Zocodover to the vicinity of the cathedral. The latter is most unfortunately placed, and one gets no idea even of its presence from afar. Lofty as its graceful spire is, it cannot make itself prominent because of the deep hollow in which this famous old church is set. As a consequence, we got our first view of it in a vista down a gloomy street, its fine top and graceful belfry silhouetted against a sodden sky; but from every other point it remained either wholly concealed or hopelessly dwarfed. It is unfortunate, for the cathedral of Toledo is a magnificent one, as well befits

the primate church of the realm. This one glory, little as it means nowadays, has at least remained to Toledo, — that of being the chief archiepiscopal see of Spain, — which honor was conferred upon the city in the days of Alfonso VI, of Castile, because of a certain remarkable miracle with which we shall later have more to do.

We plunged down the steep and slimy pavement toward the distant spire, avoiding donkeys and pedestrians as best we could, and soon discovered that to obtain any broad general view of the cathedral as a whole was hopeless. The adjacent buildings encroach too closely upon it at either side, and it is only by ascending a hill opposite its main entrances that one gets any proper idea of its façade. It is one of the finest Gothic churches in Spain, spared somewhat of that painful excess of elaboration one learns to dislike so much in such churches as that at Salamanca. In style it is North-French Gothic of the earlier period, entirely devoid of projecting transepts, as is quite the usual order of things in Spain, and possessed of the common semicircular apse.

We hastened at once into the broad cloisters, — easily one of the cathedral's greatest charms, — and thence down a flight of steps into the great building itself. It is a cathedral falling into the light-and-cheerful class, striking one with some little surprise on that account as one enters. I believe it was once rather proud of being lamentably white-

washed, but that outrage apparently had been outgrown when we were there, and the building-stones were merely light yellow, as in their native state. The loftiness and lightness of the nave and the great sweep of the double aisles prevented the intrusion of the choir-screen from being especially troublesome; and the impression was commendably free from that sense of being cramped and fettered that one feels in so many Spanish cathedrals.

This was not, however, the proper time for seeing the cathedral's glories, as a persistent boy soon made us aware. It was one more of those churches where the sight-seeing is regulated by ticket; and at all other than the stated times the visitor is barred inexorably from a full inspection. We gathered from the guidebooks that the necessary "permissions" were to be had in the *claustro alto*, or upper cloisters, wherever those might be; but if it had not been for the before-mentioned persistent boy, I doubt if I should ever have found them. He towed me across the churchyard by the hem of my garment, and thence across the narrow street to a narrow and forbidding doorway that gave no promise whatever of leading toward the cathedral. However, a flight of breakneck stairs led up into the darkness, and I followed the sound of the lad's heels as he scrambled upward. When we had attained a height that seemed only less than half that of Bunker Hill's justly celebrated monument, we

came upon a Bridge of Sighs spanning the highway, which had escaped my notice from below; and on this we crossed to the upper cloisters, lying directly above the others, but not nearly so picturesque. The lad evidently knew where he was going, and led me unresisting down a long and echoing corridor to a door which stood ajar, this giving access to a tiny room in which two corpulent priests in long black gowns were lolling in easy chairs, luxuriously consuming what Pepys would have called a "morning draught." With much voluble explanation and dickering, the boy finally made them understand what was wanted, and I departed a few moments later bearing an array of tickets that promised admittance to everything interesting and otherwise, at half-past two that afternoon, — not one second before.

Armed with these passports to clerical consideration, and assured that nothing churchly would be visible until the appointed hour, we managed to get rid of the boy by making a definite appointment with him for the afternoon tour. And thus, set free from all guidance save that of an open map, we plunged gayly into the labyrinthine streets that help to make Toledo famous. It is a maze that offers a sufficiency of hindrances to navigation, and the traveler without a serviceable "bump of locality" will do well to surrender at the start to the army of guides. So able an investigator as the British architect, Street, whose writings form so

inexhaustible a mine of information on all Gothic subjects, confesses with some shame that he was completely balked by the windings of Toledo, and was forced to hire a boy to show him the way about. The sense of direction and a good map, such as any guidebook offers, should serve sufficiently well to-day; but even with these we made many a wrong turning, and often berated the Toledan government for not affixing more street signs to the innumerable corners. It is not that one can possibly get lost for very long in the byways of the city that makes a guide so desirable to a bewildered visitor; it is simply that if one's time is brief a great deal is likely to be wasted in wandering.

This we proved in trying to find the little church of Cristo de la Luz, after we had eluded the last of the urchins that infested the immediate vicinage of the cathedral. We speedily lost ourselves in the deep Moorish alleys and side streets, and made several fruitless explorations of deep hollows among the buildings before we came upon it. It was during one of these expeditions to the end of an obscure *cul de sac* that we heard a concealed minstrel singing a wild ditty to the tune of a guitar, — or, better, singing and playing interludes between the snatches of his song. It was altogether such a song as one hears in Tangier, every line trailing off into a softly melodious wail, — for the common music of the Spanish peasant possesses an indescribably barbaric quality that must be of Moorish descent.

At last we found Cristo de la Luz at the foot of a terrifically steep hill which instantly dispelled any lurking doubt of the miracle to which the little church owes its name. Tradition says that the redoubtable Cid, coming to Toledo in the train of the triumphant Alfonso VI, rode down this incline on his celebrated horse Bavieca; and that when the sagacious animal came to the church of Cristo de la Luz she knelt devoutly on the pavement and refused to move. Any ordinary cavalier would have berated his steed in like circumstances for a balky beast, no doubt, — but not so the Cid. He knew the intelligence and above all the religiosity of his horse far too well for that; and, knowing that Bavieca could make no mistakes, he ordered the wall of the shrine to be opened. There was speedily revealed a sacred image of Jesus which had been walled up in its niche for many years during the Moorish domination, — but with its candle miraculously burning as if it were never neglected! Hence "El Cristo de la Luz," — the Christ of the Light. In view of the steepness and slipperiness of the way to the church we did not in the least wonder at the original genuflection of the horse; but the miraculously burning lamp one has to take on faith, — as indeed one must take most legends of the Cid, and particularly such as relate to his residence or presence in Toledo. Much that is told of him in that city it is impossible to get any basis for in the way of recorded history.

The sanctity of this tiny church has sadly faded. It is no longer consecrated ground, and the sacristan who admitted us through its low door bade me remain covered as we inspected it. It was damp and gloomy, but charming still as a specimen of old Moorish architecture; and the horseshoe arches seemed like old friends now that we had been so long away from the south with its wearisome repetition of the Mudejar style. Although this diminutive mosque had still many evidences clinging about it of its later uses as a Christian church, it was quite unspoiled, and many have regarded it as among the very best examples of Moorish work in Spain. Its celebrity, at any rate, is out of all proportion to its size, for it is astonishingly small, and evidently very old.

Behind it we found a fascinating little garden adjoining the custodian's house, and through it a narrow pathway led to the steep stairs that give access to the top of Toledo's main gate, the Puerta del Sol. This we ascended and looked down into the winding highways that lead up from the vega so far below on this, the one gradual and approachable side of the city. The puerta was a grand gate in the Moorish manner, a broad and solid tower of impressive height, rather fresher and more rejuvenated in appearance than had been the case with the Alhambra walls, and doubtless constantly retouched and restored. From its top the view was less ruggedly impressive than from the bluffs over-

hanging the river, but the lower course of the Tagus could still be seen, winding in a placid ribbon through a more peaceful country, now that it had freed itself from the bonds of those granite ledges and cavernous glens.

The rain still threatened without actually falling, and we hastened back through the devious streets of the city to find an inn. One appeared soon enough, boasting the haughty name of Castilla; and the corps of waiters, hastily donning the full evening dress of their trade at seeing our invasion of their domain, informed us of the hour of luncheon and its price. The latter was sufficiently high to have commanded, in Spain at least, a meal fit to dazzle Lucullus in his most fastidious mood. And as a result we shook the dust of the place hurriedly from our feet, just as that omnipresent and persistent boy from the cathedral happened to come caroling along, with all the unconscious appropriateness of a male Pippa! He it was who led us off through another tangle of streets to a resort of less pretension, yet of excellent repute, where for a modest stipend one might command meat and wine and good cheer, — I think it was at this point that we first began to value that boy at his true worth. His name, he told us, was Pepe, — *anglicé Joe.*

Needless to say, Joe was waiting for us when we emerged, and we found it wholly impossible to get rid of him again. He was a bright lad, gaining an education at the cathedral school, and already pos-

sessed the rudiments of one or two languages beside his own. He was fitting himself, of course, to be a more useful citizen of Toledo, — a city where, if you do not make "white arms" (Toledo blades) or inlaid jewelry, or sell comestibles, you are either a guide or a beggar.

Even with our long delay over the luncheon table it was still too early to be shown the cathedral, and we lingered for some time in the shady cloisters, — which at any rate would have been shady and altogether delightful in a damp and gloomy way if the day had been bright, and which even on this dubious afternoon possessed a certain charm. It was not the efflorescence of the Gothic arches so much as the greenery and the trees that grew in the shadow of the mighty church, — a perfect dell of cypresses and shrubs, a fountain playing as a matter of course in its midst, and vines and flowers clambering over the mossy dampness of the stones.

At last the clock far overhead clanked an unmelodious half-past two, and in common with a clattering herd of visitors from all nations, we started on what turned out to be an all but interminable investigation of the points of interest in the church, beginning with the magnificent choir stalls and continuing through a bewildering succession of chapels, sacristies, vestuarios, treasuries, and chapter-halls. Of these, I regret to say, we soon tired. The cathedral seemed much more rewarding in the mass than in matters of such infinite detail. There

was more joy in one view of its grand nave and aisles than over the ninety-and-nine minor elaborations that adorned it. The famous chapels, each presenting claims of its own to interest, the oval chapter-hall with its portraits of all the archbishops from the earliest to the very last, the gorgeous treasury filled with silver and gilt, the vestry with its splendid robes, and the long, cool hallways lined with ancient paintings, could not after all compare with the stupendous whole for attractiveness and charm. Even those chapels which the writers of guidebooks had seen fit to dignify with stars and double-stars failed to make any such appeal as the mighty body of the church with its lofty airiness and its magnificent windows, richly dight. It was to our lasting regret that the sun remained persistently veiled and did not vouchsafe us a thorough illumination of the incomparable rose-windows, which sight is said to be easily the finest in all this great church.

Two of the chapels, at least, deserve more than a passing glance, because of the legendary or historical interest attaching to them. The one held sacred to St. Ildefonso recalls the miracle before referred to, whereby Toledo won her enduring primacy in the church in Spain. It is related that Bishop Ildefonso served the episcopal see of Toledo and was an extremely devout and godly man, zealous beyond most others to do something definite for the Godhead; wherefore he penned an able

treatise on the Blessed Mary's perpetual virginity. His reward was most unexampled, — for the Blessed Virgin herself came to Toledo to see him and to hear him celebrate the mass! She was, apparently, as much pleased with the zealous prelate as she had been with his valiant literary labors in her behalf, and at the conclusion of the mass presented him with a fine new chasuble, made from the "cloth of heaven" — which, alas, is a stuff so fine as to be invisible! The bishop's chair, in which she sat during the mass, was never again permitted to be used, as a matter of course; and the stone on which her feet alighted when she descended to earth is preserved by the church as one of its most priceless relics. It has been kissed by untold generations of reverent Toledans, and countless others from abroad. It is further related that the Virgin was no stranger in the city, having come thither many times before with such saints as Peter, Paul, and, of course, Iago. But this sudden and much later apparition to a mere mortal priest was a signal honor, insuring his canonization and furnishing a favorite subject for the remainder of all recorded time to the religious painters of Spain. Murillo, of course, portrayed the scene, and his picture of it hangs in Madrid. As for the chasuble which the Virgin bestowed on Ildefonso because she saw that his own was getting badly worn, they preserved it for many centuries in a chest in Asturias. "If they open the chest for you," remarks the skeptical John

Hay, "you will not see the robe, which was always invisible, — but that only proves the miracle!"

The Virgin also bestowed her divine approval on the sacred image of herself at the high altar, "pronouncing it a wonderful likeness." But the greater celebrity, nevertheless, persistently attaches to quite another statue, — one of those black dolls so common in Spain and universally attributed wherever they occur to the workmanship of St. Luke. It is alleged to have the power of working miracles, and, like the much more famous Madonna of the Pillar at Saragossa, is always gorgeously arrayed, the priests changing its clothes on every high feast — but with piously averted eye, lest they behold vanity!

The other chapel does not make such heavy draughts on one's credulity, being well authenticated as to its claims to celebrity by recorded history. It is still known as the "Mozarabic" chapel, — that is to say, the chapel of the Mozarabes, or half-Arabs, who were permitted to practice their curious Christian liturgy during the Moorish occupation, and for long years thereafter when Toledo was once again under the dominion of the more intolerant kings of Castile. That the chapel was used for such worship is undoubted, and even today there is said still to be a survival of the Mozarabic rite. But the chapel at Toledo cannot let you escape without presenting its claims to a miracle, this time touching the events which led to the survival

of the mixed religion. When the Visigothic inhabitants of Toledo were vanquished by the Moors, says the story, they naturally made the best terms they could; and many of them remained in Toledo, content with the new order of things, and accepting the speech and customs of their conquerors, but reserving certain rights as to the form of their worship. And all through the Moorish period of the city's history they kept alive the faith of their fathers, albeit in a somewhat modified form, — thanks to the tolerance of the Moslems which contrasts so glaringly with the bigotry and cruelty of the Christians who succeeded them in power.

When finally the Moors were expelled and Alfonso VI came in, the Mozarabes demanded the right to continue worship after their custom, which, as it happened, differed in thirteen points from the established liturgy of Rome. This was denied them at first, but the people insisted with such vehemence that it was finally decreed the issue should abide the arbitrament of single combat. The Catholic faction presented a doughty man-at-arms as their champion and the Mozarabes another, — the Mozarabic knight winning the day! This unexpected result was not pleasing to the Castilian monarch, who speedily found means to avoid it, discovering conveniently that the trial at arms was "barbarous and against the will of God." So a fresh appeal was made, — this time direct to Providence, — by placing the rival breviaries on a common pyre and

watching to see which of the two would successfully defy the flames. But when the fire was lighted the Mozarabic book stubbornly refused to burn, — and a gust of wind took the Roman breviary off the blazing pile and deposited it at a safe distance. Neither having burned, this plainly indicated the desire of the Almighty that each liturgy should continue; and thus the Mozarabes got their chapel, which is to this day a distinct portion of the cathedral in Toledo as it is at Salamanca.

After enduring for a season the endless succession of cold and cheerless side-chapels and anterooms, we succeeded at last in getting away from the throng, much to the d'sgust of the sacristans, who had looked upon our growing impatience as something barbaric, — which very probably it was; and, having thus escaped, we made our way, thoroughly benumbed, to the warmer air of the streets. Few people were abroad at the moment, but from a near-by shop came the tap-tapping which betokened a manufactory of Toledo ware, — steel or gun-metal articles adorned with incredibly elaborate tracery inlaid with fine gold wire. At a long and narrow bench we found a corps of young boys patiently hammering away, ornamenting a great variety of articles, such as brooches, match-boxes, cigarette-cases, buckles, knives, and daggers. The workshop was a fascinating one, but extremely difficult to get out of, once we were in, — a peculiarity which I have observed always attends any emporium in-

vitingly marked "Entrée libre." Doubtless the place to buy Toledo ware is in Toledo; but it is so for sentimental reasons only, for I could not discover that prices there were a whit more advantageous than they were in Madrid or Barcelona.

Wandering southward through the tortuous ways of the city, we sought the banks of the Tagus once more, passing on the way innumerable fascinating doorways, richly carved and evidently very old. But it is commonly true of Toledo, as of so many other old Spanish cities, that the houses are forbidding to outward view, — and apart from these admirable portals we found them as a rule severely plain and gloomy, with patios far inside for which they reserved all their artistry. These, however, instead of standing in full view of the passing multitude, as at Cordova, were generally shut tight behind massive doors, — wooden, with great bronze bosses, blackened with age and well suited to their carved posts and lintels.

When finally we emerged in the broad but bare Paseo del Transito, which is a sort of open promenade or park near the river, a troop of mercenary children who were romping there ceased their game and fastened upon us like leeches, demanding *perritas* in shrill and insistent voices. Even while we were marveling at the Moorish arches and carved ceilings of the neighboring Synagogue of the Transito, their strident voices came drifting through the half-open door, and one or two more venturesome than the

rest penetrated with extended palms to the very heart of the shrine, only to be shooed out again by the habitually indignant young woman who guards the place. With equal pertinacity they pursued us up the street to the little church of Santa Maria Blanca, — but this one fortunately possessed an outer court and a door which would lock, and the keepers resolutely barred them out. This artifice could not, however, subdue the din of their shouts, nor prevent their hammering incessantly on the outer walls. It sadly marred our pleasure in these two churches, which are both very old and afford quaint instances of the survival of Mudejar architecture, — that is, a mixture of the Moorish and Christian styles. Despite the ravages of time, the scaffoldings of the restorer, and the alterations made in the past between Jew and Gentile, the synagogue and the Santa Maria Blanca are charming still, — and especially the little fore-court of the latter, with its mossy marbles, its old fonts, its sombre trees, and its paths lined with masses of white iris. We found it a peaceful spot, despite the noise of the black-eyed banditti who stormed the wall, thundered at the wooden gate, and redoubled their wails for largess. There was apparently nothing to do but to face them, so once again we steeled our hearts and plunged into their midst.

We had a tempestuous passage of it to the ancient church of San Juan de los Reyes. All known remedies were tried in vain. "Where is thy house,

chico ?" failed dismally to work its usual amazement, — and at last in sheer despair we threw our caution to the winds and openly threatened violence if the begging party were not instantly disbanded. A portion fled in fear, but a remnant still remained and followed us around to the door of the church, well realizing that a penny must reward the summons of the custodian.

San Juan de los Reyes stands on the steep bluff above the Tagus, a rather plain but still a dignified pile, far more interesting without than within, and bearing little outward evidence of its kingly design. Although it was originally planned as a votive church in gratitude for a victory against the Portuguese, Isabella the Catholic is said to have intended it for a present to her valiant consort Ferdinand on his return from subsequent wars, and a cheerful gift it was to be, — nothing less than a mausoleum to be buried in! When a Spanish monarch of that distant age wished to be especially kind and thoughtful it seems to have been felt that the best manifestation of that sentiment was to make some one a present of a tomb; and most of them took a morbid pleasure also in building tombs for themselves, as we saw later at the Escorial, — even lying down in them on occasion to see how it was going to feel! Such was the wifely purpose of Isabella when she began this church as a pleasant surprise to Ferdinand, — but fate willed otherwise, and the Reyes Catolicos were finally buried, as we have seen, in

the cathedral of Granada. St. John of the Kings, thus cheated of its promised celebrity, lagged for centuries in getting finished.

We found its chief portal beset by two cruelly maimed and unsightly beggars, the first of the sort we had been unfortunate enough to see in Spain. We could not be rid of them save by giving them of our store of coppers, and gladly took this means of banishing them from sight; and we were greatly relieved to be ushered into the interior of the church. It was a small affair, — one long, narrow room, very lofty and devoid of the intruding choir, for the latter was raised on a balcony at the farther end. Some overwrought medallions disfigured the chancel. Altogether it seemed a highly uninteresting parish church, much marred by a scaffolding that was being used by workmen engaged on the roof so that its fine vaulting could not be seen, not to be compared for attraction with its own brown exterior, the high walls of which were hung with ancient iron fetters, recalling the long captivity of the Christians under Moorish domination.

Better than all, however, were the Gothic cloisters behind the church, which, while somewhat painfully trim and perfect in their recent careful restoration, were very nearly the finest we found in Spain. The tracery of the foliated arches was remarkably delicate and satisfying, and the cloister had happily been spared that final depth of Spanish desecration, — the filling of the colonnades

with window glass. Instead it was all open to the day and inclosed the usual garden, a green paradise contrasting agreeably with the gray gracefulness of the stone. The sun granted us a brief moment of his brightness to add to the charm of the scene, and for the time everything was warm and fragrant and delightful. Not every Spanish cloister fares so well. For in this austere and chilly climate the Church has often felt herself compelled not only to use the glazed windows in her cloister arches, but, what is vastly worse, to close them entirely with brick until often the original arcade is but a faint reminiscence, barely discernible in an ugly wall. One must not, therefore, ignore the cloisters of San Juan, for they far surpass those of the cathedral, — a place of tawdry frescoes, and dampness, and sunken aisles.

Down the steep hill from the main portals of San Juan there is an abrupt path leading across an unkempt open lot to the river and the imposing bridge of San Martin, — a finer bridge by far than that by which we had earlier crossed and entered the city, and I believe one of the very finest bridges to be seen anywhere. To cross the Tagus here requires five immense arches, and the great central one is a full hundred feet in height. Of course it is extremely narrow in proportion to its altitude, which adds to its grace; and, as always, it is defended at either end by massive towers. Tradition has been busy with this giant structure, and insists that when the

builder of it had nearly finished his work he discovered to his dismay that there had been some error in his calculations, — and that the whole massive fabric was absolutely certain to fall when the sustaining scaffolds should be removed! He confided this melancholy discovery to his wife, — a pearl among engineers' wives, it would appear; for she promptly stole out in the dead of night and set fire to the framework and centrings of the unfinished arches, ruining the work as far as it had gone and enabling her husband to begin anew. His next effort was so successful that the bridge is still standing. As for the wife, her part in the matter was subsequently confessed; but the authorities, instead of rebuking her or censuring the husband for his mistake, gave her great honor; and every one of course lived happily ever after.

Go down, by all means, to this stupendous Puente de San Martin, as we did, and cross to the opposite bank. For thus does one obtain what is probably the finest view of Toledo, — even finer than the view of it from across the Alcantara. If there is still time, you may walk back to the other bridge by the hill paths along the river bluff; but be not deceived into thinking that this is as simple a matter as it looks, for there are many ravines and gullies and cross paths which may easily cause delay and some wandering, and the distance is further than one is likely to realize. For ourselves, we voted the time too short to make any dangerous experiments,

— the declining sun and the clocks of Toledo announcing that we had a bare forty minutes to get to the railway, — and we hastened our steps back over the great bridge, past San Juan, down into the mazes of streets and finally across the Zocodover. Rain, after threatening to fall all day, began to descend in a fine mist, making the pavements slippery and treacherous. All the world turned again toward the station, save only the goatherds who began to move down from the opposite hills with their flocks to congest the narrow roadway of the Alcantara.

Looking back upon it now, I incline to think that the common practice of making Toledo a day's excursion from Madrid is little short of shameful. One is too hurried to be comfortable, and it is questionable if even an agile and alert traveler can derive the proper amount of benefit from so cursory a glance. To be sure, the city is no longer great, but it can at least be said that she is hopefully resisting the decay that forty years ago threatened her ruin. Her ancient limits are now a world too wide for her shrunk population, no doubt, and poverty cries aloud in her streets despite the undimmed popularity of her blades and knives. Her lofty alcázar — said once to have harbored the Cid — is now a military post, and the Hospital of the Holy Cross is, as we saw, a military academy. A tablet still commemorates the residence of Cervantes in a little house near the Zocodover, where it is said much of

his writing was done; and it is not to be forgotten that Lope de Vega wrote many of his more elaborate works in Toledo. But of present-day celebrity there is none, save such as may flow from the titular honor of being the chief ecclesiastical city of the kingdom and from the possession of the cathedral, — these elements, curiously enough, serving now to keep alive a city that the haughty archbishops have done so much to destroy. For it was clerical arrogance that really ruined Toledo, and the high-handed rule of militant churchmen like Cardinal Ximenes is irreconcilable with the ideas of haughty and jealous secular monarchs. Even the fanatical Philip II, bigoted Catholic that he was, could not brook the increasing dominance of the Toledo cardinals, and it was this which probably induced him to remove his court to Madrid and declare his capital to be henceforward in that city. From that day the importance of Toledo waned, though not the celebrity of her past. And as a result she typifies, as no other single city does, the benumbing influence of excessive priestcraft on Spain.

CHAPTER X

THE ESCORIAL

FATE decreed that Philip II should come to power at the moment when Spain was enjoying her full flood of fortune. Her empire was the broadest that the sun shone upon. Her colonies were the richest in any European monarch's possession. Her navy was the proudest in the world. Her zeal for the Roman Church was unbounded and fanatical. The tendency toward grandiose ideas had not been reduced, to say the least, by the imperial connection of Charles V, despite the final abdication of that potentate and his humble retirement to a monastery.

All these elements entered naturally into the character of Philip, and the religious fanaticism not least of all. He speedily became the glass of austerity and the mould of gloom; and as the years wore on these qualities appear to have increased, crystallizing in his most imposing monument, — a building thoroughly impressed with these dominant peculiarities. Of course it was a mausoleum, for even in Isabella's day the building of tombs was a favorite pastime of Spanish royalty; but if any attempt were ever made to give it a royal name, it

has dismally failed, and to-day men still call it El Escoriál, from the heaps of cinders and slag (*scoriæ*) left by ancient iron-miners on the site selected by the king for the burial of his own royal ashes.

Despite the fact that many had come away from the Escorial expressing their disappointment in it, architecturally and otherwise, we found ourselves drawn irresistibly thither by the magic of its morbid spell. And it was on a bright morning, quite out of harmony with Philip's character, that we wended our way down to the Estación del Norte in quest of the morning train. It was our first acquaintance with the great northern terminal, but in the next few days we became excessively familiar with it. Lying in the deep ravine immediately behind the palace gardens and not far from the Manzanares, it is a less ornate station than the Atocha, but nevertheless is a fine and commodious building, whence radiate the lines of steel that serve the north of Spain and lead direct to Paris.

We found the railway journey to the Escorial not to be particularly interesting. It took us out into the narrow vale of the inconsequent river, up the lower slopes of a barren steppe beyond, through numerous starveling outposts of Madrid, whose pretentious villas commonly bore signs announcing that they were for sale at fabulous bargains, and at last, by dint of steady climbing, ascended into the foothills of the Guadarramas, whose rugged and snow-clad summits had drawn steadily nearer

until now they hung directly above our heads. The mountains, indeed, had been the one feature of interest as we rode along, for the plain itself was as uninviting as we had found it on the rainy road to Toledo. To-day, however, was bright and fair, and the air was cool and crisp. The traveling public leaned forth as one man from its compartment windows, and snuffed the fine freshness of the upland morning.

At Villalba, an unattractive hill town about twenty-four miles from Madrid, the railway divided, one line climbing directly into the mountain passes that lead to Segovia while the other proceeded more leisurely along an undulating highland to the Escorial, postponing its ascent of the mountain barrier for an hour or two, and finally disappearing around a shoulder of the mountain wall in the direction of Avila. To any person bent on seeing all these points, — and none should be omitted, — it is easily possible to combine all three in one's northward journey without a tedious reduplication of railway rides; and in order that others need not discover this fact too late, as we did, by costly and tiresome experience, let me drop a passing hint as to how it may best be done. Postpone the entire trip until you have wearied of Madrid and are perfectly ready to leave that city for good; and then take the "rapide" for Segovia, where one may spend a night or two very comfortably in a decent, though primitive, hotel. Then — if you don't

mind rising at gray dawn — return as far as Villalba on the early morning train, which makes a good connection for the Escorial. There is abundant comfort there for another night at the Fonda Miranda. On the next morning, — for a day will probably suffice nearly any one for seeing the Escorial, — one may, without too early rising, journey comfortably over to Avila in time for luncheon.

The monastery of the Escorial — for it still seems as much a monastery as a palace — is visible from afar, but curiously enough is best seen thus from the Segovia line. The road that actually takes you to it runs through so many intervales and upland pastures that the great gray structure is long concealed from view by intervening hillocks and does not burst upon the sight until the train has nearly reached the station. Even from a distance it is all that its most severe critics have claimed for it, a gigantic granite building that resembles nothing so much as a huge national penitentiary. It stands half-way up a long slope, above an ascending park of waving trees. Behind it towers a ridge of naked hills composed of the same cheerless rock as that from which the Escorial is built. A few straggling buildings, including a factory of some sort, surround the station, forming the lower village. Higher up on the hillside, and clustering around the great bulk of the palace, is a more considerable hamlet, more prosperous in appearance, which is Escoriál de Arriba, — the upper town.

Now the maps which embellish the guidebooks are misleading. One might say, as we did, after glancing at them that the distance to the upper village and the palace was inconsiderable, and that to reach it meant no more than a leisurely walk through the woods. As a matter of fact, it means a rather arduous walk of a steep and dusty mile. As for the park, it is inexorably barred; and while there are trees lining the highroad, they are not full grown, and afford but meagre shade. It follows that none but a vigorous pedestrian can well afford to ignore the claims of the numerous omnibuses that offer their services so clamorously at the *salida*, or exit, of the station. We ourselves did ignore them, but almost nobody else followed suit; and as a result we dragged tediously up the hillside, passed now and then by clattering teams of tough and scrawny mules at full gallop, which enveloped us in a dense cloud of dust. The warmth of the forenoon sun made itself felt, and the gray bulk of the Escorial almost seemed to recede. When at last we reached it, the shade cast by its mighty sides along the broad and level esplanade was grateful in the extreme.

Some thoughtful person had recommended the Fonda Miranda, and this had put us on our guard against the loitering army of hotel touts at the station and around the upper gates. But one lame man, representing some other inn, persisted in following us despite all attempts to discourage him,

and it proved rather fortunate that he did so. Otherwise we might easily have missed altogether the death-chamber of the kings, which is by all odds the most interesting and impressive sight at the Escorial. For be it known that they have a reprehensible habit there of opening certain portions of the establishment only at certain hours, and what is still more confusing, the time-table is subject to change and corrections without notice. Wherefore the first thing to be done on reaching the spot is to find out what arrangement is in effect at the moment. Our self-appointed guide knew that it was almost the hour for closing the mausoleum, although the morning train had but just come in; and he hurried us through the vast and awesome courts of the building, into the lofty church in its midst, and down a dark and echoing corridor to a huge door, before which many people were gathered. Repeated thunderings at that stern portal brought no response until the preceding party had seen everything to its satisfaction. Then came a priest to let them out and let us in.

We mustered some thirty strong as we clattered in a noisy file down the obscure marble flight that led to the rotunda below, where lies buried all that was greatest in Spain. The stairs were slippery, their treads worn to a polished smoothness by the constant passing of curious, but reverent, feet, and a considerable degree of caution was necessary to avoid accident in descending.

The first impression of the royal tombs turned out to be far less gloomy and depressing than the immensity of the grim monastery above. The general tone of the burial vault was anything but sombre, relieved as it was by highly polished marbles and much gilding; and yet it was a place of overwhelming solemnity, despite its wide departure from the original plans of the austere Philip. There was too much royal dust assembled here to permit the apartment's suffering from earthly tawdriness, and the decoration of these huge marble coffins did not jar harshly on one. High overhead in the topmost niche reposed the sarcophagus of Charles V, King of Spain and Emperor of Holy Rome. Directly beneath him, in their proper order, came the successive monarchs, each in his narrow cell forever laid, — Philip II's immediately under Charles's. Philip V, however, and Ferdinand VI were missing, — buried elsewhere. But apart from these the great marble room contained the bodies of all the later kings and their consorts, with niches yet to spare for those who are to come hereafter. Each sarcophagus was like every other one, — black marble, highly polished, and lettered in gold with the name of its occupant. On these polished surfaces the light of flaring tapers and candles danced in myriad reflections, giving an effect that certainly was not lugubrious, but was far removed from gayety.

At least one of the Philips, according to tradition,

used to chasten his soul, and possibly even amuse himself in his morbid way, by coming to this chamber of the mighty dead and clambering to his destined niche, where he would lie at full length, listening to mass celebrated at the adjacent altar, doubtless meditating after the manner of St. Praxed's bishop, how it would feel to lie here for centuries, seeing "God made and eaten all day long." It is hardly likely that the present debonair young Alfonso cares to pleasure himself in this nerve-racking way, although his niche is already designated. It cannot be an edifying thing to view in too minute detail the ground where one shall shortly lie!

Opposite this imposing array of kings repose the remains of the queens, one of the sarcophagi said to be scratched with the name of its present occupant, by herself during her lifetime, — womanlike, with a pair of scissors!

After a brief sojourn in the midst of so much royalty one is inclined to rate somewhat more highly than before the courage of Philip IV, — the king so prone to spend his time lying in his niche, — for it was surely a pastime calculated to unstring any but the stoutest nerves. Whether Philip II, who started the building, would have indulged in the same curious experiment is not stated, but one could imagine his doing so readily enough. He was certainly given to a sufficiency of uncanny practices as an outcome of his religious mania. But with all his zeal he had

not the hardihood to relinquish his kingdom entirely and take up the monkish life, as his father Charles had done; and instead devised this expedient of making his palace practically a monastery, living there in true monkish simplicity, but retaining the sceptre in a firm grasp. He could forego the pomps and vanities of this world, but not its power; and his life in the bare suite of rooms adjoining the great church above was probably as little comfortable as it would have been at Yuste. The high altar of the church became the lodestone from which the monarch was never willing to depart, and these tombs of the kings are so disposed directly beneath it that they must always be under the feet of the priest at the elevation of the Host. While yet he lived a parlous and painful existence in the rooms of the Escorial, Philip constantly heard mass and other offices from his own chamber, a door of which opened directly into the sanctuary; and as his days drew to an end he became much disturbed in mind lest he had not burned and tortured heretics enough to save his own soul alive. His last expiring breath, however, is said to have been expended in ordering more gilt nails for his coffin, — for he was not minded to spend eternity in a mean condition, whatever the penances of his last hours.

We found it extremely hard to tear ourselves away from this overwhelming array of regal tombs with their mysterious and awful fascination. It was not the mere rows of huge black sarcophagi, but

the irresistible and morbid thought of what they contained. How fared these proud princes in their sealed marbles? Not badly, if one may credit the testimony of a not very distant past; for if the revelations made in the single case of the great Charles are any criterion of the status of the rest, these bodies should all be in a state of remarkable preservation. Charles's coffin has been opened twice since his death, — the last time in 1871, — and on each occasion the body was found "quite uncorrupted even to the eyeballs [Charles was buried open-eyed], although the skin had turned black." This inspection of the royal dead, however, was apparently confined to Charles. The others to no such aureate earth were turned!

In a long and narrow corridor from which open numerous side chambers of a far from gloomy aspect repose the princes and princesses of the realm, — royal children who never reached the throne or their maturity. Their tombs are much more cheerful, being carved of white marble of the purest and most splendid kind. There is a very long line of these, some occupied and some still untenanted, — reserved for the future's untimely dead. Most of these sarcophagi are simple and tasteful, but a few are as overloaded with ornament as the pantheon of the kings, and lack its impressive gloom to relieve the garishness. I recall one of these ornate tombs especially, — in the corner room, I think, — a vast, octagonal structure of white, covered with

elaborate carving until it resembles nothing so much as an immense confectioner's cake, utterly unworthy of comparison with the chaste and simple tomb near by where lies all that is mortal of young Baltasar Carlos, — that radiant prince whom Velasquez had made us love.

Passing out of the Pantheon at last, much chilled and on the whole depressed by the presence of so much imperial dust, we had more leisure to examine the vast church which holds its station directly overhead, at the very heart of the Escorial. It proved to be really fine, as Spanish churches go, and happily free from the common intrusion of the choir and altar screens. For the high altar is built in a deep recess at the eastern end of the structure, and set high on a dais reached by an imposing flight of many steps, almost as wide as the church itself. The effect is very rich and satisfactory. On either side of this recess are placed bronze groups of the families of Charles V and Philip II, the figures of life size and all kneeling in prayer. In the wall adjoining are the oratories of the kings, with sliding panels which practically make them parts of the church at need; and it was from the one at the right of the altar that Philip was accustomed to watch the priests at mass. It was here also that he sat when they brought him the glorious news of the victory at Lepanto, which he heard without moving a muscle; and it was here that he heard with equal stoicism the news that the Armada had

been destroyed. Such, at any rate, is the tale; but the victory of Lepanto (1571) must have found the Escorial in a sad state of incompleteness.

The roof of the vast nave is borne aloft on enormous clustered pillars. The floor is paved with marble, and the lighting is such as to make the church dim without being gloomy. It was here that we came for the first time on the occasional custom of introducing the choir as a *coro alto*, — that is to say, a high choir, raised above the nave by means of arches forming a spacious loft. The effect of this is to leave the nave free in its whole extent, as to length, but to roof over one end of it. This arrangement we subsequently found to be quite common in the more northern churches, and it was generally most gracefully worked out. It certainly tends to improve the interior effects, whatever its technical drawbacks in the matter of isolating the priests from the altar.

In form, the general plan of the whole monastery is that of a gridiron, the same being the inevitable symbol of St. Lawrence, to whose honor and glory this institution is sacred. It is claimed to have been a votive offering, made by Philip for the reparation of an injury done this saint in the battle of San Quentin, when the Spanish artillery were forced to destroy a small church sacred to him.[1] Philip per-

[1] Skeptical writers have vehemently denied this story — as they have most others. One is asked to believe that the resemblance to a gridiron is mere fancy !

sonally was not to blame, of course. He was not at the battle at all, being a monarch who much preferred to pray for the success of his armies at some secure and distant point, and could be depended upon with fair certainty not to be in the way on the eve of a battle. Nevertheless he was sufficiently imbued with a sense of responsibility to St. Lawrence to vow him a new and more splendid building to replace that demolished by the royal cannon, — and hence the Escorial, with its curious succession of cavernous courts barred across by numerous lofty granite buildings. One may readily observe the gridiron effect by glancing at the plan of it in the Baedeker. Philip, who had no such handy volume, was accustomed to climb — or more likely be carried — into the lofty mountains that rise just behind the building to a stone throne erected there, whence he could at ease look down upon the work of his hands and see how marvelously like it was to the culinary implement on which San Lorenzo suffered a ghastly martyrdom.

To-day a portion of the monastery buildings is devoted to a national school of forestry, and we found a multitude of its youthful students congregated in the shade of the grim walls playing at ball and diabolo, unawed, to all seeming, by the gloom of the structure. One may become accustomed to almost anything, and therefore I suppose one may even become habituated to daily association with the Escorial. But to any one casually passing a few

hours there it will probably seem about the most uninspiring location which could be found for a school of forestry. Certainly it lacks any spark of architectural vividness, and instead is thoroughly stupid and dull. Its 2673 windows[1] are all precisely alike and boast no adornment; indeed, ranged as they are in interminable rows along the gray and gloomy sides of the building the effect is that of unmitigated dreariness, suggestive of an unenlightened colonial jail. As a palace it will hardly serve any longer. Philip V, being gay and French by nature and training, went over to La Granja in the Segovia region and made him a much livelier palace than this, which has enjoyed monarchical favor ever since his time as the better summer home. It must be depressing to have a residence in such close juxtaposition to a grave, — and especially to a *pudridero*, wherein bodies of deceased royalty are supposed to rest for five years before ultimate burial, presumably to make sure they are really dead!

There is just one note of worldly pomp about the Escorial, and even that would escape the notice of one who had not been especially instructed where to look for it. In one of the towers just under the apex is set a small plate of glistening gold. It can easily

[1] Hare speaks of the windows of the Escorial as "numbering 11,000, in compliment to the virgins of St. Ursula"; but the discrepancy between this number and that given in Baedeker seems too alarming to permit the acceptance of Hare's pretty legend, unless all sorts of openings, inside and out, are reckoned.

be seen from the roadway in front of the whole monastery, as you pass toward the gateway that opens toward the western mountains. Its evident inaccessibility is probably all that has prevented its being stolen overnight. The story is that Philip set it there in a spirit of defiance as a haughty notice to the world that he had not by any means exhausted his exchequers in erecting this prodigious bit of imperial folly; and thus, in the midst of so colossal an evidence of religious renunciation, gleamed forth the vainglorious side of Philip's character, — as incongruous in the building as it was in the nature of the fanatic king. Apart from this bright bit of gold there is no external adornment whatever. The domes and towers diversify the skyline, but save for that it is all sheer monotony. One must remember that it was first, last, and all the time a penitential offering, designed by a king whose name was the synonym for melancholy and whose desire was to play the hermit.

So melancholy was it that we were heartily glad to escape from it for a time and seek cheer in the fonda, which we were at some pains to discover. It lay in a side street, hard by but hidden from view by an ugly neighbor, — a school of engineers. Once within its hospitable portals, however, and surrounded by bottles of Valdepeñas in a joyous row, we forgot for the time the chill of those depressing corridors, "a hundred miles in length," and the awful solemnity of that mausoleum. But this respite

was but short-lived. There remained the palace of the kings, the library, the gardens, and that fascinating park to see.

The palace proper, which, like the tombs in the pantheon, has been fitted up by later kings in anything but the simplicity which Philip contemplated, proved to be nothing more than a succession of those dreary rooms that must be familiar to any traveler who has ever seen any royal abode in Europe. It was a dismal array of narrow and lofty chambers with paneled walls, absurdly diminutive fireplaces, utterly impracticable and spindle-legged chairs, faded fauteuils, embrasured windows, worn tapestries, and general atmosphere of decayed gentility. The tapestries, however, relieved it of all fear of failure, since they were intensely interesting. For the most part they were made from those designs by Goya, the quaint cartoons we had seen displayed at the Prado.

The apartments of Philip II himself, being suffered by some happy chance to remain as he planned and used them, and not subjected to this unseemly attempt of later kings to be gay and lightsome in the midst of austerity, proved much more interesting. Here certainly was a semblance of that exaggerated asceticism which the great Charles had affected at his abdication; for Philip desired nothing more than a series of "cells" to live in, devoid of every pretense at adornment. What gives these bare rooms their interest is the fact that they remain

as Philip knew them and contain several very intimate relics of his last few years, — his great desk, for example, some chairs, and the palanquin in which the monarch, sick unto death, was borne over the hills to the Escorial for the last time. The only painted adornment of these rooms appears to be a rude fresco of the "seven deadly sins" and a Madonna or two.

Philip died in a tiny room adjoining the great church, clasping in his hands the ancient crucifix that had comforted the dying moments of Charles V, — and bothered only by the haunting fear that he might not have burned enough heretics to warrant that smiling reception among the blest that Titian had depicted on his flattering canvas. The guide — for this portion of the Escorial is only to be seen with guides — suddenly pushed open a panel in the wall of the apartment, and we looked out unexpectedly into the great church, its high altar close at our elbows, — and, kneeling in untiring adoration before it, Philip himself in bronze! It was a dramatic climax to our wanderings through these old and mouldy apartments and doubtless it must suit the shade of Philip right well, if, as I suspect, he haunts the Escorial.

It was far pleasanter to wander down through the sunlit courts and cloisters in search of the *sala capitulár*, where are to be seen a number of paintings of rare merit. Velasquez is there, as usual, but represented this time by purely religious pictures;

and after him in a bewildering array come splendid examples of the art of Tintoretto, Veronese, Luca Giordano, Ribera, Rogier van der Weyden, Navarrete, and the weird and gloomy Greco, of whose works the Spaniards never seem to tire, for his emaciated, long-necked figures are to be found in force in every gallery of Spain.

Pleasanter still, perhaps, because so different from anything we had yet seen, was the great library of printed books, a huge and lofty corridor high up in one of the numerous cross-bars of the mighty gridiron, adjoining the immense courtyard of the kings. Of the books themselves one can see but few, for they are kept closely shut in a regiment of cabinets, and one must take them, as one takes so much else in Spain, on faith. The curious custom of placing the volumes with their backs against the wall, inscribing their titles on the edges of their leaves, has often been commented upon. For the sight of the visiting multitude there are numerous open books displayed in glass cases down the centre of the room, — ancient volumes, admirably preserved, — the general effect strongly recalling the similar apartments of the Vatican palace.

Pleasantest of all, however, was it to escape entirely from the deep hollow-squares of the monastery and wander out into the bright warmth of the afternoon along the ramp and terrace below the great gray bulk of the palace walls, unmindful of their grimness and forgetful of those hideous bat-

talions of windows, but smelling the fragrance of the box and myrtle, and gazing off across the deep desert toward the smoky mazes on the far horizon which, we knew, indicated Madrid. It was a curious terrace that ran along beneath the cliff-like exterior of the Escorial, — a terrace with a cavernous cellar beneath it, into which deep grottoes led downward at intervals along the way. But above, it was all bright, and green, and warm, — warm enough to drive us around the huge corner of the palace beneath Philip's monastic windows to escape the sun, and enjoy there the prim formality of the fragrant hedges and the prospect over the rolling desert, — at this distance almost a thing of beauty.

For a few moments we forgot the cold dampness of the monastery and its numerous wintry courts, and the Escorial seemed to afford some few attractions as an abode. Nevertheless, the cheerlessness of the building has been sufficient to drive the later monarchs to shun the spot, reserving their permanent occupancy for the time when they should be far beyond mortal cares. The Bourbon Philip V, as has been said, revolted from this palace and retired to the snowy heights above Segovia, where he built him a palace in faint imitation of Versailles, — but called to this day La Granja (the farm), and to this day occupied by Spanish royalty during the hotter months. Charles IV, who, one must bear in mind, comes long after Charles V instead of just before, had a small residence built for himself while yet a

prince, in the dense groves that cover the slopes below the Escorial on the way to the station. It is still known as the Casita del Principe (the prince's cot), as it was when Charles was a lad, in 1772.

Toward this retired and attractive spot we turned our steps late in the afternoon, only to meet stern repulse from the grenadier on guard at the gate. He pointed out that our tickets, which we had procured early in the day from an office somewhere within, and which we had subsequently forgotten to consult, specified the time for closing the gardens of the casita as four o'clock, — and it was now two minutes past! In vain we pleaded for an extension of time, for a mere quarter-hour that we might at least enjoy the coolness of the woods. In vain we flattered, cajoled, offered bribes. To each entreaty his answer was an increasingly decisive negative, — "Ahora, señor, no se puede entrar!"

As always when one is arbitrarily denied one's will, this grove and its distant casita, whose roof could just be made out amid the tops of distant trees, instantly became for us the most desirable and alluring spot in the whole Escorial. It had promised to be such a pleasant walk under those shady trees to the station! But we were forced to abandon it, and instead betook ourselves to the solace of a cool bottle of Insalus — Spain's chief and altogether admirable mineral water. After all, this was not so bad. We gave up the casita and the park, — but we had spread out before us a splendid

pageant of rugged and snowy mountains, whose mighty shadow stole silently and slowly across the face of the desert below.

I cannot say that we came away disappointed in the Escorial. Repeated warnings had led us to expect no beauty there, and we certainly found almost none. But as a grand expression in immutable stone of the austere and fanatical spirit of Old Spain, it left nothing to be desired. The mighty ghost of Philip the Second walks through its courts, chilly and forbidding as in life. His cruelty, meanness, bigotry, fanaticism, and pride stand revealed for all time in the dreary highland castle which is his chief visible monument. If the Escorial is ugly, it at least has the merit of extreme, thoroughgoing ugliness, and of a consistency with its aims and authorship that amounts to a redeeming grace. It is simply and straightforwardly what it was meant to be, — the outward expression of a stern monarch's asceticism, the fitting abode of death and mighty ghosts.

CHAPTER XI

SEGOVIA

In the innocence of our hearts, for we were even yet far from inured to Spain and equally far from comprehending the devious customs of Spanish railways, we went down on a sunshiny Saturday morning to take the "rapide" for Segovia. And with that good fortune which now and then favors the ignorant, we discovered it to be a day on which the authorities decreed the train should be run. It was further characteristic of our inexperience that we had formed the spacious intention of running out to Segovia for the day and returning that same night — late. The time-table certainly revealed this course to us as possible; but how it worked out in practice will best be left for the end of the chapter. Meantime we interrogated the Señorita Rosario as to the proper means of letting ourselves into the house at night.

We were living in a modest *pension* on the Calle Mayor, boasting none of the elegance of a hotel, but comfortable withal, — the kind of place one finds frequented by artists in any big European city, and a boon to those who dislike both the bustle and display, not to say the cost of large hostelries. It

was four long and weary flights above the pavement, but pretended of course to be on the third floor by that amiable fiction whereby a Spaniard begins numbering his floors with the second or third. Also it had the usual Spanish provision of a wicket with a screen and a flap, suitable for permitting the big black eyes of the señorita to observe who it was that knocked before she deigned to open.

The señorita produced a prodigious key, and explained the manner of its use. The señor must insert it in the lock, — so, — and turn it thrice, — so, so, so, — each turn producing some inscrutable change in the lock's inward parts; then, behold, the door would open! But the street door below? Ah, the señor must summon the *sereno* for that! For in Spanish cities not even the householder himself can enter his own residence at dead of night without the friendly assistance of the night watch! However, the señorita said this presented no difficulty. The sereno would not be far away in any case, and his ear would be found carefully attuned to catch the sound of hand-clapping from afar. Should he still delay to come, we must shout, calling aloud upon his name, — "Sereno! Sereno!" Oh, certainly he would have the key. He has all keys to all doors along his beat. He knows them all by heart! And one should give him a few centimos, of course. Thus, provided with keys and a box of candle-matches to light our midnight way up those dark and toilsome flights of stairs, we set out joyfully for our day in

the country, relieved of every semblance of baggage, and free as the birds that wheeled between the tall buildings of the narrow street.

It was early morning, and Madrid was not yet fully awake. Men with short lines of hose were sprinkling the asphalt of the streets, shifting their jointed lengths of pipe to successive hydrants in the pavement. Janitors were noisily raising the iron shutters which had protected wayside shops overnight, and sleepy boys were sweeping up yesterday's accumulation of dust and litter. A few carriages jogged lazily through the deserted streets. Thus it was in the city.

But when the "rapide" had pulled out of the town and began its industrious climb toward the Guadarramas over our familiar road, we discovered that the peasantry had begun their day much earlier. In the fields they were already resting from a few hours of toil, and isolated figures could be seen peacefully sleeping on the ground in what little shade offered itself, or else eating what, in polite Spanish society, would be entirely too plentiful a meal to figure as breakfast. Ahead the jagged skyline of the mountain range shone startingly white against the blue.

It was an excellent train, and well filled. The passengers were mainly intent on going through to France by way of Irun, but there was still a considerable sprinkling of Spaniards journeying for shorter distances. Out in the corridors men smoked their cigarettes and gazed at the splendid panorama

of the mountains. Tiny electric bulbs glowing with light presaged tunnels ahead. As for speed, the train did as well as could be expected of one that was climbing a lofty mountain pass. We halted but a moment at the dreary Villalba, and then bore off into the depths of a stupendous valley, always gradually upward, the line visible for miles in advance as a straight gash in the side of the mountain range opposite. Far away across the open moor loomed the spectral bulk of the Escorial.

Late in the forenoon the train attained the heights, trundled with increasing swiftness through a succession of tunnels, and then began coasting down the opposite side of the divide toward Segovia, whose lofty cathedral tower soared up out of the landscape miles away, yet distinct. The snow was not far above us now; indeed, it seemed from our car windows that a scramble of fifteen minutes would have put us in the midst of those fields of white. The air was deliciously clear and bracing. Meantime the mountain chain spread before us a new panorama, wheeling around to the north in a magnificent circle of peaks, not as Alpine in their whiteness as the Sierras at Granada had been, but much more rugged and in their way more satisfying. We found Segovia almost at their feet.

The usual array of outworn omnibuses was waiting at the station, — narrow, covered coaches into which six people could be crowded at a pinch. They were not inviting in any case, but the distance to

the city was obviously considerable, and despite the high altitude, the day was far from cold. We chose for some occult reason the coach marked with the image and superscription of the Fonda del Comercio, and set forth at a gallop which speedily degenerated into a sort of lurching crawl over execrably paved streets. The octroi officers thrust their heads into the stuffy carriage only long enough to see that we were empty-handed, and left us to the enjoyment of the view.

I think it consumed a good half-hour, this ride into the heart of Segovia. The road itself was uninteresting, but it could not be said that the distant prospect of the city was disappointing in the least. Even on the way from the station, which is easily the least picturesque of the roads to Segovia, the appearance of it is splendidly commanding. Situated on a rocky hill of long and narrow shape, — a hill that rises in lonely grandeur out of a rolling country, — her aspect is imposing. Two rivers, after flowing past her precipitous sides, unite at her westernmost extremity, constraining the rocky height to narrower and narrower bounds, until at last it terminates in a razor-like edge strongly suggesting the prow of a gigantic ship as it towers out of the poplar trees. Her rambling houses fill the uneven top of her constricted plateau in a confused and huddled mass, and from their outermost walls the hill drops almost perpendicularly to the deep glens and ravines beneath. Out of the wilderness

of weather-worn tiles rise a score of towers, chiefest of which is, of course, the lofty campanile of the cathedral, massive but graceful, a landmark for many undulating miles. All these things we marked with appreciative eye, holding tightly the while to the sides of our carriage, which bounced over the cobbles, crawling up long inclines only to dash madly down sharp pitches beyond in a frantic effort to gather momentum for the next ascent.

The streets of Segovia were not wider than those of Toledo — and for the same reason. They were built originally by Romans, and were modified by Moors. As a result, our views ahead became very limited the moment the coach entered the city, and we came full upon the famous aqueduct before we were aware, dashing down into an open plaza across the width of which strode this magnificent Roman ruin. Ruin, however, is hardly the word, for it is in practically perfect preservation, and stretches in a majestic, thin, gray line across the whole valley to the lower ranges of the mountains. Naturally it is visible from almost any point on the eastern side of Segovia, but it seems most impressive of all when you come unexpectedly upon it as we did and look up at its double tiers of arches at their very highest point. Down the spacious highway to the right you may follow its diminishing perspective as it streams off toward the hills. At the left it buries itself in the citadel of Segovia, which looms directly over your head. Despite the fact that these stones were

laid without mortar and without clamps of any sort in the time of the Emperor Augustus, almost every one of them is still firmly in place. To-day a few Christian images serve to exorcise the demons that pious Segovians believe erected this work, — for like almost every such ruin this bears the generic name *puente de diablo*, — the devil's bridge. Tradition insists that Satan, enamoured of a fair but frail Segovian maid, promised to build her a bridge to bring water to the city in a single night's time, — if only she would promise to be his. She promised, of course, never dreaming that the contract could be fulfilled, and one may well suspect also that she was not averse to the idea of an aqueduct which should save her the labor of toiling down to the banks of the Clamores with her buckets. At any rate, the compact was made. Imagine, then, the rash maiden's horrified amazement, at dawn, to see this colossal structure, gray and ghostly in the morning, towering out of the plain, — and Satan grinning between the arches, his eyes glittering for her soul! However, says the legend, she escaped. The bishop of Segovia ruled that the fact that two stones were missing at the break of dawn was a breach *in limine* of the terms of the contract, sufficient to vitiate it and save the maid from the consequences of her bargain, — a truly Spanish and priestly decision, for Segovia has had the full benefit of the aqueduct from that day to this, and Satan has had to build many another *puente* in other places for just as little pay!

Splendid as this ancient structure is, I find myself doubting that it is the greatest glory of Segovia. Doubtless it is the oldest, and from the archæologist's standpoint the most interesting, sight in this ancient city. The common statement is that it is superior to any other Roman monument now left in Spain, and surely there are few more complete than this even in Rome itself. Nevertheless, considered purely as a lion of the place, it can hardly compare with the magnificent views of the town itself, as seen from the river-banks just under its frowning precipices, — a fact which we discovered for ourselves during the course of an afternoon ramble. But for the moment we were fully content to marvel at the devil's bridge as the omnibus toiled up the final steep and speedily lost itself in the mazes of the city streets, which turned and twisted in true Moorish fashion among the time-worn houses of the town. I suppose it was but a trivial distance to the fonda, and of course the familiarity of the native made it a perfectly plain course to steer; but the manifold turnings and windings of the streets struck us as uncommonly perplexing, and we despaired of finding our way back again through that labyrinth on foot without the aid of some local Ariadne and her cord, until we reflected that of course the chief difficulty would be, as always, to reduce the number of youthful guides to anything under half a dozen. Meantime the coach labored up to the fonda, — an unassuming inn with a rather unprepossessing

door, in a street narrower than any of the others had been. Immediately a small boy, who seemed to be the only representative of the proprietor anywhere about, and who was somewhat hazy in his own mind as to the exact hour of lunch, welcomed us into the damp interior and placed before us the inevitable police blanks. The latter, apparently, were duly scanned by the reporters of the one local newspaper in true American fashion, since a few hours later we had copies of it laid before us and discovered our names spread forth with much pomp and circumstance among the locals as *turistas norte-americanos*. Who shall say that Segovia is not enterprising and up to date, despite the decline and fall of her woolen mills?

The newspaper, by the way, was far from uninteresting, small as it was. It announced itself as procurable anywhere in Segovia at one peseta per month and bore the simple and highly descriptive name, "Diario de Avisos." Like all European newspapers, it was printed on poor paper with excessively black ink. Its first page was mainly given up to news, of which we furnished our part along with an anarchist on trial for making bombs and a few paragraphs of "echoes of society." On the last page — it boasted but four — was a department devoted to the latest intelligence, received by telephone. The inside was largely made up of poetry and advertising matter, the former predominating in such volume as to reveal a stupendous literary activity

on the part of the present race of Segovians. One man had indulged himself in a two-column ode on the aqueduct, ascribing its erection to Trajan, and recounting all the remarkable persons in history who had seen it. As for the advertisements, they were chiefly of the national lottery and various cinematograph establishments, — for the Spaniard loves the moving picture machine as dearly as does his Italian cousin. Also I noticed a most eloquent advertisement of a *gramofón*. But aside from these and one or two patent medicine announcements, one of which was upside down, it was hard to find anything savoring of business activity. If I lived in Segovia, however, I think I should certainly subscribe to the "Diario de Avisos," even if it had not honored me on my first visit by printing my name, marvelously misspelled; for it gave us a very lively half-hour of Spanish gossip over our tortillas and *vino tinto*, and put us in a proper frame of mind for venturing into the heart of the town immediately after the midday meal.

There are, of course, Mohammedan remnants to be seen here and there in obscure patios throughout Segovia, and the narrow crookedness of the town's byways is in itself a lasting monument to the Moorish domination of the city, sufficient to stamp it as having been a Moslem stronghold even though it boasts no plethora of horseshoe arches and azulejos. As at Toledo, there is one highly interesting relic of the Moorish days in the name still

clinging to the ancient market-place — the open plaza which the aqueduct crosses at its most impressive height — called the "Azoquejo." It requires but a normal perception, surely, to see in this word merely another form of "Zocodover" and "Soko," all lineal descendants from the Arabic *sukh*. But in spite of these lingering vestiges of the swarthy invaders, and in spite of the unmistakable Roman sound in her very name, Segovia remains rather more Castillian than otherwise. It would seem that the hold of the Moors was too short to impress itself very deeply on the architecture of the ancient city, and their efforts to hold it against the advancing armies of Castile appear to have been brief and rather perfunctory, not because the situation was not admirably adapted to defense, but because the outpost was rather too far north and too easily cut off from the main body of the Moorish kingdom in Spain. Rome is after all far more with us, late and soon, than is the Moor in Segovia; for if the devil's bridge serves to recall the days of the pagan empire with the vividness of yesterday, the minor churches of the Segovia of to-day affect the Romanesque with a fervor that amounts to a passion.

We set out attended by the usual crowd of urchins, and although we ostentatiously selected the most promising of the lot for guide-in-chief, the others persistently followed on and would not be denied. Even the guide-in-chief was a stupid lad, quite different from little Paco of Ronda and Pepe

of Toledo, — perhaps because tourists have not yet descended on Segovia in such volume as in the other cities. This happy condition of affairs, alas, cannot long endure. Segovia is bound to be known, and her incomparable charms realized, — and after that the deluge!

The crowd of boys had no suggestion to offer as to whither we would best turn our steps, and we made off at random down a street that seemed to lead toward the aqueduct in order that we might get a comprehensive view of it from above. It was thus that we stumbled by accident upon the church of San Martin, perhaps the most typical at present of the Romanesque churches in the city with its characteristic Segovian modification, — the surrounding loggia, or colonnade. At San Martin it runs around three sides of the structure and is extremely graceful and effective, — at least on the south and west, where the arches have not been barbarously bricked up as they have on the north side. There are several other old churches in Segovia exemplifying this happy variation of the Romanesque, but none more successful than San Martin, for the reason that the others are either sadly ruined and deserted or have suffered from the Spanish passion for filling all cloistered arches with something impervious to wind and weather. Many such we found a trifle later, when we had oriented ourselves and began our systematic exploration of the town. The boys proved such utter failures as

guides that we distributed bribes among them to make them run away, and relied solely on the map, which was small and inferior, and made distances look small that in actuality proved rather alarming. Nevertheless, we found it better than those dull-witted urchins had been, and came by easy stages, unattended, to the Plaza Mayor, which lies almost in the centre of the city. It was a most satisfactory old square, quite the equal of the Zocodover of Toledo, and to my own way of thinking the peer of the much-lauded plaza of Salamanca, claimed to be the finest in Spain. The main square of Segovia is not as ornate as that of Salamanca, to be sure, but is easily as picturesque. As usual, we found it to be arcaded all around, and the sagging façades of the houses suggested great age. It was a curious jumble of architecture, rather more satisfactory on the whole than the similar instances of Toledo, and producing almost a Dutch effect here and there. Of course, the arcade sheltered a multitude of tiny shops, but of business one saw little or nothing. On market-day it is a place of much bustle, and is thronged with picturesque peasants, but at other times is as sleepy as a New England village on a summer's afternoon. A rather incongruous and unwelcome band-stand intruded itself in the midst of the plaza, which was not filled with greenery, as the one at Salamanca is, but was bare and brown. Down a side street just at the farther end rose the splendid chevet of the cathedral, and over it all

glowed the brown tower which we had seen from so many miles away.

We sought the great church, and entered it through a door in its northern transept, expecting something gloomy and depressing. But in this we were agreeably disappointed. The interior was as dignified and churchly as had been the case at Seville, but with the difference that here everything was light and cheerful. The interior was, as usual, much more satisfactory than the outside of the building had been; for Segovia cathedral, despite its plain western façade, is over-elaborated externally as you approach it from the plaza. And as one comes to this church more often from the east, and sees only the semicircular apse and the huge gable of the transept, it seems to have been thought wise to lavish the greater effort at beautification here and let the real front of the edifice go bare. But within it gave no evidence of wasteful and meaningless ornamentation. It was spacious and lofty and airy, the tawny yellow of the stone giving back the flood of afternoon sunlight as it streamed in glorious colored beams from the clerestory windows to fall upon the silent organs and the majestic shafts of the columns. Even the floor, inlaid with parti-colored marbles, was an object of decorous cheer.

Sombre priests gliding noiselessly here and there lent a note of picturesqueness to the scene. It was the hour of the *oración*. One by one the brothers gathered from their sacristy, swarthy men who

glanced curiously at us as they hurried by to their stalls, their black and brown robes in curious contrast with the lightness of the vast church. Out of a dusky corner behind one of the pillars suddenly scurried one of the smallest boys I have ever beheld, clothed all in scarlet like a miniature cardinal, his mischievous face lighted by a dancing pair of the blackest Spanish eyes. Did the señor wish the sacristan? Yes? He would fly in quest of him. And he did so, scampering off like a tiny red spider over a boulder, his floating red cape making a brilliant dot in the midst of all the sober cheerfulness of the church, like that tiny dash of red one looks for in the paintings by Rousseau.

The sacristan, when he came, was quite a different sort, — a good fellow as it turned out, but as sombre as a turnkey with a death warrant. He led us out of the church and into the silent cloisters, whose beautiful Gothic arches were somewhat marred by glazing. Nobody else was there save ourselves, and the sun fell warm and bright in these ancient courts, whose midst, as usual, was filled with lush greenery. That inescapable campanile soared loftily above our heads. Among the shrubs of the court was the customary well, garnished as to its ancient curb with a painfully modern tin pail. These cloisters, it deserves to be said, are much the oldest portion of the present cathedral, they having been moved stone by stone from their original place next the older cathedral of Segovia and built up

anew under the shadow of the later church. Under a modest slab in the cloister lies the body of Juan Gil, architect of this cathedral as well as of that at Salamanca, who died here when the work was in its early stages. His son, Rodrigo Gil, who was also employed on the work, was fortunate enough to live to see it substantially completed in 1577, and died beholding that it was very good. He is interred in the cloister also, and the epitaph of these two might well be the same as Sir Christopher Wren's.

I craved the privilege of photographing the interior of the church as well as the cloisters, but the sacristan said it could not be granted except on petition to the canons. It might, he thought, be freely done "after six o'clock," — at which time, of course, the light would be too dim; so that he might as well have told me to take snapshots at midnight! Nevertheless, he added, as we handed him a trifling fee, that he proposed at present to depart, and muttered something in Spanish to the effect that what one does n't see never hurts one. Thus left to our own devices, with the priests safely engaged in their *oraciones* in the depths of the screened choir, we obtained a surreptitious but very satisfactory photograph of the south aisle with its pillars and one lofty organ. But it was no easy matter to restrain those red-robed rascals of acolytes, who possessed an insatiable desire to scamper into the field of vision, and who had to be quelled with *perritas* and *perro gordos*.

Grand as the cathedral was, we bore in mind our intended return to Madrid on the evening express, and tore ourselves away from it to seek out some of the other quaint bits of architecture of which we had heard. But in much of this we were doomed to disappointment. San Esteban, once a notable church of Segovia, was a mass of scaffolding, and its glorious tower, which had become a source of danger, was in process of demolition. We passed it by, and sought a steep declivity which promised to lead us down through the city gates to the banks of the river, the murmur of whose waters came faintly up to us from the depth of the vale. Once we found it, a convenient bridge led across to the farther bank, and a narrow road, high-walled and dusty, turned our steps eastward toward the deserted monastery of El Parral. We went to its gate, less to see the monastery than to get a comprehensive view of lofty Segovia, whose northern side was now turned toward us, rising abruptly from the river's brim and crowned with domes and towers. We found El Parral closed tight, and its exterior was all that could be seen, — a quaint and rather pleasing building, yellow-brown, like the cathedral, but possessed of a handsome Romanesque portal worth more than a passing glance.

I should most certainly advise visitors to Segovia not on any account to miss the circuit of the city from below, following the river paths from El Parral around to the south. This is perhaps the finest

sight that the city has to show, and the magnificence of it reaches its culmination at the western end of the lofty rock, where the twin rivers meet and sharpen the cliff to a stupendous point, — a point crowned with a castle such as one dreams of in his childhood days. The latter is the alcázar, now prosaically employed as a repository of military archives, painfully trim and new, like the restorations at Carcassonne, but, nevertheless, like them abundantly satisfying when touched by the enchantments of distance.

We had already seen that castle at closer range, and felt it to be rather disappointing, but that sentiment disappeared when we saw it from below. Down by the rushing waters of the Clamores it lost all its newness, and was softened by the afternoon light into a mediæval structure in very truth, as if it were no younger than the alcázar which of old had crowned this same summit. Alfonso the Wise erected it a century or so before the time of Columbus, but lightning and fire have ravaged it since, and the only portions that now remain from the ancient building are two turrets and the foundation stones. Within a few years it has been thoroughly repaired and renovated — and it "shows." The common superstition insists that the first calamity — when a bolt of lightning struck it in Alfonso el Sabio's own day — was a direct rebuke from Heaven because that learned and bookish monarch was so bold as to question the wisdom of God.

Either, as one account states, he was leaning toward the notion that the earth revolved around the sun, — a most uncatholic bit of heresy, as we all know, — or, as another states, he remarked that "if he had been consulted at the creation he could have suggested a number of improvements in the general scheme." In any event, he managed to invite the rebuke of Heaven, and forthwith was hurled down upon his palace the all-dreaded thunder stone. The palace was not destroyed, however, but was repaired, and became the shelter of Isabella of Castile, who was proclaimed queen here in 1474, and took her oath before the altar of the cathedral which in those days stood hard by. During the time of Charles V and Philip II, the alcázar was greatly amplified and adorned; but either the wrath of Heaven was once again kindled by more monarchical heresy, or some other untoward fate was invoked, for fires later destroyed practically everything inside it, and what one sees there to-day is but a modern structure of admirably consistent design.

As the culminating point of Segovia's rocky ridge, however, it leaves nothing to be desired, and we strolled toward it from El Parral over a sheep trail that skirted the top of the river bluffs. The view on every side was inspiring. The whole northern flank of Segovia was in view, and behind towered the snow mountains; while before, the country opened out into a broad valley sloping easily toward the west. Now for the first time came the

realization that Segovia is really like a huge ship, her sharp prow turned toward the setting sun and her gray aqueduct trailing like a wake of foam astern. A stately galleon she is, and most stately of all when seen from directly beneath her impending prow. We hastened toward it, only to be turned aside for a moment to the little round church of Vera Cruz, an isolated and deserted building on a knoll near the river. I have called it "round" because it gives the beholder that impression; but in strictness it is twelve-sided, with three round apses, — a miniature of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. It is said to be a work of the Crusaders. As at El Parral, we could find no custodian and were forced to admire the little building solely from without. I believe that there is a custodian, however, or one who claims to be such and who at least goes through the motions of trying to unlock the door with a key that does not fit the lock; but we had not even that small satisfaction when we were there, and had to content ourselves with the charming exterior of this outlying shrine.

It was but a step from here to the junction of the rivers, and the razor-edge of Segovia's inland promontory was now almost overhead. Down in the sands of the stream, women with mustard-colored headgear were on their knees, washing and singing at their work. On the white and dusty highway great carts drawn by long tandem teams of mules creaked by, their two enormous wheels in each case

groaning under the weight of much merchandise. We crossed the rivers — now happily united — on a splendid bridge, and struck off into a fascinating path along the opposite bank through the underbrush and shrubs that lined the stream. The birds began their vespers in the poplar trees, and mingled their melody with the sound of the waters and the music of the women.

Now we stood directly beneath the prow of the Segovian "ship," which it required but a little imagination to assume was actually rushing down upon us under full sail. Straight up from the river, rising proudly from the tossing spray of the budding poplars, towered this prodigious cut-water, like the ram of a man-of-war; and on its top, at the very brink of the precipice, stood the majestic alcázar, its every crudeness softened by the purple shadows of the evening and seemingly as old as the rock itself, the abode of gallant knights and dames of high degree. If only one could always approach Segovia from this point, and see the loftiness of that cliff towering up from afar in the mists of the morning! I doubt if earth would have anything to show more fair than that lordly galleon of Spain gigantic against the roseate foreglow of the dawn.

Our river path led on through trees and shrubs, well above the torrent which intervened between us and the cliffs, until at last we had almost completed the circuit of the city, and came upon the aqueduct once more. As we advanced, the alcázar diminished

in prominence and yielded place to the cathedral with its tower; and at last the path grew in size and definiteness until it became almost a street, with squalid buildings here and there forming a sort of outlying lower hamlet. In the midst of these we finally discovered the church of San Millan.

The impressionable Hutton had experienced raptures over San Millan, pronouncing it one of the most satisfactory things in Europe in its peculiar way, — and doubtless it may have been so once. But to-day one must be endowed with a faith that would move mountains to see it in its pristine beauty. It is thoroughly spoiled, outwardly, by the bricking up of its encircling arcades, which must have been very charming, but which to-day can hardly compare with those left unspoiled in the city above. I suspect that the great charm may have been an internal one; but, as at the other shrines outside the walls of Segovia, we were wholly unable to gain admittance and missed the curious effects of light and shade that seem to have formed one of the church's great attractions. Externally it certainly does not seem remarkable to-day, and they who admire San Millan must do it largely through the eye of faith.

Three thousand feet of altitude with snow mountains for neighbors naturally make the evenings in Segovia chill indeed. The cold came on even as the afterglow faded from the fields of ice on the summits, and dinner at the Fonda del Comer-

cio proved but a comfortless meal. A stupid boy played at building a fire in the tiny stove that graced the centre of the great dining-room, but he was all the evening at it, thrusting unwieldy sticks down into the incipient flame in such wise as to discourage even a well-meaning fire. As a result we were fully reconciled to board the omnibus, which was stuffy as usual, but warmed by the close contact of its occupants, to set out for the evening train. Ah, if we had but planned to spend one more day! If we could only have but a single sunrise among those glorious mountains. And La Granja, — if only we might drive out to that palace in the sky![1] But alas, it was not so to be, — or at any rate we thought so. And down through the deserted streets we rattled, the gloomy houses giving back the rumble of our wheels, a single Spaniard in the far corner revealing his presence only by his sharp knees and the intermittent glow of his cigarette.

It was pitchy black now, and the aqueduct was more ghostly than ever as we clattered under its

[1] On a subsequent visit to Segovia, I took the drive to La Granja and convinced myself that it really is one of the stupidest of all stupid royal playthings in Europe. At least the palace is so, and the gardens behind, while extensive, are to my mind hopelessly overrated. The fountains, which cost Philip V "three millions and amused him three minutes," will interest everybody else just about the same length of time at slightly less expense, although the ride is expensive. Much, however, depends on the weather. If the mountains had not been cloud-capped, I suspect it would have looked finer to us.

resounding arches. Out into the dim avenue that lay toward the station we plodded, its imposing rows of plane trees half guessed in the gloom. Meantime misgivings began to assail us. Suppose the "rapide" should be full? Somebody at the hotel had suggested that possibility, and we had laughed it to scorn, with a confidence we now felt oozing away from us.

In the cold, bare station, swept by the night wind and dimly lighted by flaring jets of gas, we found a shivering array of people in a long line before the ticket office, mostly natives wrapped close in their great capes, the folds well over their mouths and the ends jauntily flung back over their shoulders to display the inevitable band of colored velvet. My two companions hovered near the platform door and shivered with mingled cold and anxiety. Meantime a whisper ran down the line, — an ominous whisper in various languages: "No hay asientos!" "Il n'y a pas de places!" The agent had heard from the train — and it was full!

"What's the matter?" came in two anxious voices from the platform door.

"There are no seats to be had."

"No seats! Are you positive? Have you asked the heffy?" (This last frivolous title being the family method of referring to the *jefe de estación*.)

But the *jefe* confirmed the report in Spanish that was but too easy to comprehend. There was no getting back to Madrid. He was desolated, of course,

as any well-regulated European official must be under such circumstances, but the señor must not be permitted to board the train without having reserved seats. Señoras? Ah, that was also too bad; — but the rule was inexorable. However, he would ask the conductor of the train when it arrived.

Just then with a roar it came in. Now Segovia has a queer station, so arranged that all trains from whatever line come into it from the same direction, changing ends with the engine when they depart. "Here 's the train," came in chorus from the platform door. "It is not the train," I rejoined with that crisp, incisive inflection common to those wise in their own conceit. "It came from the wrong direction. It is from Madrid." But it was the train, for all that, and the conductor was all shrugs and sorrow. There were no seats at all, and we might not be allowed to stand. Wonder of wonders, we could not even bribe the man! So back we went to the hotel in that crawling omnibus, over those stony streets now more deserted than ever. The proprietor was waiting for us, smiling and apparently no whit surprised to see us. He was used to this sort of thing and probably had expected it from the first, but had been too polite to say anything about it.

So we had our night in Segovia, after all. But we had made not one shred of preparation for spending a night away from home and had no luggage of any sort, — not even a brush, — and the night was cold.

However, an obliging maid introduced us for the first time to *caloríferos*, — fat, carpet-covered receptacles filled with hot water and almost large enough to have served as heaters in a passenger car; and in such garb as seemed best we went to bed with these and slept soundly, — as soundly as we could in view of the visits of the local sereno. For if we had missed the experience of summoning that functionary to admit us to the Pensione Carmen Carmona, we had at least the benefit of his Segovian fellow, passing under our lofty windows at half-hour intervals, chanting the time and telling of the weather in those words which have given him his name, — " 'T is midnight — and serene."

CHAPTER XII

AVILA

THE road to Ávila lies over the mountains and through forests of pine. Beyond the Escorial the railway climbs steadily, and for long distances without passing any station. Finally it reaches the top of the divide and plunges, or rather glides by long and sweeping curves, to the plain, — a bare, deserted country not unlike that which surrounds Madrid. The crossing of the mountain range, however, gives a delightful interlude between these broad tracts of treelessness, and all the way from the Escorial to the summit and beyond, our train toiled slowly through great groves of resinous trees, their trunks gashed with the axe and provided with taps, from which the native juices of the wood oozed slowly into rude receptacles much as one sees it done on the pine-clad slopes of Ægina. The Spaniards, however, do not use the resin for their wine as do the Greeks.

Inasmuch as the way over the desert had become excessively familiar to us, we beguiled the time by reading the accounts of the life of Santa Teresa, toward whose birthplace and long-time residence we were bound. For it is to this good saint that Avila

owes her lasting fame, although even without this she would possess a commanding charm in her magnificent cincture of walls and towers, her cathedral, and various surviving vestiges of a picturesque antiquity. As a consequence, most of the books that we had brought with us told much of Teresa and very little of the city itself, — a failing which I hope I am about to avoid. Nevertheless, one may not ignore Santa Teresa, who proved herself a most unusual personage even in her earliest youth.

Born of an eminently respectable parentage, she came early under the spell of that fanaticism that dominated Spain; and her career serves to furnish a remarkable illustration of achievement along a most unusual line. For Teresa's aim in life from her very youngest years was to become a saint, — a laudable ideal, but one that to most children apparently seems so hopeless of attainment as to warrant dismissing the thought at once. Possibly if every child were to set out with the deliberate purpose of being canonized, the world would be a lugubrious place indeed. Teresa, moreover, was not alone in this remarkable wish. Her small brother shared the desire with her, — but unfortunately did not attain the same degree of success. The sister, however, not only obtained the high churchly distinction she prayed and worked so hard to secure, but became a saint of national reputation, second in celebrity to Santiago himself, thanks to a royal decree of Philip III.

In her infancy Teresa was obsessed by the religious spirit to a degree that to-day would be set down at once as mania and would cause parents very serious concern. She was by no means a normal child, even in Spain, where normal children often seem so hopelessly abnormal. She spent hours in meditation. Hand in hand with her brother she would wander through the ancestral gardens, the two looking into each other's eyes and solemnly repeating the word "Forever," — thus revealing the deep impression which the awful thought of eternity had made upon their childish minds. The girl was not ten years old when it occurred to her to seek martyrdom among the Moors; and she wandered out of the city with her tiny brother, entertaining the deliberate intention that both should be slain for their faith and thus attain at once the martyr's crown and the security of eternal blessedness!

This expeditious road to glory was denied them, for kindly hands led the children back before they had traveled far. Possibly they had not wandered many steps beyond the gate which is standing yet and which to-day bears Teresa's name, — for we all know how most children "run away." But the exploit was no passing childish whim, at any rate on the part of Teresa. Closely guarded from throwing herself on the spears of Islam, she now determined to become a hermit, and her father, at last thoroughly alarmed, was kept busy destroying

hermitages that she and little Rodrigo, her brother, kept erecting in the orchard. It was at about this time, however, that Teresa's mother died and she came into possession of the family library, which was rich in romances. It was this naturally enough which produced a reaction to the opposite extreme. The girl read inordinately, and her religious enthusiasm was for the time eclipsed. She grew worldly-minded, especially being anxious for the body, what she should put on. Her regard for personal adornment finally became so great that her father rashly placed her in a convent near by.

It was not long before the old sentiment began to revive. Teresa still loved the world; but her sense of duty toward God, which had lain dormant for a season, sprang up afresh. Duty triumphed, as of course it should; and at the age of twenty Teresa took the veil, — this time against the wish of her father, who began to regret that he had not left her to her novels and romances, after all.

Within the convent, Teresa felt her doubts and fears redoubled, and the situation which she found existing in her new abode was far from reassuring. Discipline among the nuns was sadly in abeyance, and a stream of worldly visitors constantly diverted the minds of the inmates. This it was that revealed to Teresa her life work; she would set about accomplishing the needful reform. Fired to enthusiasm by the teachings of St. Augustine, she resolved to found a new order, from whose cloisters the world

should be forever banished. And the order came into being in obedience to her wish, — the Descalzas Carmelitas, or unshod Carmelite nuns. It was not long before sixteen branches of their convent sprang into existence in various parts of Spain, and the order still endures, the nuns fired to-day by the same holy ardor that animated their founder and prototype, although the good saint has been three centuries in her grave. Teresa's staff and crucifix, as well as her rosary, remain the cherished relics of Avila, and are venerated as they deserve.

So Teresa became a saint after all, though she was denied the death of a martyr. She died peacefully in 1582 while on a pilgrimage among her nuns, and in 1622 was canonized, in the pontificate of Gregory XV. It was better so, — and indeed one doubts that she would have become the second saint in the Spanish calendar had her youthful project of self-immolation been carried out. Her fame rests on a lifetime of indefatigable work instead of on some briefly glorious sacrifice, and few of all the fellowship of saints and martyrs have a clearer title to churchly honor than the patient and holy maid of Avila.

While our minds were thus full of Teresa's story, her city came into view from afar, rising on a low eminence in the midst of a bleak and rocky upland which sloped in its immensity from the snowy mountains to the distant west. The train glided in huge spirals down the slope, and at high noon halted

in the station of Avila, — which name, as I have sought elsewhere to indicate, is pronounced with the accent on its first syllable.

The usual array of platform idlers assisted in bearing away the luggage to the street outside, and a solitary omnibus, which dashed up a few moments later at a furious pace, received us into its midst and dashed away again as madly as before, rattling along a bare paseo which led toward the distant town, and raising a suffocating cloud of dust, to settle in a fine powder on the wayside trees. As at Segovia, the avenue of approach was not in itself prepossessing. It was only when the coach emerged from the scanty shade of the embryo boulevard and jolted its way under a frowning and battlemented portal in the city wall that we got our first inkling of the city's peculiar charm.

Through the echoing depths of the gate, — for it was a tower of astonishing thickness, — and thence over a pavement of immense, but woefully uneven, slabs, we lurched our way to the hotel, passing under the very shadow of the cathedral which faced our inn across a sunlit square.

The hostelry we entered with some misgiving. It was apparent from the first that it was far from ornate and luxurious, and to expect it to be so would have been highly unreasonable. It was bound to be primitive, and it turned out to be decidedly more so than the hotel at Segovia. It smelled strongly of bare, newly washed boards and other things not as

pleasant, giving the general effect to our senses commonly produced at home by an "institution." It was innocent of carpets, for which fact we were truly thankful, and a hasty inspection of its rooms reassured us as to its cleanliness, whatever else might be said of its conception of modern convenience and scientific sanitation. For a title it boasted the name of Inglés, — but as we were off the beaten path we found that this did not imply that English was spoken there, and as at Segovia we were thrown entirely upon our fragmentary Spanish.

Even at noonday, Avila proved a chilly place. Cut off by a snowy mountain chain from the balmy south, and lying on a rocky plateau something like four thousand feet above the sea, she could hardly be otherwise. The proprietor's wife assured us that even in midsummer it was never very warm, and at this spring season, — especially at night, — we found it absolutely and uncompromisingly cold and bitter. No facilities at all existed for heating the upper rooms of the hotel, but in the great, barnlike dining-room there was the usual tiny stove, about the size and shape of an umbrella stand, from which the inevitable ribbon of pipe led away into illimitable distances in search of a remote chimney. It served, as such utensils so often had served before, to create a pleasant illusion of warmth during lunch, — but subsequent inspection proved that there was no fire in it.

Naturally, since it stood directly opposite our

windows and was the most obvious feature of the city, the cathedral demanded and received our first attention. It was very quaint and altogether fine externally, with its brave square tower and general air of a mediæval stronghold, — a fitting epitome of the Church Militant. Its façade was severely plain, the chief attempt at ornament being no more than rows of cobble-stones affixed to the edges of the sturdy tower, like stony drops. The sides were somewhat less bare, but still preserved the effect of uncommon massiveness. There was no airy lightness to the flying buttresses, and it was only in the framework inclosing the great doors that the architects seemed to have permitted themselves to indulge in any semblance of carved adornment. I think we found it a welcome relief from the florid style so generally employed by the designers of churches in Spain. One felt that it made no pretensions. It was simple square-toed dignity embodied in a cathedral that seemed almost English. In its rear, the great semicircular apse thrust itself boldly through the city wall and braved the outer country, forming in effect a part of the fortifications, and justifying the military aspect its builders saw fit to give it. It was a gloomy pile, blackened by nearly six centuries of Spanish bleakness.

Within, it was dark and bitterly cold. Nor was it of impressive size. More than ever one felt hampered by the intrusion of the walled choir, which took away so generous a slice of the dusky nave and

robbed one of the dim vista which would so enhance the dignity of the church. But it could not be said to have stolen it all. There was a decided impressiveness in the dark, damp aisles that led one down through the twilight to the ambulatory in the apse, — a twilight produced by dim and lofty windows of evident antiquity, through whose colored and dingy glass a little light managed to struggle. Inwardly and outwardly it was thoroughly consistent in its simplicity, little effort being lavished on adornment even in the small chapels.

The apse, protruding through the city wall and making the church a part thereof, is the oldest part of the present building, we were told. It was the apse of an older cathedral on this same site, dating from 1091. The greater part of the edifice to-day is of the fourteenth century, but by the happiest of chances the little that survives of the ancient work remains perfectly consistent with the later building. Recessed chapels, seemingly hewn out of the massiveness of the apse, form a feature of incomparable grace, and the later work above, mellowed by only a trifle less time, harmonizes admirably with the eleventh-century fragments that now remain. It is in the dusky recesses of the apse with their tall, colored windows that the cathedral of Avila reaches its culminating charm. There is one notable tomb there — that of Bishop Tostado — which amply repays inspection by being a superior work to most of the tombs that Spanish

bishops have ordered from time to time to grace their memory. Tostado, carved in marble and life size, is represented writing at a desk. In view of the common tendency among sculptors of his day toward super-adornment, this tomb reveals admirable restraint, and one may pause to examine it without being vexed with one's self for so doing.

I have since regretted that the penetrating chill drove us in untimely haste from the cathedral. It was so different from anything we had seen, and the Spartan simplicity of it all, inside and out, was so altogether satisfying! We later found other churches in northern Spain that compared favorably with it, such as the Seo in Saragossa and more especially the cathedral of Tarragona; but Avila was the first of the simple, direct, unpretending churches that we had seen, which from first to last offered no jarring note. Its cloister, to be sure, has been thoroughly and forever spoiled, and one wastes one's time in seeking it to-day, although in the fourteenth century it must have been a charming spot.

We left the cathedral, as I say, in short order, because its cold speedily pierced us to the marrow. How the aged women kneeling at its altars endured it I could not understand; but they did so, wrapped in their shawls and mantillas, and despite the distressing prevalence of coughs and catarrh there was plentiful evidence at almost every turn that people

live to a green old age in Avila. There was one jarring note, however, immediately upon emerging from the gloom of the church, as we struck off into the heart of the city — a coffin borne aloft on the shoulders of six men, and followed by a body of mourners all in sombre black. It was not the first funeral we had witnessed in Spain, but this proved less heartless than some of the others had been. Frequently we had seen a rude pine box being carried to the cemetery, unattended save by the roughly clad men who had been hired to bear it away, — perhaps to a nameless grave, or perhaps to one of those curious pigeonholed cemeteries one soon grows to know so well in Spain. The graves in such a case are above ground, and consist of nothing more than niches in a hollow quadrangle several feet high, suggesting vividly either a dove-cote or the cells in a honeycomb.[1] And travelers are asked to believe that these cells are rented by the year, the body being laid away in its allotted niche, there to remain only so long as rent be well and truly paid. Should there be default, out comes the body, to be tumbled into a nameless trench, and the cell it occupied is offered for rent anew! Often, it would seem, the family regard the body as of no further account once the final prayers are mumbled

[1] I do not now recall that I ever heard a Spanish cemetery of this type called a columbarium, but of course the resemblance to a dove-cote is just as striking as that which led the Romans to give this euphemistic name to niches designed for the ashes of the dead.

over it at home; for we had repeatedly seen these gruesome burdens carried nonchalantly about by mozos as any other parcel might be. But here in Avila it was a welcome relief to see evidences of deeper respect.

Of course there was a public square with the inevitable arcade, and we discovered it, strangely enough, outside the ancient limits of the city, which the walls serve to mark in such unmistakable clearness. It was a pleasant spot, with many people trafficking in the shadow of its arches, and just across its broad expanse we could see a handsome Romanesque church with an admirable recessed arch framing its deep door and a splendid rose window above. It was, as it proved, the church of San Pedro. Two carved lions set just before its entrance were evidently trying to climb some decorative stone pillars, and the whole effect was remarkably satisfactory from the architectural standpoint, with a dash of quaintness such as one finds at almost every turn in Avila. Even the sober cathedral, with all its dignity, consented to be guarded by stone lions and by two grotesque wild men, primitively carved. San Pedro, however, we found much better outside than in. It required a squad of anxious boys, all hopeful of fees, to fetch the sacristan, and despite the general beauty of the Romanesque interior, we inclined to wish we had left him undisturbed to his siesta. The rose window, so beautiful from the street, was not so charming from within,

and proved to be filled with plain glass. To minimize the cold, a board flooring had been laid over the stone, and the walls seemed to have been but lately whitewashed. If I go to Avila again, — which Heaven send, — I shall spend many a satisfying moment in contemplation of the façade of Saint Peter's church; but I shall hardly go to the trouble of entering there a second time. Its front is enough and to spare.

Quite different is the case with San Tomás, which lies outside the town on a lane leading to the south across the less bleak portion of the plain. It is not the exterior of this shrine that holds you, but the interior and the adjacent cloisters, — and most of all the incomparable tomb of the young Prince Juan, the only son of Ferdinand and Isabella. If there were nothing in the church but this simple sepulchre, San Tomas could on no account be ignored. As it is, the tomb is not the only glory of the church, which possesses a fine interior with the *coro alto* brought to a degree of perfection seldom equaled. Most of all, however, we admired the tomb, which I still believe to be the finest sculpture of this kind in all Spain. It is a very simple work, merely a recumbent figure of the young prince, carved in marble by Fancelli, a gifted Florentine. But in the face and figure of the lad there is much kingly grace and charm. His death was most untimely, and was, of course, a terrible blow to his wide-ruling parents, who never recovered from it,

and who made this church and convent of San Tomas from that time forward one of the most cherished spots in all their domains.

Few princes ever started in life with more brilliant promise. Juan was, if we may believe the testimony of this tomb, a youth of surpassing grace of body and beauty of feature; and the evidence of Peter Martyr, who had charge of his early instruction, leaves no doubt as to his qualities of mind and heart. It is related that he was given a residence in the splendid courts of San Tomas, — already a favorite churchly foundation of the Catholic Kings, — and was surrounded there by the noblest and finest youth of the kingdom, that he might grow to manhood under unexceptionable auspices. He was apparently a boy to be proud of, and universally loved. At an early age he was wedded at Burgos to Margaret, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian, and every prospect of happiness and wise rule lay before him. He was adored alike by his parents and his prospective subjects. But within a brief month after his marriage he sickened, and Ferdinand, hurrying from a distant city, reached his bedside only in time to see him die. Isabella, traveling more slowly, came too late.

Robed in sackcloth, the two monarchs often attended mass in San Tomas, from whose lofty choir they could look down upon the tomb of their lost prince, his body, admirably portrayed in the purest marble, stretched before the high altar as if in peace-

ful sleep. The chairs in which the kingly parents sat are still to be seen in the high choir.

It is impossible to imagine any comparison between this tomb and other celebrated ones in Spain which shall not be to the advantage of Prince Juan's. Compare it, if you will, with the canopied burial-place of San Vicente in his church not far away, or with the monument which Isabella erected to her royal parents in the convent of Miraflores just outside Burgos, and you will do no injury to the last resting-place of the young Prince Juan. I cannot but wonder whether, if this beautiful youth had lived, and if young Baltasar Carlos had survived to succeed Philip IV, the history of Spain might not have been more glorious than it was.

We were fortunate to see the tomb at all, as it happened, for workmen were rapidly obscuring it with a temporary Easter monument, — one of those unpardonable pavilions which so disfigure the churches of Spain during the season of the Passion. A few hours later, and this admirable bit of grave sculpture would have disappeared under a mass of tawdry gray and gold. Of course the process of erecting such a flimsy thing over the marble of the tomb endangers it seriously, and the monument already bears evidence of having been sadly nicked and chipped. Indeed, it is said that boys of the town used freely to deface it, and the wonder is that it has come off so well.

The señoras were precluded, as they generally

were, from visiting the adjoining cloisters, where once Prince Juan had his being; but the señor was graciously allowed to enter there, and will boldly reveal the secret that they were very fine. There is no defacement of these graceful arcades with brick or glass, as in the mouldy old courts of the cathedral up in the town. Instead, there is a great airy double court, with an upper and lower cloister running all around each, and much greenery within. That women may not enter here is really too bad, for the courts are certainly lovely and the invasion of these precincts by femininity could do no serious harm. But the fanciful rule still obtains in many a monastic close, and will not be abrogated, even for a fee.

I was not shown the tomb of the Inquisitor Torquemada, if he still lies in this church, as he did in Hutton's day. Neither does Baedeker mention his tomb. Those who have been shown it are said to have defiled it on occasion in a way that genuinely Christian people should be thoroughly ashamed of. Hutton relates that an American tourist boasted in his presence of having spit upon the grave,[1] — so possibly the sacristans have learned to beware all Protestants. It seems to be the verdict of history at present that Torquemada was not so much worse than other people of his time, although his memory persists in remaining a bloody one in the popular estimation. He did not originate, but merely reor-

[1] Edward Hutton, *The Cities of Spain*, p. 72.

ganized the Inquisition; and it is coming to be a generally held opinion that his administration of the office was no worse than that of other inquisitors. Still it is true that especial opprobrium attaches to his name, and it is probable that many haters of bigotry and cruelty exist who would gladly vent a senseless spite on an unfeeling slab of mossy marble. Wherefore it is just as well that not much is made of Torquemada's grave. His memory, at the best, is far from pleasant, and there are many much gentler and holier ones clustering around Avila rich in saints. Why emphasize the fact that it was in the secluded courts of San Tomas that Isabella was induced to sign the warrant of the Inquisition, that most cruel of all Spain's fanatic blunders? For myself, I much prefer to remember Santa Teresa, who helped women to be better, or even San Segundo, who pushed a Moor off the walls. And since Avila is discreetly silent over her Inquisitional relics and traditions, let us, also, forbear to speak o'er much of them.

The overpowering charm of Avila to-day, however, lies not in her many churches, beautiful as some of them are, nor yet in the memory of her most famous and exemplary saint. It is to be found rather in the stupendous cincture of ancient walls which encircle the town now as of old, almost perfectly preserved, and buttressed as of yore by four score of mighty towers. To see these at their best one must go outside the city, preferably to-

ward the west, and ascend the slight grade of the highroad to Salamanca. One crosses the river, — a rather inconsiderable stream, but boasting two parallel bridges for all that, — and climbs up to a grassy knoll near by. It is a sort of second Golgotha, marked from afar by a great stone cross; and from the little platform on which the cross is set the view back upon the walls and towers of Avila is unsurpassed. We climbed to the level of the cross, and feasted our eyes on that incomparable city of the past. If the alcázar crowning the steeps of Segovia had been the castle of our childhood dreams, this comprehensive view of well-walled Avila realized to the full the story-book notions of what a walled city should be. There lay the whole northern and western flanks of the town, protected by massive bulwarks of stone, the towers, huge and semicircular, breaking the outline at regular intervals, the whole crowned with battlements. Here and there yawning gates pierced the fortifications, and we should not have been in the least astonished to have seen a cavalcade of knights with glancing helms come sallying forth.

The practical completeness of the whole structure to-day is the only surprising thing. But complete it is, and one will do very well to walk along the northern side of the city just under the shadow of the mighty bulwark to get an adequate idea of its massiveness. Here and there on the tops of towers that thrust themselves above the crenella-

tions of the wall one will inevitably see, as we saw, immense nests of storks; and if one is fortunate there will be seen the storks themselves returning, no doubt from beneficent visits to the fecund families of Avila, to bring food to their own young.

These walls were here when Teresa and her little brother toddled out to get the Moors to martyr them; in fact, at that distant day they were already five hundred years old, dating as they do from 1090. Nine years was this stupendous upland fortress in building; and the work was so well laid that it seems amply able to endure for yet another millennium, — perhaps Macaulay's New Zealander, after he is done with the broken arches of London Bridge, may find the walls of Avila as sound and intact as the Church of Rome herself!

Avila is far less obviously Moorish to-day than Segovia, although she once felt the Moorish yoke. Her streets, while narrow, are not notable for that characteristic to the degree that we saw them to be in Toledo. As a matter of fact, Moorish occupancy of Avila was brief, and the city fell an easy prey to Alfonso of Castile, under whose reign it developed into a place of much prosperity. It remained a considerable city down to the seventeenth century, and then fell into a decline from which it seems discouragingly slow to recuperate. It has no commercial glory now. Most of its business is done well outside the girth of those tremendous walls, and they keep but an empty guard over a population that

does not begin to fill the space within them. I suppose this overflow of the town to the outer country is a relic of its palmy days; but it is a curious fact that the older churches, built much longer ago than other structures, were set outside the walls. Outside the walls also is the convent of the Discalced Carmelites which Teresa founded, and whose adjoining orchard is to this day regarded as planted by her gentle hands. In short, Avila, like Carcassonne, has seen fit to leave her outgrown shell and yet cherish with a sedulous care that heroic monument of her tempestuous past.

When we left the knoll of the cross and set out for the city again, we were diverted by a fascinating glimpse of a tiny church not far from the river's brim. It was the isolated church of San Segundo, another of Avila's noted and saintly bishops. Three rude crosses in its foreground made the site look even more like a Golgotha than the knoll across the river. A peasant woman and her little girl came gladly at our call and opened the great door with a fittingly enormous key. It was no proud shrine, but simple and quaint, both within and without, almost without interior adornment save for the monument of San Segundo himself in a corner near the altar. His celebrity, we learned, was achieved, not by a lifetime of pious works as Teresa's had been, but simply because he had tumbled an unsuspecting Moorish infidel down to his death from one of the city towers, — for which deed of grace

he was duly and devoutly canonized. His tomb, while notable, is not to be compared in beauty with Prince Juan's. Nevertheless it has become a spot of much sanctity, and a hole in its pedestal serves the reverent believer as a place into which to thrust hands and rosaries in hope of blessing.

The altar of this diminutive and beautiful church was not without its interest, not because of any intrinsic merit, but because of the votive offerings which adorned it. They were mostly miniature representations of human eyes, and recalled the common custom of the modern Greeks, who so load their altars — or what serves as an altar in their religion — with metal limbs and models of other bodily organs in thanks for healing. These eyes, however, were offerings to Santa Lucia, the patroness of those who suffer with ocular diseases, — an honor conferred on her because she is claimed to have sacrificed her own eyes rather than yield her person to a pagan suitor. Apart from these notable decorations of the altar and the tomb, the church of San Segundo made no pretensions to glory, save by the possession of a splendid Romanesque portal.

Later in the afternoon, while wandering along the open plaza just east of the city wall, we came upon the handsome church of San Vicente adjacent to the imposing city gate that also bears that name. It proved to be a notably fine example of the Romanesque, with an external loggia in a somewhat different manner from those of the Segovia churches,

which adds immensely to the general attractiveness of the building. Indeed, the church has been taken over by the government, and is now sure of preservation as a national monument, as it well deserves to be. By tradition and association this church has a triple sanctity, for the bones of three saints repose there in an ornate and canopied tomb. These are San Vicente and his two sisters, Santa Sabina and Santa Cristeta, whose sainthood is based on a martyrdom and incidental miracle.

Needless to say, this martyrdom occurred a long time ago, — in the year of grace 303, — so that the addition of a miracle is not surprising. It is related that San Vicente and his sisters, being far in advance of the age, and steadfastly embracing a faith which the pagan inhabitants of "Avela" abhorred and feared, were cruelly put to death upon a rock standing on this very site. Their specific crime was defiling an altar of Jupiter. A Jew passing by and viewing the slaughter of these gentle souls made some despiteful remark; "whereat a serpent flew from a hole under the rock and stung him with the deadly venom of its fangs." The miracle has the redeeming feature in this case of being a very possible one; but the really significant thing about it would seem to be its revelation of the hatred of the Spaniard for the Hebrew within his gates. Nevertheless, the Spanish legend goes on to say that the Jew did not die, but recovered of his bite; and in consequence of his escape became a good Catholic

and erected this church as a votive offering. For centuries after the hole in the rock where the sacred serpent dwelt was used as a place of solemn adjuration, the maker of an oath thrusting his hand into the snake's den in order that, if he swore falsely, the reptile might sting him. It is further stated that one person thus falsely swearing actually suffered the penalty and was bitten, — being no less a personage than a bishop of Avila.

I suppose we may safely take the opinion of competent critics that the terra-cotta statues in the south doorway of San Vicente are among the finest examples of their kind in Europe. Several, at any rate, have said so. But I suspect that the taste for statuettes of this kind may be an acquired one. Nobody, however, will miss the appeal which the church as a whole makes, and it is to be hoped that the three saints were worthy of so imposing a monument. As for their actual tomb, a gloomy sarcophagus with a late-Gothic canopy, it is curious without being really beautiful. Down in the depths of the vaults below they still show you the rock on which the saints suffered death, and no doubt the hole of the serpent. But these, like the miracle, we were content to take on faith, and did not go to see them.

We did go, however, to the office of a local diligence to inquire about taking passage across country to Salamanca, which we knew lay about thirty-five miles to the westward. Indeed, we had begun

to feel that to emerge from Spain without riding in a diligence by night would be little short of shameful; and as posters were everywhere announcing that a *coche correo*, or mail coach, plied regularly between Avila and Peñaranda, we determined to investigate it, knowing that from Peñaranda there was a short railroad to the university city. Besides, Peñaranda was one of the cities of Spain where George Borrow admitted he actually managed to dispose of a few Bibles during his industrious and diverting service as a colporteur, and we were not averse to seeing it ourselves in transit. The diligence, however, proved to be a contrary creature that was scheduled to crawl out of Avila at three in the morning, reaching Peñaranda next day some hours too late for the only train. And so we gave up our one chance for a diligence ride, and drowned our disappointment in cups of uncommonly pasty chocolate at a tiny inn close by.

With the night came the usual coldness, several times intensified. The bare floors of the Hotel Inglés, relieved only by diminutive islands of rag matting, gave us cause to hasten to our beds, which happily were soft and well spread with thick blankets. Caloriferos such as we had enjoyed at Segovia were apparently unknown in Avila, but the maid improvised some, — old champagne bottles, filled with hot water and tightly corked! All night the sereno broke the stillness at half-hour intervals, and at three o'clock we heard without envy the

coche correo rumble out of town across the tumultuous pavement of the cathedral square. Doubtless it would have been a diverting experience and might have lifted this chapter to undreamed-of heights, had we essayed the ride; but I am still glad we lay supinely abed at the Inglés. Gentle reader, when you are traveling in Spain take what good gifts the thoughtful gods provide, and be thankful! Let superior travelers like the admirable Hutton tell you how much better it is to come to Avila on mule-back across the cheerless desert than it is to ride thither in the *train de luxe*, — but, as you are wise, stick to the *de luxe* none the less! You will miss traversing a rocky upland of surpassing barrenness, and you will see less of the dreary wilderness of boulders which the peasants still insist are the "tears of Christ." But you will, I am sure, see quite enough of it after all. Doubtless it seems a long farewell to romance, but who can say that some future voyager will not look back with infinite regret for the good old days when mankind journeyed so romantically over Spain in the "rapide"?

Had we hurried off incontinently through the moonless night to Salamanca, we should have missed our morning ramble through the older parts of Avila, — the part within the city walls where the streets were narrow and crooked and uncommonly uneven. They were cobble-paved, and here and there we found a bit of ancient architecture

that was fascinating in the extreme. Most of this was to be found only in the inward parts of the houses, in unsuspected courts, patios, and narrow byways. We ventured with timorous feet into many a forbidding old building, clambering up to narrow windows that we might get hasty glimpses into tightly closed courtyards where stairways of surpassing grace led upward to double colonnades. Now and then there was a bit of architecture that was positively baronial to outward view, and in such a case its interior patio was certain to be magnificent even in its decay. Here and there also we found specimens of those absurd stone pigs which seem to have come down from a very remote past, and which flourish chiefly in Avila. I had, I recollect, seen one at Segovia a few days before, but at the time without due inspection had set it down as probably a battered lion. Now we found them everywhere, and there was no mistaking them; they were unmistakably pigs, from their snouts to their curly tails.

These ancient swine have remained a mystery to us ever since. The natives, when interrogated, opened their lips and poured out such torrents of explanatory Spanish that we were instantly swept off our feet and mentally drowned in its rush. All that we could learn with certainty was that they were pigs, pigs of heroic mould, and dating back to a distantly bygone day. But were they idols? Were they a bid of defiance to the despised Hebrews?

Did they grace the housetops of nobility? The peasants apparently did not know, — but in saying so they invariably employed words enough for a treatise. The best pig of all was the one whose picture I took and who is reproduced here. He stood in a shady little park in front of an imposing old castle, with snout admirably carved, a tail in low relief curled tightly astern, and legs that were convincing in their piggishness. Indeed, one could almost hear him grunt. I imagine the explanation that Hare gives is as good as any; to wit, that these pigs were the venerated idols of the primitive inhabitants.

One other feature of the local architecture might well be spoken of here, although it is by no means confined to Avila. And that is the common employment of the royal escutcheon as a mural decoration in the façades of royal and noble residences. In Avila this was especially notable, and the most striking of all was the device of Ferdinand and Isabella with its much-discussed motto, which we had seen in various other places frequented by the Catholic Kings. It consisted of the coupled shields of each monarch, bearing respectively a yoke and a bundle of arrows, and above or below these the motto "Tanto Monta" — generally taken as meaning "One is as good as (tantamount to) the other." Some claim that Ferdinand added this enigmatic device in a spirit of regal jealousy; others that it was, on the contrary, a very pretty compliment to his

queenly spouse, — and who shall say it was not the latter? As for the carved yoke and the arrows, they were simply intended to represent the initials of the royal pair, — the arrows (*flechas*) for Ferdinand and the yoke (*iugo*) for Isabella.

One other famous escutcheon used as a mural decoration is the celebrated "Nodo" shield of Seville, which embodies an ingenious pun. It consists of the word "Nodo" divided into its two syllables with a skein of yarn between them in the shape of a figure 8. The explanation of this is that when Alfonso the Wise was deserted by all his other cities he bestowed this device upon Seville in recognition of her abiding loyalty, the significance of the rebus being "No m'ha dejado," — "she has not forsaken me." The word for "skein" in Spanish is "madeja," and its inclusion between the two syllables sufficed to spell out the sentence. One other punning escutcheon, by the way, is the pomegranate of Granada, — *granada* being the Spanish word for that well-known fruit. But the one most commonly seen throughout Spain is the Tanto Monta of the Catholic Kings, which they stamped industriously on everything they possessed, not buildings alone, but on furniture and books. So much, then, for the general subject of escutcheons in Spanish architecture, a topic which doubtless furnishes forth a considerable volume of literature.

We finally took leave of Avila in a noonday train, — anything but a *luxe*, — and had a splendid view

of her receding walls and towers as the train sped across the treeless desert, a land of little herbage and notable only for its litter of enormous rocks. It is a pretty fancy that calls them the "tears of Jesus" let fall by the passing Saviour in pity for the city's sterile situation. Gradually Avila sank into that mass of scattered stones, and steadily the train jogged down into the limitless plains, while clouds came up and speedily sent down torrents of rain and icy hail. In lofty Avila, as we learned by the papers next day, it snowed!

CHAPTER XIII

SALAMANCA

GOOD fortune attended us at Medina del Campo and we found there a mixed train which was about to depart for Salamanca. Its presence in the spacious railway station seemed to us a matter of course, the time-table having mentioned it without apparent comment; besides, who ever heard of such a thing as a mixed train that ran only twice a week? That peculiarity might be expected of a *de luxe*, but surely never of an humble train divided between a few passenger coaches and an interminable string of freight cars! All of which shows how little we knew, even at this late day, of the Spanish railway and its methods! At any rate, the train was there, and we were thrust into its depths by an obliging mozo, while the downpour of rain and hailstones made pleasant music on the lofty glass roof of the station, — a large and creditable station, too, for a point so remote from the haunts of men. Medina is no longer a city of importance, although once it was one of the favorite resorts of Isabella the Catholic, who died there in 1504, bequeathing to Spain a new and, alas, a troublesome world.

The rain proved but a passing shower, which must have rejoiced the enginemen not a little, ex-

posed as they were in their cabless perch behind their antiquated locomotive. And even the neighboring farmers, to whom the downpour must have been thoroughly welcome, seemed forlorn enough as they passed us on the plain, huddled in their voluminous capes on the backs of plodding asses, and looking from a little distance like isolated camels crawling across a level and water-soaked desert.

But it was far from being a particularly arid desert compared with that vale of tears that we had left behind at Avila. Some little attempt at irrigation, doubtless learned from the ancient Moors, had given to the broad vega a sparse and infrequent fertility. Occasional small hamlets of mud-colored houses cowered under the inevitable church, and afforded excuses for stopping the train. But of scenery there was none in the accepted sense. It was mile after mile of unbroken prairie, with barely a knoll to be seen. Now and then, however, the train passed through pleasant groves of trees, not olives merely, but what looked like very ancient oaks. These were but occasional, and when, at last, we neared Salamanca, every vestige of woods had vanished and the road began to ascend a low eminence into the midst of what Baedeker was so fond of calling a "treeless upland plain."

It was well toward evening, and the usual chill was abroad. At the top of the grade, when we first caught sight of the many towers of Salamanca,

they stood dark and cold in silhouette against the distant whiteness of snow-clad hills. By the roadside close at hand were patches of freshly fallen snow, showing that we were still pretty well up in the world, — nearly three thousand feet, in fact. Altogether it was a wintry outlook. The lower hills were benumbed and blue, and in the deep ruts and mud of the station yard dismal puddles testified to the recent violence of the rain. And yet, despite the bleakness and the biting wind that had followed the storm, the first view of the ancient university city was not without its charm.

We were the only passengers who boarded the omnibus of the Fonda del Comercio, for travelers come to Salamanca far less often than they should at any season, and were hardly to be expected in Holy Week. As for the city, we had formed no preconceived notions of its appearance, and as the omnibus jolted down through the gathering dusk, with much splashing in the slough of fresh mud, we began to entertain the customary misgiving as to what we should find, not only in the city, but also in the hotel. Down a long avenue and into a narrower and even less promising street the coach rattled its way, finally coming to a halt in the semi-darkness before the low-browed door of an ancient building, evidently once a private residence, but now converted to the uses of an inn by uniting several adjacent buildings in one. Little did we divine from the first contact that the Fonda

del Comercio of Salamanca was destined to provide one of the pleasantest of all our Spanish experiences. It certainly chilled us at our first meeting, but that was only a cautious native reserve. Before a day had passed it had warmed to us, and its staff, from the proprietor down, received us as bosom friends. It was infinitely less primitive than the hostelry at Avila had been; and for the volume and high excellence of its daily food it left behind in our minds an impression which, shameful as it may be to confess it, almost rivals the recollection of the great cathedral, the university, and the college of the Noble Irish!

Late as it was, and cold, we flung our valises into the rooms allotted us, and with the impetuous enthusiasm of a De Amicis rushed off bareheaded for a glance at the town before dinner. The sidewalks, when there were any, were but ribbons of flagging whose worn surfaces were dotted with pools of water. Everything was still dripping. The ineffectual fire of infrequent lamps was reflected in a hundred dancing rivulets flowing through the lately drenched streets. Carriages plashed their way hither and yon, splattering everything and everybody in range. The famous Plaza Mayor was a huge and muddy quadrangle hemmed in by lofty and arcaded buildings, murky and mysterious in the evening mist. Obviously this was no time to see Salamanca, and yet it was very far from being a bad introduction to that ancient and classic town.

I shall not soon forget our hurried flight in the dusk through blind alleys and gloomy streets without map or guide. I make no doubt the few Salamantines abroad at that hour thought us daft. For to them the city was but a bitter reality, — a place with a glorious past and a thoroughly barren present.

The night was punctuated, as usual, by the vociferations of the sereno and by the arrival of occasional omnibuses from late trains. For inasmuch as Salamanca lies midway on the line from the north to Lisbon, the trains take thought chiefly for arriving and departing at proper hours at those distant termini; and it follows that most of them pass through Salamanca at unearthly hours of the dead night. In fact, there were almost no day trains of any sort, and we had, by sheer lucky accident, blundered upon the only one there was, — the mixed train that ran but twice a week. Had we come on any other day, we should have spent the night at Medina of the Plain, where Baedeker had stigmatized the inns as "both indifferent." By piling up many blankets and calling for three bright brazen caloriferos, we managed to spend the night in comfort on couches of stupendous altitude. And in the morning we were wakened by the unwelcome sound of rain. By some curious good fortune it was the first stormy day we had experienced in Spain.

However, we splashed boldly out into the wet, and found the great plaza more fascinating by day

than by night. It was vastly busier than the handsome and quaint old square of Segovia, a perfect quadrangle of oblong shape, and its midst was a lush mass of greenery surrounding the inevitable pavilion for a band. The long and echoing corridors of the surrounding arcade gave shelter from the rain and an opportunity to inspect the shops in comfort; but the latter were commonplace, and even the buildings were not older than early eighteenth century. All Salamanca, it would seem, was surging a dripping way up and down the arcades on every side of the square.

As a matter of course, our first thought was of the cathedral, the way to which proved extremely easy to find from the map. Nevertheless, we could not go directly thither because of sundry lions in the path. The first was the church of San Martin, a venerable pile close to the plaza, its antique portico adorned with rude reliefs representing the saint in his noble act of bestowing his cloak upon a beggar. Within it was still a notable example of late-Romanesque, although sadly marred by decadent Spanish taste; but aside from a few quaint old marble tombs, it had little to show.

Much more attractive was the Casa de Conchas, which we came upon unexpectedly farther up the street, after a mad dash through the shower. We turned into it for shelter, literally carrying it at the point of our umbrellas, and overwhelming the man at the gate, — who turned out to be no more than

a peaceable mason in search of more mortar. The house, it appeared, was in process of restoration. Outwardly it needed little, for its walls were still covered with the curious carved scallop-shells of stone which give it its name. I imagine these scallop-shells were originally placed there in honor of Santiago, the patron saint of Spain, for they are his sacred device. The house itself was as strong as a fort, and, aside from these numberless shells and some exceedingly graceful window grills, boasted no external adornment. It was even more fascinating within. Its immense door led into a broad, paved passage, which in turn gave upon a spacious patio, around which stood the great house in a lofty, hollow square. The surrounding colonnade was most graceful, and a magnificent staircase led up to the upper balcony, the roof throughout being adorned with ancient carving. There were no tenants at present save the workmen, for the marquis who now owns it was at the moment disporting himself in Madrid, and the interval was employed in putting the structure in perfect repair. We were free to wander at will through the rooms, — upstairs, downstairs, and in the lady's chamber. Everywhere was the evidence of past greatness, chiefly notable in the colonnades of the court and in the blackened wooden ceilings.

There was a tremendous structure just across the narrow street, towering above the Casa de Conchas like a cliff and making it a dark and dismal

place on such a day. This was the *seminario conciliar*, — too huge to be overlooked, with its stupid baroque church, and from a distance far from unpleasing to look upon, but incredibly bad on close inspection. It is much better seen from the outskirts of the town, and its towers are a notable feature of the skyline; but we could not let it hold us longer from the cathedral, now near at hand. We made for the cathedral hastily in an interval between the showers, as did most of the populace, who seemed bent on attending the morning mass.

The cathedral — meaning thereby the "new" cathedral — is another of those stupendously great churches of which Spain is so fond. It seemed to us, as so many of the others had seemed, grossly over-ornamented to outward view. Like the baroque church of the seminary, it is much better seen from a distance, and yet it cannot be said that even at close range it is not a good example of the later Gothic as it flowered in Spain. Admittedly it was the prototype of the cathedral at Segovia, the architects being the same and probably employing in their later work the same fundamental plans as at Salamanca. As usual, this building required more than the lifetime of any one man, and it is said to have been two hundred years in reaching full completion. To-day the huge detached tower suffers in appearance from the heavy casing of stone which was put around it by cautious hands just after the Lisbon earthquake; and the entire

fabric is marred by the fact that passing generations have left on its walls the marks of the strata of their varying tastes. As a result, there is some lack of unity in the conception as a whole, but it is at least consistent in being over-adorned throughout. The doorways, as usual, boast the inevitable army of statuettes, although many of these have disappeared to leave behind them only empty niches and brackets — and tradition says the saints thus portrayed grew weary of the stupid task of standing there, and vanished one by one.

The ordinary entrance of the cathedral is not by the main portals of the façade, but by a smaller door in its northern side. The way toward this we found to lie across a great platform of stone, punctuated with puddles. Once we had attained the door and slipped under its heavy leathern curtain, the garishness of the outside of the church was amply atoned for by the loftiness and dignity within. These elements even triumphed over the baroque atrocities of the crossing and of certain of the chapels, and the long vistas of far-stretching aisles made up in a measure for the inevitable intrusion of the choir. Many people were gathered here, as befitted Holy Week, and despite the gloom of the day, the general effect of the place was one of cheer and airiness, for which the golden-brown of the stone was mainly responsible.

A mercenary sacristan abandoned his labor of building an uncommonly ugly Easter pavilion long

enough to show us a few of the chapels and their treasures, including what was alleged to be the crucifix of the Cid. But he speedily relinquished us to the tender mercies of a canon who was about to set out on a tour of the church with a small army of visitors, and returned without reluctance to his hammering, of which it seemed he was not a little proud. We turned our steps toward the "old" cathedral close at hand.

Unlike other ancient churches, the older cathedral of Salamanca has been allowed to remain under the shadow of the more modern church, instead of being superseded on the identical site. And despite a general flavor of mild decay, it seems strong enough to endure for many generations more. Certainly it is a much more satisfactory building than the new cathedral, and especially so from outside, where one gets a difficult glance at the lantern — the cupola that served as a suggestion for the central tower of Trinity in Boston. It is a pity that this feature is so very hard to see satisfactorily, for it is one of the most charming bits of architecture in Spain. Furthermore, it looks rather frail, and liable some day to collapse, — which a kindly fate forefend!

It was this older church that was founded by the valiant and militant prelate, Bishop Geronimo, confessor of the Cid and steadfast companion of his campaigns. Indeed, it was Geronimo who supported the lifeless corpse of his hero when it took

its last ghastly ride, on horseback and in full panoply of war, out of the gates of Valencia. If we may believe the reports, time has dealt leniently with Geronimo's buried clay; for when his tomb in Salamanca was opened, like that of Charles V, after many years of sepulture, the body was found quite uncorrupted, save for the tip of its nose, and, like that of Saint Mark at Venice, emitted a most delicious odor!

The empty nave of the older cathedral was massive and simple, and the walls of the structure were said to be ten feet in thickness, so that one may readily calculate its chances of standing. On the whole, the more ancient church had nothing to be ashamed of in comparison with its successor, with all its bedizened grandeur. It disappointed us only in its mouldy cloisters, the arches of which had been filled with windows and shutters of wood. Apart from these, it was delightfully ancient and quaint, and among the chapels they showed us was one in which, on stated occasions, is still celebrated the Mozarabic rite.

Just across the paved platform outside the cathedral there was visible a rather imposing building which we mistook at first for the celebrated university, and we betook ourselves to it after the cathedral had grown alike too chilly and too impressive longer to be endured at that moment. It inclosed a vast quadrangle, and we were just beginning to become enthusiastic over it and people

its grand staircases with thousands of thronging students, when we discovered that it was not a college at all, — at least no longer, — but a sort of military office. The real university which gave Salamanca its ancient celebrity and which is used as a college still, was quite another building, directly opposite the cathedral itself. Even then, however, its entrance was difficult to find, once we had discovered its rear windows; but after threading several winding streets in that vicinity we came upon its ornate main portal, facing a very narrow but lengthy and secluded square. Surely nobody would ever have taken it for a world-famous university. Its broad gate was surmounted by a much over-ornamented sandstone structure, carved with numerous reliefs, grotesque and otherwise, including the inevitable escutcheons, busts of Ferdinand and Isabella, various popes and other persons, some almost half-length, and giving evidence of a curious attempt to correct the effects of diminishing perspective by increasing the sizes of the statues as the building rose. Taken as a whole, the gateway was rather rich and imposing, — but I incline to remain convinced that it was altogether too rich. One could not question, however, that it afforded a most striking end for the tiny square, which had for its only other adornment a statue of Fray (Brother) Luis de Leon, poet and erstwhile professor of theology in the university.

Certain now of our ground, we entered the court-

yard of the ancient college which once enrolled as many as ten thousand students at a single term. It seemed an incredibly small space for harboring such a multitude of scholars, but of course the original university must have occupied many other buildings, and the students naturally were never all present at any one time, but came to their lectures, no doubt, with that easy nonchalance still characteristic of college students everywhere. Within there was a broad court surrounded by a simple cloister, all silent and deserted save for an intelligent janitor who came jangling his keys and anxious to show us all he could. He led us to various old rooms, but to our unutterable disappointment the library was inexorably closed. It was a sort of Holy Week recess, we were told, and the faculty were not in residence at that moment, so that no proper permission was to be obtained. At other times, I believe, properly accredited persons are freely admitted to see the treasures housed there; but for us it was not to be, although we used every available argument, begged, pleaded, hinted at the silver key, and claimed kinship with every erudite professor in the well-known universities of the world.

But if we could not see the books, we did at least manage to see the chapel, — a very ordinary one of a size which at once dispelled the notion that ten thousand students were ever forced to attend it regularly in a body. Such a crowd would probably far overtax the cathedral itself. Indeed, the chapel,

as well as the other rooms we were allowed to see, seemed much better suited to the few hundred students who now matriculate there. The apartment once used as a lecture room by Fray Luis de Leon remained as it was in his own distant day, — a dark and gloomy cave of a room, with a lofty black pulpit and rows of hideously uncomfortable benches, carved, of course, with innumerable names. It is quite as it was in Fray Luis's time, and one might easily imagine it filled with gay young candidates for the bachelor's degree, eager "grinds," poets in embryo, roistering blades, fanatic theologians, — cavaliers all. They also showed us a second room, almost as ancient, where it was said the incoming classes were always received by the president, — and doubtless he says to them the same flattering things in Spanish that our New England college presidents say in English to their young men every autumn.

From being one of the best and most celebrated universities in the world, Salamanca has become one of the oldest and poorest. The kind of education that is obtained there now is very different from what it was in days when it boasted the finest department of mathematics in the world, and very nearly the ablest classical faculty. The works of Copernicus are no longer used as its text-books. Crowds of enthusiastic students no longer bear famous lecturers on their shoulders to the rostrum, as of old they bore Peter Martyr. Indeed, it is a

problem to say just what worth one would attach to a degree from Salamanca to-day; but it is certain that those who obtain it must undergo a struggle such as would put the poorest student of a New England college to blush. Richard Hutton relates that the "more fortunate" students live on about five pesetas a day, — which is a trifle less than a dollar. Think of that, ye gilded and luxurious sons of Harvard and Yale! One dollar a day is the riotous living of the wealthy student of old Salamanca! The students in moderate circumstances spend from one peseta a day to five or ten pesetas a month. The latter, however, are the poorest, and commonly bring a scanty store of provender from home to eke out what their little means can buy. Surely such hardship merits something better than a "common school" education, — and yet that is said to be what they receive at best. Nevertheless, Salamanca has her honor roll of famous alumni, and in her prime she sent out such sons as Cervantes, Ignatius Loyola, Ximenes, and Calderon. Who knows what mute inglorious poets and statesmen she may be rearing to-day?

I referred some time ago to the college of the Noble Irish, the other great educational institution of the city of venerable age, dating as it does to the days of Philip II. It has the advantage over the greater university to-day in being still in full vigor, and we found the exploration of it one of the most agreeable of our Salamantine memories. According

to all accounts the Most Catholic Philip founded it to spite Queen Elizabeth of England, by offering an institute for the teaching of her Irish subjects the elements of the Catholic faith. It was not difficult to find, standing as it did on a hill toward the western walls of the city, a handsome old building which inclosed a spacious quadrangle with an extremely graceful colonnade. A trim Irish priest was taking the air in the higher cloister, and in the lower court two gray-eyed lads were walking to and fro. They were delighted to find somebody from outside who could speak English, and told of their life in the ancient Spanish city with much avidity. Six years they said, was the regular course, and the men undertaking it seldom went home during that time. The total number of students at the moment was twenty-four. Did they like it? Oh, yes; although it grew somewhat monotonous. And it is probable that they were very well aware that much better instruction could have been had at home without so much trouble and inconvenience. Nevertheless, I cannot but feel that six years of study in Salamanca, with all the rich traditions of that mediæval city in the very atmosphere, is an admirable thing. Were I an Irishman and a Catholic, I know I should be made a better one by half a dozen years spent in that cloistered abode, — founded by a fanatical monarch with the laudable intention of making an English queen furiously angry!

I think I never was more delighted to meet with two exiles from Erin. Those two serious, clear-eyed novices with their trailing black robes and neat caps were an oasis in a desert. We had been for some time quite out of the zone of English travel, and had been thrown entirely on our Spanish, so that the sound of the brogue, be it never so slightly marked, was music to our ears. Nor was it any the less pleasant to stray into the chapel of the seminary and find inscribed in the fly-leaves of the books and breviaries such honest names as John Larkin, written in a good, straightforward Irish hand.

On returning to the hotel we discovered its landlord, the worthy Señor Don José, in a state of violent perturbation, he having received a letter in English of which he was able to understand not one word. He appealed to us, and in halting phrase we made known to him the unwelcome news that a tourist party of large size, for which accommodations had been duly reserved, was not coming at all. How we managed to convey this intelligence to him I cannot understand, for I am positive that I could not by any possibility do it to-day. But he understood, and despite the disheartening character of the message, he was grateful to a degree. From that moment we became his honored guests, and he hovered near us at each successive meal to make sure his boys left no want unsupplied. Not that they needed overseeing, for a more obliging set of young men never officered a hotel.

But with all Don José's good nature, he could not promise to give us better weather, and we spent a long afternoon in his stuffy writing-room. Contrasted with the bleakness of the outer air its atmosphere was geniality itself, and we discovered after a little what had produced this mysterious warmth. It was a brasero, snugly hidden in the bottom shelf of the writing-table, and shut in by the trailing red tablecloth. This naturally kept the heat from straying too freely about the room, but it certainly made it very warm and comfortable for one's feet and knees. Also it afforded a cosy resting-place for the family cat, a beast that in Spain is a sort of chartered libertine, making free with every warm spot from the best bed to the top of the kitchen stove. Many a time in Madrid I had sought the servants in the morning only to find them making chocolate under the very nose of a purring Maltese puss that was basking on the warm tiles of the cooking range!

It was only after some little stay in Salamanca that I began to make inquiries about the means of departure. There was in the time-table a mixed train that left about noon for the north, and I announced to the concierge that I thought we should take it on the morrow. He said I could not; it did not "circulate."

"But see. Here it is in my time-table."

"Ah, yes, señor. In the time-table. But see also here in my own time-table, which is a better one

than yours. Note this symbol of reference, which is duly explained on page 122 — here, — 'This mixed train will circulate on Tuesdays and Sundays only!'"

And this was neither day! It was apparent that we were in for yet another day of Salamanca, and that when we did leave it must be in the dead of night, with two hours to wait in the fonda at Medina del Campo! It was not that we wished to leave Salamanca, for we had come to love her dearly despite her mists and rain; but with that perversity of nature that manifests itself when one is arbitrarily precluded from following any course of conduct, we inclined to take this news but ill. It was, I suppose, a sentiment of restlessness like that in which Kipling's tramp royal hastens to turn the leaves of his life's book, for

> Pretty quick it seems that you will die
> Unless you get the page you 're readin' done
> And turn another, — likely not so good, —
> But what you 're after is to turn them all!

At the moment nothing seemed more desirable than to leave Salamanca at once, — and we could not go. Secretly, however, I imagine we were all delighted. It meant a tedious night ride and an arrival at Burgos at an unearthly hour; but in compensation it gave us a Holy Thursday in Salamanca, which we should otherwise have missed, and without preventing our attendance at the processions of Good Friday in the more northern city. So mote

it be! And we betook ourselves with chastened minds to our tall couches and caloriferos.

Early on the morrow, which dawned bright and clear, there came a tapping at our chamber doors, and the landlady, who spoke French, was discovered, anxiously inquisitive, without. She wished to know if we desired any meat to eat that day. "Monsieur knows that, according to a Spanish custom, all the world to-day eats fish. To-morrow it will be the same — all eat fish. If Monsieur wishes meat, he will kindly command it now, that we may go to the market and buy. Otherwise we shall know that Monsieur will eat as the others — fish!" After some debate we compromised. For luncheon we would cheerfully eat fish with all the world. For the rest, perhaps a single morsel of meat — if Madame would be so kind — at dinner? Madame vanished, all smiles. We were, after all, but partial heretics!

Breakfast on Holy Thursday presented no new problem, of course. There was the usual thick paste of chocolate, and, alas, nothing but *leche de cabra!* The waiter was desolated, and rushed about to see if he could locate a cow. There was none; so we drank goat's milk, likewise with all the world. Also there were the usual dry, white sugar-cakes, — *azucarillos*, — which I imagine are meant to be soaked and eaten. These we had never been able to manage successfully, and had decided always to ignore. To attempt the eating of one in its dry

state meant to powder the eater and his immediate vicinity with a fine white dust, and the taste was just short of being sweet. Aside from these, a few rolls completed the meal. Passion Week could hardly ask less.

Although all the people went to church that morning, the cathedral hardly showed their presence, and the vast nave was apparently able to hold ten times the number that were there. As always in the season of the Passion, there was no music at all, and we remained only long enough to see the blessing of the sacred chrism, — always an interesting bit of churchly ceremony, and doubly so in this instance because of the evident self-consciousness of those who performed it. They were ill at ease, and this feeling was by no means decreased by the open derision of the fat underprelate in charge.

We spent the morning, I remember, in searching out the great bridge over the yellow river, — a thing we had omitted to do before because of the rain. It was but a step from the cathedral, but a steep and slimy step, — the streets, covered with a film of mud, dropping sharply to the base of the bluffs on which the city stands. Swollen by the rains, the Tormes proved itself no mean river; and if it was shallow it made up by being impressively broad. So broad was it, indeed, that the bridge required an astonishing number of arches, and their number may be calculated from the guidebook's

statement that "the fifteen nearest the city belong to the original structure, or Roman date; the other twelve date from the reign of Philip IV." It was altogether such a bridge as that we had seen at Cordova, similar both in color and construction, but much longer and rather more impressive in consequence. From its farther end was to be had a fine view of Salamanca, — perhaps the best general view, — with the cathedrals, new and old, forming the most conspicuous feature.

Also we sought out the highly interesting church of Santo Domingo, or San Esteban, — for the two names are apparently wedded and apply to the church and its adjacent monastery with almost equal force. We had something of a hunt for it, and even when we had located it accurately, our faith in the fact was shaken by the failure of an aged peasant to be absolutely sure of the name of the church. It happened to be closed at the moment, as so many Spanish churches are apt to be at midday; but a passing boy, scenting centimos from afar, pulled noisily at a bell in the portico and aroused a monkish brother within; and it was he who led us by devious turnings through the cloisters to the heart of the church. It possessed a fine interior, much finer than its overwrought plateresque exterior would have indicated; and despite the baroque altar it proved a pleasant place, with an admirable example of the raised choir spanning the lower end of the nave. But it was of secondary

interest in itself to the cloistered quadrangles close by, from certain parts of which we were excluded because of the ladies. We managed to gain admission to a quaint art gallery, however, which occupied an upper cloister well glazed from the weather, but which proved to be far less interesting than the Titanic stone staircases that led up to it. I have little definite recollection of the pictures, save that they were mainly rude, and religious in tone, possessing no great artistic merit. But there were among them one or two astonishingly worldly paintings, representing wandering minstrels with guitars and pipes, curiously out of place in such an assemblage of saints and martyrs.

It was in this monastery, according to the chronicles, that Columbus received his chief encouragement to embark on his venturesome voyages. The doctors of the neighboring university would have none of him or his schemes, and branded the latter as dangerously heretical. But the brotherhood of Dominicans, whose habitation this cloister was, led by so good a Catholic as the Inquisitor Diego de Deza, overlooked the heresy and lent to the world-seeking Genoese the aid and comfort which heartened him to ask the patronage of the Catholic Kings. In consequence, the story prevails that Columbus brought back with him the gold which now decks the high altar; but this is such a common tale in Spain that it is presumably quite untrue in any case.

While we were inspecting the quaint art collec-

tion, the *frayles*, robed in their brown cowls, began to clatter past us on their way to service in the high choir, and many a look of frowning distrust was cast at the near presence of women. Presently one brother detached himself from the rest and approached us, — and we beat a precipitate retreat down that giant staircase, fearful lest he tell us that the spot whereon we were standing was holy ground. He followed us for a considerable distance, and then, sighting another brown brother, he called to him, "Fray Martin! Show the señoras out!" We stood not upon the order of our going, but went at once, although at no time had we ventured into the forbidden precincts.

Even on this more pleasant day there came several showers, one of which prisoned us for nearly an hour in a peasant's house by the side of a narrow back street. Nobody could have been more courteous than the woman who welcomed us there, and we sat for a long time in her broad stone-flagged vestibule, an object of huge interest to a multitude of curious-eyed children. For a while the alley outside ran rivers of water, and when the storm abated we emerged only to involve ourselves with a most unusual and picturesque procession, — nothing more nor less than twelve bedesmen, clean-shaven old men attired in decent black, who were on their way to have their feet laved by the venerable archbishop. This symbolic foot-washing, which of course commemorates the washing of the feet of the dis-

ciples by Jesus Christ, is a well-known custom of Maundy Thursday everywhere; but in Salamanca there is nothing figurative or imaginary about it. The twelve old men with their neat bibs and aprons were marched over to the cathedral behind His Grace, — a benevolent old prelate he was, — led to the raised seats provided for them beside the screen of the choir, and made to remove their shoes and hose. A silver basin and graceful ewer were brought by priestly attendants, and towels were borne by others, — whereat the washing was accomplished with extraordinary dispatch, while all Salamanca looked on in sober reverence, seeing no doubt in their spiritual pastor and the ancient bedesmen Jesus and his followers in their own proper persons! Such is the power of religious imagery in Spain. But as soon as it was over, the crowd fell a-chatting again, and the children who raced in and out among the pillars became noisier than ever.

I cannot forbear to mention one other incomparable thing we sought out in Salamanca, — a thing which was not easy to find, but which repaid the effort of the finding a hundred fold, — the "Conception," painted by the faithful Ribera, which hangs in the rather obscure church of the Augustinas Recoletas. The picture, hung high above an altar, was covered with the usual purple veil, and in consequence we despaired of seeing it, for the veil is ordinarily quite too sacred to be raised or removed before Easter day. Happily the

sacristan was lenient and susceptible to inducement, and after some show of protest he consented to lift the curtain — the church being empty save for ourselves — and revealed to us one of the most satisfactory paintings of this sacred mystery that I have ever beheld. The picture cannot be adequately described. It must be seen in order to gain a proper idea of the exquisite face and figure of the Virgin, whose whole attitude and expression betoken a most vividly sanctified joy. Mr. Havelock Ellis, in considering Ribera's work, esteems this "the crowning proof of Ribera's artistic strength and his power of rendering ecstatic emotion. . . . The fine blending of modesty and pride in the Virgin's face and erect figure is here triumphantly attained; in one effort Ribera has not merely succeeded where Murillo after him so often lavished his labor in vain, but he challenges comparison with Titian."[1] This is extraordinary praise, surely, but no one who has seen the "Conception" in the convent of the Augustinas Recoletas of Salamanca will think of questioning its justice.

It would be futile to attempt any detailed description of the multitude of architectural charms that crowd the byways of the city. The temptation is to catalogue them, but it would after all be but a catalogue. I shall refrain, but the omission seriously impairs the success of expressing the elusive abstract impression the city left upon our minds as

[1] *The Soul of Spain*, pp. 123, 124.

the resultant of all its forces. We were conscious then, and are more conscious now, of a certain magic charm which lingers in the nooks and crannies of this ancient seat of learning. Its very name is a potent spell. Salamanca is no city of many saints, like Avila. It has little or no Moorish past. It does not at every turn remind you of the glorious age of Ferdinand and Isabella. Rather is it a splendid old university town, redolent of the ancient culture, the site of a college to which all the world once gladly sent its sons, and a city which seemed to the worthy Peter Martyr fit to be called a "New Athens." Let Salamanca be never so difficult of approach, and never so difficult to leave, she is still and forever one of the finest cities of old Spain.

We left her finally with an unfeigned regret, in the stillness of a beautiful moonlit night. The plains stretched far and dim under the brilliant sky, and the groves of trees along the way gained a new beauty as we sped through that vast and silent country. The white station buildings were ghostly in the moonlight, and the only sound abroad in the night was the shrill piping of our engine's whistle. The wind was asleep, and not one cloud was visible in all that luminous firmament, which had so lately wept.

CHAPTER XIV

BURGOS AND THE CID

Two midnight hours at Medina del Campo may be relied upon to afford a somewhat weird experience. There is a sense of depression bred by the silent and gloomy caverns of the vast station, which even the porcelain stove of the fonda will not entirely relieve. There are but few people about, and these are invariably sleepy and probably morose. In the waiting-rooms the lofty black benches may be depended upon to shelter a scattered squad of snoring porters. Such, at any rate, we found the circumstances of our stay in the full tide of a career toward Visigothic Burgos.

The night express stole into the station almost unperceived, so silently did it come. It consisted of nothing but sleeping-cars, and the cost of traveling by these conveyances in Spain is always enormous; in fact, it seems to make no difference whether you are going five miles or five hundred. This I elicited from a sleepy mozo on the platform, when, in a moment of extravagance, I inquired the cost of a "supplemento" for passage on the *train de luxe*.

"Fifty pesetas, señor."

"Madre de dios! Fifty pesetas? From here to Burgos?"

"Si, señor. It is the truth."

"But if it costs fifty pesetas to go only to Burgos, what does it cost to go from Madrid through to Irun?"

"The same, señor."

We concluded to permit the "rapide" to steal silently away without us, which presently it did. After all, it would only have landed us in Burgos at a more unearthly hour than the regular express which was following just behind, and the privilege of being turned out on the bleak northern world at half-past four was hardly worth paying ten dollars apiece to obtain. So we returned to that tall pillar of a stove in the fonda, drank more coffee, and snuggled disconsolately around the fire for yet another hour.

I have never regretted that we waited and did not take the "rapide." The regular express was comfortable, clean, and roomy, brilliant with electric lights, and possessed of soft cushions which one might pull up over the arm of the seat and make into a very passable bed — provided the train were not too full. We managed to get a compartment to ourselves, turned off the lights, and lay down to snatch such rest as we might. Wrapped in overcoats and lulled by the drumming wheels, it was not long before a fitful slumber possessed us, — a slumber which endured for what seemed barely a

quarter-hour before it was rudely interrupted by a flood of light and a series of energetic thumps. Voices outside up and down the train were chanting "Val-ya-do-leeeeth!" The door of the compartment stood open. A ghostly figure was pulling out the great cylinder of iron which had contained hot water, and another, equally ghostly, substituted a second, steaming hot, — all this with more solicitude for speed than silence, which accounted for the thumps. Inspectors were loudly hammering the wheels to make sure they would ring — for this antiquated method of testing the tires continues in undiminished favor in Spain, and the sound of the metal is as important a matter in car-wheels as it is in the case of pesetas. To add to the commotion, a shrill-voiced and wakeful lad was wandering up and down the platform crying his doleful "Quien quiere agua?"

This was all we were destined to see or to hear of Valladolid, once the capital of Castile, the home of Gil Blas, the scene of the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella! We had time only to discover that the curious name of the city was a direct inheritance from the Moors, as had so often been the case before, it being the natural corruption of the old name Medinat-al-Walid (Governorsville — or, perhaps better, Kingston!). Then the compartment door was slammed shut again, and the train glided on into the night.

In passing by Valladolid, however, we missed

nothing of value, as later visits to that city have convinced me. It is probably as little rewarding as any city of Spain could well be, despite its large place in the country's history. Its situation is flat, and its features are stale and unprofitable. Commercially it is beginning to brighten up a bit; but as an attraction to visitors it has nothing beyond its fragmentary and austere cathedral, a façade or two of rather good plateresque, and some courtyards which one must seek out with trouble that comes dangerously near overbalancing their worth. Added to this lack of charm is the unusual poverty of suitable hotel accommodation, which I recall quite as vividly as the cathedral. On the whole, Valladolid is not a spot to be desired,[1] and had we realized it then we should have watched the receding lights with far less regret.

The warmth of the fresh caloriferos speedily decreased, and the chill of the northern highlands grew more and more insupportable as the dawn drew on. What little sleep we obtained was not

[1] Travelers making the long and tedious journey to Leon may be tempted as I was to make Valladolid a stopping-place for a night on the way. It is probably better to go on to the junction of Venta Baños, where tolerable accommodation may be had at the station fonda. The additional advantage is that of avoiding too early a start on the following day. As for Leon, while I have treated it but casually in this book, it is well worth putting up with the long journey and its execrable hotels, by reason of its charming cathedral and the picturesqueness of its peasantry, especially on the Saturday market-day.

productive of rest, and the cold soon made any sleep at all impossible. It was a welcome discovery that daylight was beginning to brighten the east, and more welcome still to discover that the train was speeding down a river valley through the morning freshness toward two spectral Gothic spires which heralded Burgos and its grand cathedral. With a prolonged whistle the train came to a halt in a splendid station, and in a trice we, the only passengers to alight, were bundled into a capacious omnibus, to be whirled away, with chattering teeth and rattling carriage-windows, to the Hotel del Norte y de Londres.

Nobody was yet astir, although it was now broad day. The twin spires of the mighty church reared themselves airily above a sea of intervening roofs. A fine stone bridge over the waters of the Arlanzón gave a fleeting prospect down that pleasant stream. It might almost have been France. The trees were no longer bare, and the waters of the river rippled along with pleasant melody. It was a more promising introduction than we had hoped for to the bleakness of Burgos, with her climate "nine months invierno, three months inferno." It was cold, to be sure, and if the wind had stirred it would doubtless have been bitter. But fortunately the breezes slumbered, as did all the inhabitants, and the sharp air, after the exhausted, thrice-breathed air of the train, seemed bracing and delightful.

But the hotel of the North and of London was a

sombre, dingy, depressing place, deserted save for a sleepy boy who dug his fists into his eyes and conducted us up dark stairways and through mouldy halls to cold and unaired rooms. It was not good,[1] but it was the best that Burgos afforded; and later we were told that the prospect of speedily moving to another site was all that prevented the furbishing up of this chief hotel in a tourist-ridden town. We flung up the curtains and opened the sash, and in a few moments were soundly asleep, grateful for a few hours' repose after that nightmare of a ride.

Our rooms faced on an open square, well paved and lined with tall houses, all of which displayed narrow balconies, or rather bay-windows, which were glassed like conservatories. Thus does Burgos eke out the comforts of the brasero by turning to account the kindly offices of the sun. The effect of this arrangement is to make the view up the street much like a vista between rows of vertical greenhouses, and in fact most of the casements were gay with plants and trailing vines.

Our first casual glance through the main thoroughfares and along the river front of Burgos had created the impression that the town was rather a thriving and cleanly one. Later acquaintance, however, with certain back streets and byways led us to abandon that idea, for some of them were quite as unkempt and dirty as any Sicilian slum. It

[1] This hotel, it is fair to say, has since been moved to a new site, and is now one of the most up to date in Spain, to all appearances.

was the main street and the well-shaded paseos along the stream that produced the Pharisaical appearance of neatness, and if one does not probe Burgos too deeply, it will be found a very attractive place, even apart from its cathedral, which is the one great claim of the modern town to celebrity.

As to the cathedral, opinions differ sadly in according it rank among the world's great Gothic churches. Some admire it unreservedly, as I found myself most willingly led to do. Others affect to regard it as hopelessly unworthy of its fame. I confess I cannot understand this belittling sentiment. From our first view of those skeleton spires far across the Arlanzon to our last fleeting glimpse of them as the train sped northward on our departure, it seemed a church thoroughly satisfying both within and without. It shared with the cathedral of Salamanca the common fate of being a long time in building, but suffered little or nothing from the circumstance. Despite the three centuries occupied in bringing it to completion, it has escaped the marring and irritating intrusion of transitory phases of taste and to-day it comes much nearer meeting northern ideals of French Gothic than do most great Spanish fanes. Street, the famous British commentator, attributes this success to the fact that Spanish influence had almost nothing to do with the building, which was started by Bishop Maurice — an English cleric — and finished under the general direction of German priests. In any

event, Burgos is far more North-French in tone than Spanish, which, I suspect, is more than half its secret. It is so different from the cathedrals of the south, both in coloring and in spirit, and so much more like our preconceived ideas of what a Gothic church should be! Accounts differ as to whether its material is a limestone or white marble; but in any case the general effect of it to-day is that of grayness, due to the mellowing effect of long years and trying weather.

To see the cathedral at its best, climb the steep hill behind it toward the little church of San Nicolas, and then look back upon its prodigious bulk. It rises close at hand, half submerged, so to speak, in the hillside, its façade and towers rising gloriously out of the huddle of roofs. The enormous but graceful rose window above the main portal, the admirable Gothic windows of the towers, the slender "crocketed" spires, the grand lantern over the crossing, — one of the finest of all the features of the building, — all are seen from this point to the greatest advantage. Still higher up the lofty hill one will find a grass-grown fort, whence is a magnificent view over the surrounding country well worth the climb. But the best view of the cathedral is from much lower down, and after all is said and done, it is the one great sight in the ancient city, whose population has dwindled to barely thirty thousand and whose estate is far beneath what it was in the days of old Castile.

The interior of the cathedral is slightly less magnificent. It is, as usual, enormous in extent, being three hundred feet long and eighty-two feet broad, exclusive of the side-chapels, which are almost a series of separate buildings, and tend to give the transepts the appearance of projecting to a degree quite uncommon in Spanish cathedrals. This multiplication of adjacent buildings, including not only the chapels, but the cloisters and the residence of the archbishop, gives the usual amorphous appearance to the exterior. The apse, as a matter of course, is semicircular, but even this effect is broken by the appendage of the *Capilla del Condestable* and the *Capilla de Santiago*. The cloisters are spacious and lofty and include in their quadrangle a species of basement, — a curious feature due to the slope of the hill in the side of which the cathedral is set. The whole is a confusing mass of churchly buildings clustering around the great body of the cathedral as a nucleus. The side-chapels, instead of being mere alcoves in the aisles, are practically spacious buildings, as stated above, and it has been said that mass could be celebrated at a dozen different places at the same time within the church and still not cause the slightest interference. The width of the crossing, the splendor of the iron grills which serve as open screens for choir and altar, the grandiose effect produced by the admirable cimborio above, and the breadth of the aisles, unite to make the interior views especially impressive midway of the

church, — the point selected by Haigh in making his celebrated etching. Everywhere the light is abundant and the natural tone of the limestone adds to the cheerful effect, although with a different note from that struck at Segovia and Salamanca with their golden-browns. Indeed, I have heard it stoutly maintained by those who recalled vividly the lightness of the interior of Burgos that its walls had been whitewashed, — which is not the fact, fortunately, to-day.

It is one of the rare cases in which it may fairly be said that the church possesses a greater charm than do the cloisters, spacious as these are. For the latter are difficult to see well, owing to their glazed arches, and the configuration of the land prevents any attempt to make the central court into a shady garden. The tracery in the arches, nevertheless, is exceedingly beautiful, and the tombs and statues of these vaulted corridors are unquestionably interesting.

Our visit, by rare good fortune, fell on the morning of Good Friday, and the freedom of the cloister was restricted by the paraphernalia of the inevitable procession. And the church, huge as it was, seemed fairly full as we came into it from its south transept, climbing the long flights of steps where sat beggars innumerable. A mass was being celebrated in the presence of a large and reverent congregation which pressed close against the great iron grillwork and the railings that preserved a passage for the priests.

Three of the latter in robes of white occupied three lofty pulpits above the heads of the throng, and from these high places intoned the immortal story of the hearing before Pontius Pilate. One apparently took for his part the reading of the narrative, somewhat in the character of a Greek chorus, while the other two took respectively the parts of Pilate and Jesus. They brought to the task magnificent voices and impressive faces, and when there was need of melody it was supplied by a pure-voiced choir of boys aided by moaning viols and a softly mellifluous flute. The great organs were mute, their flaring trumpets radiating high above the carved stalls. It was frigid, despite the beams of the morning sun streaming down from that lofty lantern overhead, but we could not tear ourselves away from that majestical roll of the Latin sung with such clearness and feeling by the priests.

The round of the chapels, which ordinarily would have been easily made, proved difficult because of the pressure of religious ceremony. Nevertheless I think we were not sorry, for while they are uncommonly vast and contain many interesting and beautiful things they cannot compare with the immensity and grace of the main body of the church. The great Chapel of the Constable (the viceroy of Castile) with its carved tombs was easily the most impressive of them all.

Apart from the chapels, the most unusual feature was the "golden stairway" of the northern

transept, — an imposing flight of steps which led up from the pavement of the aisle to a door well up in the side of the church, calling attention to the fact that the building was deeply set in the side of the hill. At the moment that staircase had been dressed like a shrine with innumerable candles, and was a blaze of glory.

In my later Spanish travels it has fallen to my lot to become rather more familiar with the cathedral of Burgos than with most other celebrated Spanish churches, and as a result I am now confirmed in my first impression that after all Burgos makes its chief appeal to the lover of Gothic from without. Within it is infinitely less fine than the magnificent but little visited cathedral of León, comparison with which is inevitable when one knows both these ancient structures. The glory of being a national capital has departed from each city in equal measure, to be sure; but the situation of Burgos on the highroad to the north has saved it from decay, while Leon is but a dwindling shadow of her former self, lying far to one side of the frequented paths and reached with so much hardship as to make her splendid church far less well known than it deserves. If the cathedral of Burgos is finer to outward view, it is only so in a very slight degree. Inwardly, the Leon cathedral, though much smaller, is infinitely more splendid, doubtless because of the magnificence and extent of its glass. There are, I believe, few better examples of ancient windows, the ar-

rangement of which so insistently recalls Sainte-Chapelle. One standing in the nave of Leon is impressed with wonder at the lightness of it. The stone columns and traceries are so wonderfully airy and slender as to seem more fragile than the windows they inclose. The whole effect is that of a fairy palace of glass, and so good an authority as Street unhesitatingly rated Leon as "among the noblest churches of Europe." Even those who built it, or their immediate successors, seem to have feared that the seeming fragility of it might prove only too real, and as a result they incontinently bricked up some of the apertures. But these fears have been outgrown, and to-day Leon is being carefully restored to its original shape, stone by stone, window by window. The work, which has been going on for many years, bids fair to go on for many more; and it is probable that every visitor to that city during the next half-century will find its great church marred somewhere by scaffolding. The cloisters, which easily surpass those of Burgos, were under the restorer's hand when we visited it in 1909, and the graceful court was sadly blocked with marble fragments and pieces of stone. In the end, however, the work will be fully justified, for the cathedral is a masterpiece worthy of preservation for all time, incongruous as so splendid a building may seem in a town so thoroughly decadent as Leon has now become.

Street's encomium of the cathedral at Leon was

by no means confined to its interior, and indeed from afar the effect of the building is quite as satisfactory as is the case at Burgos. Even the nearer views of it are vastly improved by the gradual removal of Renaissance blemishes which Spanish taste had seen fit to add in the cathedral's early days. But to my mind the unquestioned superiority of Leon lies in its mellow windows and its lofty nave, with Burgos still slightly the grander as a matter of exteriors. Nevertheless, Leon is as warm and graceful as Burgos is dignified and cold, and if one were forced to choose between the two, it seems to me that the choice would unhesitatingly fall upon the cathedral of poor, old, half-deserted Leon. As it is, the world knows Burgos better — and always will, no doubt, as long as sight-seers so generally follow the lines of least resistance.

It was the cold, as usual, that drove us out of Burgos cathedral into the open, and in the sunlight it proved to be much milder than within, despite heavy showers that seemed to hover in the west. We braved the portent of these by setting off on a brisk walk along the river to get up a glow, having for our ultimate goal the monastery of Las Huelgas, which lay a mile or more away through a beautiful avenue of trees. Las Huelgas really signifies "pleasure grounds," and would seem a curiously inappropriate name for a conventual institution; but the name is due to the former uses of the spot, which was once the park of a royal château. In the days of Al-

fonso VIII, a monastery was created here for the Cistercian nuns, and the place has remained dedicated to pious uses ever since. Its privileges are not what they were in ancient days, however. Time was when the revenues of the order were enormous, and the inmates of this convent were the noblest ladies of Spain. Their number was rigidly fixed at one hundred, and their abbess is said to have possessed the power of life and death over her subjects.

But whatever its fall from this extraordinary greatness, we found it still most picturesque, and its stalwart tower was pierced by a cavernous gate leading to the court of the convent. All that we were permitted to see there was the men's part of the church, which included only its eastern end. The nave was protected against male intrusion by a most formidable grillwork of iron through which one might look but might not hope to pass. There were numerous relics of interest to be seen, chief of them a great banner which was captured from the Almohades in the battle of Las Navas de Tolosa. Also there were several important tombs, including that of Eleanor, daughter of Henry II of England and wife of Alfonso VIII of Castile. Here also Alfonso el Sabio conferred the distinction of knightly orders on Edward I of England. Such, at any rate, was the tale of the thrifty cleric who escorted us through the church, adding to his religious labors that worldly occupation of vending postcards, — and very good ones they were!

Of the Cid, who was a true son of Burgos, we saw little, — not even his few bones that now lie in the Casa Consistorial. That mighty hero, like Columbus, has had a migratory career since his death in 1099; and while there may exist some doubt as to the present location of all his members, it is pleasant to believe that most of his mortal frame is buried here, a few miles from the little village of Bivár, where he was born, and from which he took his name. His soul, however, is most infallibly marching on, in song, story, and tradition. His name and fame we had met repeatedly as we journeyed up from the south, crossing and recrossing the trail of this remarkable soldier of fortune; but here we were in his very home.

Don Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, to give him his full name, having on one hard-fought field caused seven haughty Moors to acknowledge him their "Cid," or lord, seems to have preëmpted that title for himself, or had it conferred upon him; and it is by this that the world knows him to-day, sometimes adding the equally proud title "campeador," or champion, which marked him as a successful man-at-arms of the king. It may be well to sketch hastily here the career of this national hero, even at the risk of incorporating a good deal that has no better basis than the tales of ballad-singers, for he is surely one of the most interesting of all Spaniards.

When Alfonso VI finally succeeded to the throne of Castile, at the death of his brother Sancho, it

was the Cid — for let us accept all the legends we may — who forced the new king to swear with a triple oath that he had borne no part in his predecessor's taking off. They show you to this day the little church of Sant' Agueda, in Burgos, where this oath was administered. No other noble dared force the king to swear, save only the Cid, — and it seems likely that he paid for this temerity with a heavy loss of popularity, so far as Alfonso was concerned. At any rate, after alternately dismissing him from service and restoring him to favor, the monarch eventually dispatched him from his kingdoms altogether, and the Cid Campeador went forth into the world with no weapon but his sword wherewith to carve himself a name and fortune. In this, however, he succeeded, and the panoply of his celebrity, magnified in a score of legends and ballads, has served to obscure the fact that in all probability he was but a cruel and unscrupulous adventurer in the main. The reputation of a *preux chevalier* is capable of covering a multitude of sins. Space would fail to enumerate his famous exploits in a hundred different battles and in a score of difficult missions throughout the kingdom, and one must be content to say that he achieved great fame as the defender of Saragossa, and later conquered Valencia, of which city he remained suzerain and dictator until his death. His last moments were passed in sadness, with a powerful enemy encamped before his gates. As soon as he had died his corpse

was dressed in full armor and hoisted to the saddle on the back of his faithful Bavieca; and supported by his confessor, the valiant Bishop Geronimo, he rode tottering forth from the city, with livid face and bristling beard, the frightful spectacle terrifying the foe and scattering them in utter panic! He was not buried in Burgos until long years after, and of course the story is told that the bones now interred there are not the Cid's at all. Indeed, they tell the same tale of the ashes of Columbus at Seville!

The Cid was married in Burgos, and what purports to be his marriage contract is still preserved. Also there is an aged chest which the hero is said to have filled with sand and pledged to the Jews of the city as worth 600 marks, in order to raise money for a campaign. This unworthy subterfuge, however, was duly atoned for by redeeming the valueless pawn to the uttermost farthing. Too many stories exist to the effect that the Cid was really a rapacious warrior, to permit this possibility to be ignored. But whatever his faults, Spain has forgiven and forgotten them, and trusts that his soul is with the saints. His earthly relics are scattered, and there is more than a little doubt of the authenticity of those that do remain. The so-called "Cristo de las battallas," the Cid's crucifix, is still to be seen at Salamanca, and is said to be the actual one, although in Hare's time it was hidden or lost, and nobody would confess to knowing where it was.

There is one short excursion in the neighborhood of Burgos which well repays the effort, and the distance, as we discovered, is by no means too great to walk if one likes walking at all. This is to the monastery of Miraflores, which stands on a bare hill to the eastward something less than two miles away. To reach it, one crosses the river by any one of its several bridges and follows the southern bank by a long and well-shaded path beside which flows for a considerable portion of the way a rill of water in a sort of tiny canal. After a time the highway crosses the railroad and begins a leisurely climb to the left, passing under a mossy arch. It is from about this point that the buildings of the monastery begin to appear across the ascending fields, their effect being rather English from afar. The structure thus seen is in fact the church, adjoining which is the monastic establishment with the usual double cloister, — to which señoras are not admitted, as a matter of course. The ladies, however, do not miss a great deal in this case, for the cloisters are not interesting nor especially beautiful, and their intervening quadrangles are laid out as kitchen-gardens and cemeteries. The church, which is open to every one, is easily the more interesting sight. It is a simple structure, devoid of side aisles, but possessing a long and broad nave which is divided into three sections, — one for the people, one for the lay brothers, and one for the monks. It was a silent and devout Carthusian who led us into it and who

explained a few of its features; but in the main he was too much occupied with his devotions to be an ideal guide, and said almost nothing in words. One other monk was there, prostrate in adoration before the altar. Both men were bearded and uncanny.

The most interesting object in the church was the great and over-elaborate tomb, or monument, erected by Isabella the Catholic to the memory of her royal parents, King John and Queen Isabella of Portugal. It was a prodigious affair, of white marble marvelously carved with a great profusion of tracery; and like the tombs of the Infantes at the Escorial, it suggested nothing so much as a gigantic fancy cake. In shape it was a double octagon, high enough to force one to crane one's neck to see the effigies of the monarchs on its top. The king and queen, also in white marble, were shown stretched at full length, a low marble partition between them. The whole thing, although Baedeker had seen fit to bestow on it the distinction of his double asterisks, seemed tawdry and disappointing, however much it may reveal the skill of its sculptors. I could not but marvel at the restraint exhibited in the much finer tomb of Prince Juan at Avila, which was erected by the order of the same monarch. This tomb at Miraflores is said to resemble a crown, and it does so. But it is too ornate, even for royalty, and the plain simplicity of its surroundings emphasizes its grotesque and excessive pomp.

There is one more tomb in the same church, close by, and also erected by order of Isabella, — a monument to the young Prince Alonzo, her brother, through whose untimely death the great queen came to the throne of Castile. It does not inspire the same distaste as that aroused by the greater sepulchre, but even it cannot be compared with the simpler monument in San Tomas of Avila. The Italian artist who made that to my mind far surpassed the work of Gil de Siloe at Miraflores, although the latter gave a wonderful exhibition of loading a marble tomb with superfluous and florid adornment.

In a little chapel hard by there was one other celebrated thing which seemed less over-praised than the tombs had been, and that was the ancient statue in wood of San Bruno, the saint to whom the chapel is sacred. Philip IV, on seeing this marvelously lifelike image, is said to have started in surprise and murmured, "If he does not speak it is because he is a Carthusian." To-day, while very like unto life, it would hardly impose upon any one; and it has had the good fortune to escape the rather ghastly reputation acquired by an effigy in the great cathedral below, that it is made of a human corpse, stuffed by the taxidermist's art!

I can recall but one other building in Burgos apart from the cathedral itself which still affords a lively recollection, and that is the Casa Miranda, so called. It lies in a very dirty street parallel with

the south bank of the stream; and although it is badly worn and sorely dilapidated, it still gives an admirable idea of the appearance of the great ancient palaces. Owing to the narrowness of the highway, there is much difficulty in seeing its exterior; but the effects within and especially from its patio are uncommonly fine. It is domed and towered, and there is a most fascinating staircase leading from one side of the court to an arcade above, as in the Casa de Conchas. But this ancient house we found to be in a sorry state of filth and decay, without any prospect of such restoration as the Salamantine structure was enjoying, and the centuries of wear had made such ruts in the stairs that climbing them was difficult and descent more difficult still. It was only by keeping close to the wall and walking with great caution that we went up and down in safety over their slippery treads. The vaulting of the roofs and the sculptured friezes were still wonderful, even in their semi-ruined state, and I suspect that the evidences of age-long occupancy tended to enhance the charm of the spot.

It remains only to describe the churchly procession of Good Friday evening, — a procession which we witnessed from our balcony. No doubt it was but a poor thing compared with the famous displays and pageants of Seville, but in its way it was excellent, and I presume typically Spanish. The preparations for this event we had noted in several cathedrals, for we had seen many an image standing

in cloisters and dark chapter rooms waiting the proper time to be lifted to the shoulders of patient bearers and borne through the streets. For example, in a gloomy antechamber at Segovia we had seen a wax figure of the Mater Dolorosa, very modern-looking indeed, robed in mourning of the deepest and bearing on her sallow cheek a very real tear — of glass! Another of these we had seen that same morning in Burgos, and in line with it a dozen other floats, — for that is what we should call them, — sometimes individual figures and sometimes groups, representing scenes on the way to Calvary and after. These were all excruciatingly real if not inspected at too close hand.

And now had come the hour of the procession. It was toward dusk, and yet it was not time to light the numberless candles that decked the balconies around the square. From the windows leaned a curious and expectant throng, and the street below was lined as far as the eye could reach.

By and by, as the shades of night were falling, the procession appeared. It moved slowly and impressively, not alone because of the tremendous solemnity of what it portrayed, but because the progress of those heavy floats, borne on the shoulders of men, must of necessity be painfully toilsome. The halts were frequent, doubtless to afford the bearers needed rest. The head of the pageant, partly on foot and partly mounted, moved in silence down the street, and the crowd awaited in

eager reverence the approach of the tableau representing the condemnation, torture, crucifixion, and burial of Christ.

If the latter had seemed excruciatingly real in the broad light of day when viewed from close quarters, they were a hundred times more so now as we looked down upon them in the gathering darkness from our lofty balcony. I do not now recall them all, but there was a most lifelike figure of Christ praying in the garden, a terrible flagellation, — a favorite scene with the Spanish race, — an agonizing figure of the Saviour fainting beneath his cross, a wonderfully effective crucifixion with Longinus about to thrust his spear into the side of the Lord, and finally the glass coffin containing the ghastly body, followed by the mourning Mary, — the latter heralded by the only music of the day, for music in Passion Week is always the sign of the Virgin's approach. The musicians had selected the stately funeral march by Chopin, and the deep strains echoed solemnly from the lofty buildings along the way. All was reverence, and over all a hush. The swaying tableaux lifted high on the shoulders of their hidden bearers moved very slowly down the street and finally out of sight. The crowd broke from its alignment and flooded the street, chattering again as gayly as if it had not been silent and awe-stricken the moment before in the presence of the awful story of Calvary. Some said that purses were often stolen in the crowd, and even at the Miserere!

All the world went cheerfully home to its supper, and we discovered in a trice that, as at Salamanca, fish would be the staple fare. But inasmuch as the tourist population of Burgos was much greater than at Salamanca, the Hotel del Norte y de Londres had devised a comfortable plan for dealing with the non-Catholic stranger within its gates. If one desired meat he must sit on the right-hand side of the table. Otherwise fish would be served. Now even if the monks no longer maintain their mule-express over the hills to Santander in order to keep their Friday larders well replenished, one must not assume that fish is to be despised as far inland as Burgos, or even at Salamanca. Have no fear for the excellence of the table, even in Holy Week, for if custom dictates fish, fasting is, at any rate, not essential. As for the desserts, the Spaniard willingly makes up for his insistence on the fish by redoubling their variety. I believe we counted after our last dinner in Salamanca twelve different kinds of desserts arranged in impressive phalanges around our table, including natillas and fruits and cheeses as well as cakes and a wonderful assortment of cookies. The array was less imposing in Burgos, but it was considerably more than enough, including the white curd-cheese that forms a proud specialty of the place. This we later found on sale at the station, in little wooden boxes, offered with the same pride that elsewhere attends the Banbury tart and the Shrewsbury cake.

On the whole, I incline to rate both the climate and the beggars of Burgos to be exaggerated evils. Neither gave us much concern, although we had been led to expect trouble from the latter and discomfort from the former. In the weather we were presumably lucky, but in the matter of the mendicant I could not see that he was any worse than his brother of Salamanca, or nearly as bad as the beggars of Ronda and Toledo. Certainly neither importunity nor bitter sky dimmed the pleasure of our stay in Burgos; and not the least pleasant of our memories is that last glimpse of the slender, skeleton spires that we got from the window of the train which next morning bore us northward toward Miranda of the Ebro.

CHAPTER XV

SARAGOSSA

THE journey from Burgos to Saragossa by way of Miranda de Ebro requires an all-day ride in the train; but for at least half of the distance it is easily one of the finest railway journeys for sheer grandeur of scenery to be found in the whole kingdom. Almost immediately after leaving Burgos, the line begins to penetrate the mountain fastnesses to the north, following a series of rocky gorges that recall the rugged scenery on the Algeciras line, although the latter are hardly as magnificent as these of the northern country. Tunnels are not infrequent, but they are happily short and invariably are followed by fresh inspirations in the way of outlook on new and astonishing variations in the landscape. As in the south, the prevailing tone of the whole prospect is gray, and in the early spring there is no such profusion of wild-flowers to relieve the coloring. But there are ruined castles on almost every isolated hill and detached pillar of rock, and the mountains, if not higher than those of Granada, are certainly grander in their outline and more impressively diversified.

It was through this fascinating country that we journeyed all the forenoon, possessed of a compart-

ment to ourselves, so that we might dash unhindered from one side of our train to the other, losing nothing of the view, as the line crossed and recrossed the narrow gorges and glens. But, as always in Spain, the mountains speedily gave way to a level plain, fertile and smiling, and the showers that had been playing in and out of the deep vales in the uplands crystallized into one tremendous deluge of rain as we glided into the great station of Miranda, — which is, like Medina del Campo, an outlying junction without being much else. It was at that moment an active place, trains from four directions having just arrived; but the fonda was equal to the occasion and a half-hour sufficed amply, as usual, to serve every one with a six-course luncheon of admirable quality. Then out into the open again, where fortunately the sun was now shining, and across a maze of tracks to the Saragossa train, which was to bear us eastward down the valley of the Ebro.

It was our first acquaintance with this great northern river, a yellow and impetuous torrent tearing its way down a deep but narrow valley with railroad speed, and hemmed in by mountains of wonderful ruggedness. For several miles, — perhaps a score, — the scenery was impressively grand; for the rock of these lofty hills was softer than the limestone of Burgos, and had been sculptured into fantastic shapes by the wind and the rain. Here and there great fragments stood detached

and alone, and occasionally could be seen thin, projecting wedges of cliff, through which the elements had worn great apertures and rents. The face of the rock was marked with deep pits and hollow caves. Our railway line, following the river's constricted channel through the mountain wall, often clung to the merest shelf on the face of the hillsides, and now and then was forced to enter the rock itself and dash along through dusky galleries, through whose portals as they flashed past we got fleeting glimpses into the torrent below. As a rule, we were high above the stream, but it was always visible, always turbidly yellow, and always terribly swift as it raced down the narrow channel, in and out among the frowning mountains to the broader meadows and plains that form the domains of Aragon. Its upper reaches were easily the finest river scenery it was our fortune to see in Spain.

Late in the afternoon the scene changed, the river and the railway emerging together from the rugged country into a broader landscape. It was said that we should descry the distant Pyrenees on the northern horizon, but the clouds hung low, and obscured their jagged tops, as they likewise did the nearer summits to the south. And darkness came down upon us long before the train had clattered over the long bridge that spans the Ebro, and came to a halt in the "Arrabal" station of Saragossa. There was never a porter in sight, and the train disgorged a great throng of passengers who made

their way as best they might over the intervening tracks through the gloom to the rows of omnibuses outside. There was an incredible number of them, but we selected the one bearing the highly inclusive title of "The Universe and Four Nations," loaded our own luggage upon it, and sat down to await the driver and concierge, who had left the equipage quite unattended. It was evident on their return what they had been at, — more especially the concierge, whose Easter rejoicings had already begun to take the form of frequent potation. He was loquacious to a fault, and despite our frigid taciturnity persisted in an uninterrupted flow of lively conversation all the way to the hotel, toward which we jolted over what I think must be the very worst of all the miserable pavements in Spain.

Apparently the ban upon meat had been removed, for the late dinner included it without question, along with some most delicious Spanish lobster, — a delicacy not to be overlooked by any traveler of Epicurean taste in the Mediterranean provinces of Spain. The wine was delicious, and the hotel itself was one of the cleanest and sweetest we had yet found, — a welcome relief after the primitiveness of the heart of old Castile, quaint and delightful as that had been.

Saragossa rejoices in the unusual possession of two cathedrals, neither one of which is especially remarkable for beauty, but which together constituted a potent reason for our spending Easter

Sunday in the city. The two great churches lay close at hand, and the early morning of Easter found us gravitating between them, anxious to lose nothing, and especially desirous to hear the organs, — not that they were organs of high reputation, for they were quite the reverse, but that we had found the organ music in Spain consistently hushed for so long that we craved to hear just one burst of melody from those lofty groves of pipes. As it turned out, we had our fill; for the two cathedral services were so arranged that it was possible to hear a large portion of each.

The older of the two cathedral churches is called *de la Seo*, — "the See," — while the younger and more ornate is sacred to the *Virgen del Pilar*, — the Virgin of the Pillar, — Saragossa's most famous religious association. The latter, as it developed, was to have the greater as well as the earlier service, and we made it our first stopping-place, so that it is well to attempt to describe it first, although of the two it is easily the less satisfactory. Its name is derived from its most celebrated relic, the sacred image of the Madonna and the pillar on which it has stood since the days of St. James. In fact, it is standing to-day, — for let us as usual become as little children and believe as many stories as we can, — on the very site where St. James erected the Virgin's original shrine. The whole precinct is inclosed in the vast church of the Pillar, which to outward view is of a decidedly Byzantine cast. Seen

from the great bridges over the Ebro or from the many streets that lead from it to the centre of the city, Del Pilar is utterly different from any other Spanish cathedral, and for a further distinction let it be said that it pleases the eye far more outside than in. At a sufficient distance the effect of its dozen domes and towers is striking, and even the embellishment of the domes with coverings of colored tiles enhances the oriental effect without making it unpleasantly garish. The body of the church is commonplace compared with the adornments of its roof, and makes no abiding impression on the beholder, save by its enormous size and its little resemblance to a church.

When we entered by its western door the organs were pealing splendidly through the vast distances of the nave, and great numbers of people were wandering up and down, or stood closely packed around the open end of the choir listening to the singing, which was supplemented by orchestral instruments as well as by the organs high overhead. There was an entire absence of the set forms of churchly architecture. The choir, walled in as usual, faced the high altar, likewise walled in, and together these constituted the actual church. But they were far from occupying the whole interior of the inclosing structure, and left a generous half at the eastern end for the special and separate shrine of the pillared Madonna. More than ever was it apparent that the external walls of the cathedral

were a shell merely, and in this particular case might have sheltered a railway station quite as appropriately as a church. Hare relates that he disliked the internal decoration of the whole, the general plan seeming to him to smack of the tawdriness of a Parisian café. But to us this did not seem a just estimate. The curiously unchurchly effect of the cathedral is simply due to the fact that it is a plain, oblong building devoid of the usual forms of cathedral design, and might serve any secular building exactly as well.

The greater number of worshipers were not gathered at the main service at all, but were congregated in a compact mass in the lower half of the nave around the great shrine of the Virgin. Here was a second church within a church, consisting of a great canopy borne aloft on an elliptical row of splendid marble columns. It was entirely open toward the east end of the cathedral, and in the broad spaces there we found the most people, all devoutly kneeling. Within it was a blaze of candles, and priests were officiating at the altar with great solemnity, as befitted the super-sanctity of the spot. No attention was paid to the distant mass in the main choir, the sound of which hardly penetrated to this remote distance. The image of the Virgin was almost invisible in her niche to the right of the altar, and of the holy pillar even less was to be seen. The relic is so very holy that most of it is hidden from mortal eyes.

From where we were forced to stand, the Virgin's image appeared to be another of those familiar black carvings dressed with extraordinary magnificence, her jeweled robes flashing back the light of innumerable candles. No other sacred statue in Spain, and there are many such, has so elaborate a wardrobe as this famous doll; and it is constantly being changed, the priests making the alterations with piously averted eyes lest they be blinded by the Virgin's incomparable charm. At least, such is the common story. It is further alleged that the shrine has never been deserted since the great St. James first built it here, — except when the cathedral is wholly closed. There is always some one with the Virgin, and her celebrity is great. Of course she is capable of working miracles, and the devout Cardinal Retz was willing to aver on his honor as a churchman that he once saw a wooden leg, when rubbed with oil from the Virgin's lamp, turn to brisk flesh; and the owner thereof leaped as the hart! No such astonishing cure was worked while we stood there, but many are claimed to occur annually.

The potency of the statue has likewise served to keep the whole surrounding church from harm during centuries of storm and war. Lightning has repeatedly struck the domes without effecting any damage, and the cannon balls of the French invaders fell on the roof as harmless as hail. No wonder the Virgin of the Pillar is held in high es-

teem, even though some are skeptical enough to claim that the whole miracle and its setting were invented by Saragossans in a fit of jealousy to offset the growing celebrity of Santiago de Compostela! If that was one of the purposes of the invention, it has served its turn admirably, for the pilgrimage to the shrine of the Virgen del Pilar is among the highly essential ones to be made by every devout Spaniard. Tiny reproductions of the statue in silver-gilt are to be had at every turn.

The rear of the Virgin's shrine is walled up with solid stone, but an aperture is left for the beholding of the foot of the pillar on which she stands. There was a crowd around it, anxious persons taking their turn at kissing the holy spot. In view of the revelations of modern bacteriology it seems in itself no small miracle that so many thousands weekly salute this pillar with their lips and escape contagion, — whatever be the real power of the statue to heal developed ills!

La Seo, the other cathedral, is as different as can be from the Pillar. It is dim and obscure, — and yet when we entered there from the noonday outside it was hardly as dim as we had been led to expect. A few moments sufficed to accustom the eyes to the darkness, and revealed the fact that architecturally this was an infinitely finer church than the other. It was obviously venerable, and thoroughly dignified and stately, with broad aisles lined by huge columns of gloomy stone reaching up

into the murky twilight of the lofty roof. There was an abundance of sculptured decoration which might have suffered severely had it been exposed to the searching light of full day; but in the tempered illumination from the few grimy windows high above it was far from bad. Although this building, like the other, was hopelessly removed from the commonly received forms of church architecture, being almost a rectangle and decidedly irregular in plan, it escaped the fate of its sister cathedral, and remained unmistakably churchly. It had a trifle of the mosque about it, as the other had, — at least internally. Its columns were by no means always regularly spaced, and its cimborio rose to one side of the crossing, instead of directly above it. But these digressions from strict regularity were not unpleasing, and went with the mustiness and dusk and age of the place to produce an indescribable charm. Not to be entirely outdone by Del Pilar, La Seo has a miracle of her own to show, and has set a marble-columned shrine to mark the spot where Christ once stood and conversed with Canon Funes. The evidence of the fact that this interview actually took place is the best, — to wit, the testimony of the canon himself, who reaped no little glory from it, as Ildefonso did at Toledo!

The streets of the city as a whole abound in such a wealth of characteristic architecture that it is hopeless to attempt an individual description of any of it. The buildings which date back to the

stirring period of the city's history are strikingly massive, and prove the truth of the old assertion that "every house was a fortress." It is unfortunate that these old buildings are beginning to disappear before the march of progress, and we found more than one ancient structure demolished to make way for broader highways, much as King's Way has cut its swath through the heart of London. Enough remains, however, to explain with vivid clearness why the French found it so hard to take the city, despite the flimsiness of its outer walls. History relates that the latter were not more than three feet in thickness, and were so meagre that they failed to include several strategic points, — yet Saragossa held out in 1808 from June until the following February. Of course a portion of this siege was intermittent; but when the French marshals, in December of that year, settled down to the serious business of war, their success would have seemed certain to be immediate and decisive. Yet it was not, and even after eighteen thousand seasoned troops had actually invested the city, it was necessary to take it anew, house by house! Not only were the houses strong, but the men — and even the women — proved uncommonly valiant. It was said of the former that they were as "hard-headed as hammers," and as for the latter, has not Byron immortalized the Maid of Saragossa who "shed no ill-timed tear," but seized the match from her dead lover's hand and continued firing

the cannon? Saragossa has not yet forgotten to be proud of those memorable days.

We left Saragossa in the early morning from the station awesomely named Del Sepulcro, — and it had a far less prosperous appearance than the terminal on the north bank of the Ebro. Nevertheless business was brisk, and the throng of peasants at the ticket offices was tremendous. It was fully half an hour before I could get my kilometric coupons honored and procure tickets to Reus, — for it was impossible to procure them through to Tarragona. This did not seriously disquiet us for the moment, but later it proved alarming enough. For the line to Reus does not connect directly with the short branch that runs down to Tarragona, and the interval has to be bridged by a breakneck ride in a crazy omnibus. This fact we did not know until we had extracted it piecemeal from the conductor on the train. However, the conductor said it was not far, and our halt at Mora la Nueva at noon drove every thought of it out of our heads by introducing us to the best of all railway fondas in Spain.

Two bull-necked waiters with close-cropped hair, who would have graced any prize ring, hastened us through a marvelous table d'hôte, and at the end, beside the ordinary red wine of the country, insisted on our sampling what they called *vieux vin du pays*, which I think must have been a variety of the celebrated *priorato* made famous by the monks of Poblet. At any rate, it was delicious, and even the

modest glasses of it served us sufficed to dispel every vestige of our gloomy forebodings about Reus. Besides, there were almonds, — glorified almonds, — treated in some mysterious way that made them somewhat more than mere nuts. Thus we forgot our troubles.

But when we got to Reus, after a bewilderingly beautiful ride over the mountains and down to the sea, which glimmered and glittered under a warm Mediterranean sun, we found ourselves in for a strenuous twenty minutes. A hurrying porter, bellowing "Tarragona! Tarragona!" grasped all our baggage and staggering under its weight started on the run for a closed carriage outside, we following as fast as apprehensive legs could be induced to carry us. The coach started at once at full gallop over muddy streets, lurching around corners, bouncing over stones and ruts. The same porter clung to the rear step through it all. And in what seemed a much longer time than it really was we were dumped in a heap at the station of the other line, the porter again snatching our bags and starting, still on the run, for the train. I rushed to the ticket office, and in an agitated voice demanded three second-class tickets to Tarragona, which city we had already seen rising out of the level, tree-clad plain ten miles away.

"No hay segunda," suavely returned the ticket agent, — to wit, "There is n't any second class."

"No second?"

"No, señor; only third."

"Third, then."

So we rode third down to Tarragona, after paying our porter several times his fee because time for disputation over trifles failed us. We had caught our train. We were gaining many hours over the Lerida route, — and Tarragona was in full view across a fertile vineyard! Our third-class train — it was immensely long and chiefly devoted to freight — was full to overflowing with peasants who were going home to Tarragona begrimed with the day's toil, all shouting, singing, and smoking. It was interesting, — but ten miles was quite enough.

CHAPTER XVI

TARRAGONA AND POBLET

We found the station of Tarragona almost on the water's edge, with the town above it on a height overlooking the sea. It was well along in the afternoon, but the sky at last was clear and the mellow light on the sea and distant ships was wonderfully fine. The water itself was a pleasant thing after weeks of dry and sterile upland, and the waves lapped softly at the rocks beneath our feet. The railroad yard was busy with much traffic, and among the locomotives that puffed to and fro I noticed with a feeling akin to homesickness two of outspokenly American build, albeit very ancient, with "cowcatchers" and with bells that, alas, were not provided with any means for ringing. How odd and friendly they looked amid the array of European engines! I could not but be glad that there were two of them; for one alone must infallibly have been forlorn indeed!

A long, zigzag road led by easy stages up the abrupt height to the city, but foot passengers were to be seen making a short cut, as at Toledo, up long flights of stone steps that gave a more immediate access to the bluffs on which the close-set buildings clustered, gleaming white in the sunny afternoon.

Capping it all were the golden towers and lantern of the cathedral.

With the usual impetuosity we cast our baggage into the hotel of our choice and hastened off up the steep street toward the cathedral to get a glimpse of it before dark. It was not far away, and the usual band of tattered urchins insisted on bearing us company even to the doors of the church, which were very wonderful doors indeed. They opened from a deep Gothic portal, inclosed by massive buttresses of stone, while directly above them was a stone tracery of indescribable delicacy. At either hand were the usual statuettes of prophets and apostles. The doors themselves were huge and stout, iron-mounted, heavy-hinged, adorned with great knockers and enormous copper nails. A pilgrim like ourselves was emerging, guidebook in hand, and the children happily followed him, leaving us to our own devices. Thus we entered.

It was our first Catalan church, dark and sombre within, but grandly impressive. A muttered service was going on in the deep inclosure of the marble choir. Over the great main door the afternoon light came in gloriously through a huge rose window, probably as fine as any in northern France. The transepts boasted rose windows too, quite as splendid, and the glass was fortunately both old and exquisite. On the whole, without being actually vast, the effect was still one of ample spaces and solemnity, to which latter element the monotone of

the priests in the obscurity of their carved stalls contributed its full share. It gave the same impression of great age that Avila and La Seo had given, especially in the depths of the cavernous apse, which, as at Avila, was actually the oldest portion of the building.

It is now very generally recognized, I gather, that there is a definite type of Catalan church architecture possessing a quaint individuality of its own, entirely distinct from the florid Gothic of the centre and north of the kingdom. Its chief characteristics appear to be dignity and gloom, coupled with a curious predilection for fanciful and even grotesque sculpture, such as one finds in riotous abundance in the cloisters of this cathedral of Tarragona. Inside the building there was little but Spartan severity, save where the rose windows glowed like jewels through the dusk, their heavy tracery subtending little patches of rich coloring, through which light was filtered rather than poured. It was not as dark as Barcelona cathedral a few days later, but nevertheless all the depth of the church was lapped in an awesome obscurity.

A mercenary and altogether disagreeable sacristan, or rather priest, insisted on accompanying us through the cloisters, which we had much preferred to see at leisure and alone. He denied us at first even the poor pleasure of attempting photographs in the failing light, being obviously concerned to sell us some stupid, glossy prints of his own making.

Decidedly, thought we, the statement that the Catalan is first of all for business is true! The alertness for which the race is celebrated had not impressed us unduly at the Hôtel de Paris, where terms were reasonable and accommodation poor; but here in the shadow of Holy Church we ran full upon the thrift which has made Catalonia the mercantile leader of Spain.

Such photographs as he finally did permit me to make were but faintly satisfactory. The cloisters were vast in their extent, and the day far advanced, — too far to give sufficient illumination to those ancient arches with their quaint carvings. In the midst was a garden of pleasantness, and here and there deep dells of cypresses manifested themselves. Overhead towered the steeples of the massive church and the curious cimborio, adding to the effectiveness of the picture, but not to be compared in interest with the splendidly foliated arches of the mossy cloisters, which are said to be the finest of their age to be found in Spain.

Down obscure side streets lying toward the setting sun we found our way to the outer gates of the city, — plain but massive portals cut in what remains of the ancient wall. A considerable portion of the latter is intact, especially on the northern side of the city, and in almost as perfect a state as the walls of Avila, although far less interesting to see. The lower blocks, rough hewn, or not hewn at all, certainly merit their name of "Cyclopean," and

are said to date far back of the days of ancient Rome; but the upper courses are of an obviously later time, and make well-defined strata where they join the more ancient work. There were, as we discovered, no such regular turrets as those which had distinguished the massive cincture of Avila, but the gates, buttressed as they were with massive towers, were almost as fine as those of the inland city.

Out through one of these we strolled boldly toward the north, along a white and dusty road which we could see winding for miles around and over the shoulders of inland hills. It led us past a little cemetery with its quadrangle of pigeonhole graves and dusky cypresses, and up a steep declivity beyond, whence the view back upon Tarragona was especially fine. Our avowed destination was an ancient Roman aqueduct which we knew lay somewhere off in the adjacent country, and we made frequent inquiry for it of the multitude of peasants who were walking townward. None of them had ever heard of it, apparently. They showed us other aqueducts of hopelessly modern appearance that lay in full view, but of the antique one they had no knowledge. Their invariable conclusion was that we had taken the wrong road. At last, however, a skeptical peasant showed us a cart-track leading off obscurely to the left down through a rocky pasture, high-walled and distressingly hard to the feet, — but he was by no means sure we should find

what we sought by taking it, and was only positive of the fact that we were wasting our valuable time and daylight. Nevertheless we plunged into it and followed its devious course for a mile or so, eventually meeting a coterie of intelligent natives who knew at once what we meant. It seemed that we should have asked, as at Segovia, for the *puente de diablo!*

Whether there is a legend about this aqueduct like that attaching to the building of Segovia's, I did not learn; but it would be surprising if there were not. It is not nearly as long as that at the Castilian city, but in its way it is just as fine, spanning a narrow ravine which makes up for its lack of breadth by being surprisingly deep. This necessitates a double row of arches, built of huge stones which time has mellowed to a rich golden-brown. Almost all of it is still intact, and we discovered that the flat layer of stones that formed its top afforded a practicable bridge for the steady-headed pedestrian to cross the valley on. We did not venture far upon it, however, as the day was far spent and we hesitated to be caught after dark on those lonely roads. The dregs of Tarragona's population had not looked at all reassuring, even on such casual inspection as we had then given them, — and later when we had seen them quarreling over the public soup kettles on the outskirts of the town we were glad that prudence had driven us early homeward from the Devil's Bridge. Nor was this the only

benefit, for as we went down the long hill toward the city the sun went down in a perfect blaze of glory which touched the walls and towers with a rosy enchantment, glowing bright against the deep evening blue of sea and sky, while here and there a distant sail was tipped with the reflected splendor of the west.

But it was not Tarragona alone that we had come down to the coast for to see, — Tarragona with her crooked streets, her prehistoric walls, her wine shops marked as of old by green branches and bushes hung over their doors, her cathedral, and her incomparable situation on a rock by the ocean. We had come fully as much in the hope of making the pilgrimage to Poblet, the ruined monastery of Espluga. How it ever came to pass that the guidebooks mentioned Mont Blanch as the proper station for alighting on that journey, I have never yet been able to comprehend. For Espluga is not only enormously nearer the site, but also is fully as old as the monastery itself. It was the proprietor of the hotel who gave us this valuable hint when we broached the subject of Poblet that same evening.

Now this excursion had been in our minds ever since we had set sail from home, and owing to the extant body of literature on the subject we had conjured up a sufficiency of difficulties. If one might believe the indefatigable Hare, whose description of the expedition and of the monastery is easily one of the best ever written and will probably remain

so, a visit to Poblet meant a six-mile ride from Mont Blanch in a crazy and decrepit tartana (two-wheeled native-cart-without-springs-covered-with-canvas) behind a perfectly uncontrollable mule, and over the most outrageous of roads. Who, then, would have believed that in reality it was nothing more than a two-mile walk over a gently rising ground, with a most affable woman to carry the lunch basket and point out the road? Such we found the trip to Poblet! And any subsequent visitor who craves this experience has only to buy his ticket from Tarragona to Espluga, take the morning train, and on arrival be escorted to the very heart of the monastery. He may ride thither in a tartana if he wishes, for there is always one at the station, and the road is very good, after all. But if he is wise he will hire a local guide — generally an able-bodied woman — to carry his traps, and walk. For it is not fatiguing, and a walk in that fine country air does one good.

We had some doubt of the necessity of hiring the guide and porter above mentioned, whom the hotel proprietor described as *petites femmes*, but he assured us that it was much better to have one of these convenient ladies for company; and when we jumped from the train in the station at Espluga and saw one coming toward us with expansive smile and friendliness radiating from every pore, we surrendered on the spot. She said we might pay her whatever we thought the service worth — a dangerous trade, always. I do not remember what we

finally gave her, but as usual in such cases it was probably much more than she would have dreamed of demanding. At any rate, she blessed us heartily as she left us at the monastery gate.

On the whole, it was an attractive walk, once we had gotten clear of Espluga. The latter, it must be confessed, was a filthy hamlet, and like Kipling's regimental camel, it "smelt most awful vile." That, however, was for but a brief distance. Soon we were bowling merrily along a good road through fields of waving grass, the *petite femme* proving herself a better pedestrian than we and making light of her burden as she chatted gayly in a mixture of Catalan and Spanish. The gray ruin of the monastery lay always above and to the left, but by no means on any such height as we had imagined. Indeed, it seemed to be on the verge of the plain. A wayside cross was the first positive indication that we were drawing toward it, and shortly after we turned into a gently ascending avenue lined with trees, beside which pleasant rills danced musically down from the hillside above. All about lay a fair and fertile upland valley, as different as possible from the Spain we had known hitherto.

What mind pictures we had made of Poblet were utterly shattered and dispersed when we finally reached it, despite the vividness of Hare's account. It was not a deserted spot, for a very considerable settlement had grown up around its gates, and a trim little park of pleasant shade graced the spa-

cious quadrangle that lay before the main entrance of the monastery. The *petite femme* halted not, but marched stoutly through the frowning portals that pierced the outer wall, on through a long forecourt, and up to a portentous turreted gate in the thick walls of the main inclosure. She thundered at the knocker. When no voice replied she thundered again, more vigorously. Still no response. A third belaboring of the gate and shrill cries finally elicited a faint halloa far inside, and soon a grizzled custodian came clattering down the echoing corridors to let us in. The *petite femme* went away rejoicing in the possession of much silver, and we entered. The gate clanged behind, and the bolts shot back into their sockets.

Once again we were forced to alter our mental picture of Poblet. From the description in the books, we had fully expected to give one glance at it and burst into tears, such was the tale of its desolation. Instead we gazed around upon its Gothic courts, bright with balmy sunshine which fell in warm bands through arches of incredibly airy grace, and asked the custodian if we might eat our lunch there in the shade. He said we might, brought us rush-bottomed chairs, found us a nook that was neither too sunny nor too cool, and left us to our meal with a courteous good taste that the thousand sacristans of Spain would do well to emulate.

We were in the great main cloister of Poblet. It was indeed sadly ruined, as we began to perceive,

although it was not nearly as lamentable as Hare had made us expect. The beautiful foliation of the arches was cruelly marred here and there, and one knew at once that the insensate fury of a mob had done this thing, — certainly not the kindly hand of destroying Time. But it made no appreciable impression on our appetites, sharpened by that brisk walk, and the luncheon provided by the landlord at Tarragona proved a most excellent one, neatly packed in a handsome basket, and graced with a wicker-covered bottle of tinto that even the abbot and his monks might well have envied. Indeed, if that once potent prelate and his order had been content with the modest fare we had spread in their desolated courts, they might have escaped the fate that befell them. Unfortunately they were not so; and it remains to tell the story of the downfall of this prodigious institution, once the proudest monastery in Spain, at the violent hands of the outraged poor of Espluga.

Less than a century ago it was in full career. The magnificent buildings were tenanted by a select body of religious brethren, recruited from the noblest blood of Spain. To be chosen a member of the community of Poblet one must show the caste of Vere de Vere in good earnest. The whole chapter of monkish grandees sat in solemn conclave on the question of new admissions, and the pedigree and quarterings of every applicant underwent the severest scrutiny. It was no mean privilege to be

a brother of this order. The surroundings, while nominally monastic, were luxurious to an absurd degree. The cloisters were surrounded by palaces, — no less! If they had cells — which they had — they were no narrow habitations of monks given to austerity; rather were they spacious chambers, with fireplaces; and they opened on an entrancing court where nature and art combined to make monastic life a thorough pleasure. Each monk had two servants and white mules of purest breed. In their separate quadrangle was a community of tradesmen in such variety that the monks need not go beyond their cloister to supply any ordinary want. Kings were glad to be guests here, and many were so enchanted with it that they decreed their bones should be laid here when they came to die. One built him an enormous palace just west of the cloister which it adjoined. In short, life at Poblet was the acme of luxurious monasticism, and the austerities that were practiced seem to have been such in name only.

Naturally this order of haughty grandees grew arrogant. They increased their revenues by levying tribute on the countryside. It began to be noised abroad that the brethren put innocent folk to the torture. This was the last straw, and the thrifty Catalans, angered by this long reign of lazy luxury, rose in wrath and marched in a vast mob to the gates of Poblet.

Why it was that the guilty friars were allowed

to go free and why the mob wreaked all its insensate vengeance on the poor, unoffending cloisters, battering their stone beauties to their present state of abject mutilation, cannot be explained. Possibly it was merely the national inconsistency that thus let the guilty escape and then deliberately pounded the inanimate stones to powder. Or possibly it was thought best to make return practically impossible by ruining the place where the priests had held their orgies. At any rate, this is what happened, — and not longer ago than 1835. The monks, in terror at the violent threats of the populace, were given a scant day's grace, and fled for dear life from the palaces and courts and libraries where they had been so happy. When the last one had gone, the flood of the mob inundated the place, — and the monastery was doomed. Fired by a perfect mania for destruction, the marauders spared not the Infant Jesus in the arms of the Virgin at the high altar, but smashed right and left with their pikes and bludgeons every breakable adornment. Tombs and sacred images fared alike. Books of priceless value were hauled forth and burned. Whatever told the tale of monkish extravagance and rapine was utterly ruined. Even the arches of those airy colonnades were defaced and battered. And when the violence of the rabble had run its course, Poblet was but a tattered remnant of its former self, a sorry shell, and nothing more.

It was indeed foolish and lamentable, but Poblet

after all only shared to an exaggerated degree the common fate of many other monasteries of Spain. Even with the madness and fury of the mob, much managed to survive. The buildings were too vast and too massive to be torn utterly to bits, and before all was leveled the rage of the people abated. They retired, leaving the walls and much of the arcades, — but very little else. The exiled monks never returned, although now and then a few were wont to wander back to look upon the scene of desolation and weep bitterly for the days that had been.

The ruin has been largely cleared up and reduced to a semblance of order. The fragments have all been gathered into a warehouse and no longer strew the ground. Some little restoration has prevented further decay. It has, in fact, become a national museum, with a caretaker of sorts, — a genial fellow who does not bore you and who knows his deserted courts like a book. As we were eating he passed by, coming from the depths of an adjacent building, rubbing his benumbed hands, and remarking that it was *mucho frio* inside. And indeed it was, as we speedily discovered when we had finished our lunch and set out on our explorations. For the spring sun had not yet warmed the dark depths of those stone palaces. They were clammy and cold, and the chill was penetrating.

But they were magnificent halls even in their ruin. We were led through deep kitchens, old and new, to the lofty dining-room, — a noble room,

vaulted and tall, with a high pulpit of stone at one side, so that the souls of the brothers might be fed with spiritual food whilst they refreshed their bodies. And in the centre was a marble fount which tradition says used to spout iced waters to mitigate the warmth of the long summer days. But in the April chill the thought of ice water made us shiver. We should much have preferred a jet of steam!

The great upper hall, once divided into separate cells, was now a huge empty loft with vaulted roof. The partitions were utterly gone, and only the bare traces of them remained. The vast loft of the novices apparently never had been so divided, but lay lofty and imposing, as it must have been of old. The chapter rooms, with their circle of benches, where once sat the brothers in solemn debate on the quarterings of the applicants, were deserted and bare, although tombs remained undefiled in the floor. The enormous library was devoid of even a hint of its old store of priceless books. Best of all, I think, was the great church, whose high altar still rears its stupendous marble retablo, defaced it is true, but one of the finest in Spain. The windows were staring and open, of course, and the marks of the mob's violence were everywhere. But they did not destroy the massive piers of the building with their lofty pointed arches, and if they battered the royal tombs hey did not entirely obliterate the traces of their former beauty and grandeur.

The story is that the mob verified its fears of torture-chambers by discovering a vault filled with broken human bones. To this the custodian made no reference, and we found our Spanish utterly unequal to the task of asking him. A hurried thumbing of the well-worn leaves of "Precious Darling" discovered no word for torture-chamber! And it was this failure to unearth that gruesome mystery that gave me my one slight disappointment at Poblet. We did see the pavilion where the brothers drank "obligatory chocolate" in the morning lest they faint during mass — and for that I am duly thankful.

It should be said that the monastery marks the site where once lived a hermit, — Hamdushi would doubtless have called him a "very holy man." He managed in some way to convince the Moors — who were by no means an intolerant race, as we have seen — that he really was very holy, and they permitted him to remain in his upland retreat unmolested. From him the monastery got its name, which is distinctly Catalan.

The great belt of outer walls still incloses a vast domain, sloping down to the valley and abundantly fertile, watered by innumerable little streams that flow from the mountains above. Indeed, the gush of the waters is everywhere heard, much as one hears it in such paradises as the Villa d'Este at Tivoli. But the main buildings, one and all, are a ruin, from the desolate church to the great palace

with its chambers of state, and the deep vats where once the priorato wine was made. And yet, ruined as it is, it is charming still; and the traveler who passes through Tarragona will err sadly in omitting Poblet from his reckoning. It shows what a monastery could be at its very best, and I doubt not it was the most luxurious religious house in all the world in its halcyon day. One can easily understand, even now, when the glorious courts and palaces lie desolate and deserted, how the bluest blood of Spain — for Spain was the original country to talk of aristocratic blood as "blue" — schemed and intrigued to gain the coveted admission to this cloistered shade.

CHAPTER XVII

A GLIMPSE OF BARCELONA

FROM Tarragona to Barcelona is, comparatively speaking only a step. But owing to the fact that the really good trains at convenient hours run only now and then during the week, we found ourselves condemned as usual to make the journey in a humble mixed train, which required nearly four hours for the run. They were rather delightful hours, however, close along the Mediterranean shore through orchards of lemon and vineyards of luxuriant grape; and while the scene was pastorally peaceful, it seldom rose to heights of magnificence. Indeed, the one great excitement was afforded by an impromptu race in which our engineer pitted his leisurely train against a tramp steamer just off shore, headed like ourselves for Barcelona. For miles it was nip and tuck between us, but the train finally won and drew up victorious in a station entirely unworthy of so great and prosperous a city.

For Barcelona is really great, both in size and activity. She is at once the Spanish Milan and the Spanish Naples. Her commercial importance both by land and sea is enormous. Her population, including in the total various outlying hamlets that belong by every right to the city itself, numbers

well over half a million. Her docks are magnificent. Her trolley lines are comprehensive. Her streets vary from the narrow and squalid to the broad and imposing. Besides her commercial activities, she is also noted for her output of anarchy and seditious spirit. At the moment of our arrival at her gates, the trial of a trio of bomb-makers had just been concluded in her courts, with three death penalties resulting. King Alfonso had just been visiting the city, and had succeeded in escaping with his life, — which seemed to be widely regarded as something remarkable! As a consequence our advent in this paradise of merchants, manufacturers, traders, socialists, anarchists, and eloquent politicians was attended with mingled feelings of apprehension and pleasure.

Of the seamy side of Barcelona, however, we saw nothing. It spread out to us a most imposing water front as we jogged comfortably down to our hotel, the huge docks and warehouses lining the broad and gently curving quay all the way from the station to the lofty statue of Columbus, which marks the harbor end of the famous Rambla, — the city's central boulevard. Looming grandly ahead, like a blue Gibraltar, was the misty bulk of Montjuich. At the statue we turned sharply to the right and proceeded up the Rambla, leaving Columbus behind with but a passing glance. It was recalled, however, that the inhabitants of the city had vented their anger at the untoward results of the Spanish-American war by throwing a shower of stones, eggs,

and decayed vegetables at the insensate image of the Genoese, as punishment for his having ventured to find so troublesome a new world for Spain!

The hotel was directly on the Rambla, — a very comfortable establishment, with the rates somewhat excessive, as they must be in a big city, and reasonably full. Certainly no location could be more central. Just across the shady boulevard was the municipal theatre, the playbills of which were loudly announcing a production of "Sherlock Holmes." In the broad flagged walk that ran up the centre of the highway, a vast throng of people wandered to and fro. Street cars went clanging by at frequent intervals. Carts and carriages alternated with automobiles in a constantly varying procession. It was midday, and the air of the place was unmistakably metropolitan.

The most casual glance at the map revealed the curious division of the city into two well-defined parts. The older, more irregular section lay close to the sea, its streets wandering and narrow save for the great central highway of the Rambla — or rather Ramblas, for the long avenue bears various names as it goes on up-town, like the series of Parisian boulevards. Outside this older part there is a new one recently sprung into being, wherein the streets are laid out in a system of regular squares. Between this and the old section is a cincture of wide avenues forming together a kite-shaped boundary for the older town. There were frequent

spaces of vacant land in the newer part, as we subsequently discovered, but the town straggled off into the outer country, as all large cities must, and no perceptible interval was to be seen between Barcelona proper and her suburbs of Sans, Montjuich, Sarriá, Gracia, and a half-dozen others. Barcelona had simply spread herself out over such territory as she needed, and where the land was not yet filled in it was at any rate laid out with the view to building. On the whole, with all her reputation for turbulence, Barcelona seemed an enlightened and thoroughly progressive city.

We were living on the Rambla del Centro, which farther up the line changed its name to the Rambla de San José; and just beyond this, at about a mile from the hotel, lay the great main square of the city — the Plaza de Cataluña. Naturally our most intimate acquaintance came to be with these Ramblas, which not only lay at our doors but must be traversed every time we went out on pleasure or business bent. They were at their best in the early hours of the forenoon under the balmy freshness of the Riviera climate, — never rigorous even in winter, and simply ideal in spring.

It was a very broad street, the Rambla, and through its midst ran, as I have intimated, a very spacious central promenade, paved with broad stone flagging and lined with luxuriant plane trees, now in full leaf. All up and down the promenade of a morning there were booths for the sale of flowers,

birds, and other gayly-colored things, presided over by vivacious and picturesquely clad Catalan women. The effect was kaleidoscopic, and while the coloring was often barbaric in its luxuriant brilliance, it was all thoroughly charming. The flowers were displayed in unstudied magnificence, — huge bunches of roses, peonies, camelias, assorted blossoms without number — massed in a perfect riot of color under gay umbrellas which served to eke out the shade. The bird booths were only less gay, with their multitudes of feathered songsters in tiny wooden cages, — birds of wonderful plumage and constant melody. I have never seen such an array of tiny creatures of such wonderfully variant iridescence, so many canaries all trilling at once, so many grave green and yellow parrots. The latter were sometimes in cages and sometimes on open perches. They were of all ages and sizes, from hardened veterans to brisk young things that had not learned to speak or even to look roguishly wise. Needless to say, the whole morning air of the Rambla was heavy with perfume and filled with musical twitterings, while the booth-tenders kept up a running fire of badinage. Everybody was in high good humor, and of that ugly undercurrent of unrest in Barcelona which now and then produces an outbreak of incendiary spirit, there was no sign. Instead all was fair and balmy, and the walk from the Hotel of the Four Nations to Cataluña Square was a constant delight.

Of course the two sides of the wide highway were lined with indoor shops in great abundance, but not all the business was confined to the Rambla by any means. To the left there was a great public market where the booths were only less attractive than those of the Rambla in their own peculiar way — presided over as the others had been by rosy-cheeked women. On the other side of the boulevard many streets led off by an easy grade to a neighboring hill — and one of these, the important Calle de Fernando VII, proved to be one of the finest shopping streets in Spain, apparently the favored resort of aristocratic buyers. Few of these shops were large, and I do not recall that we found in any place such great emporia as those of the centre of Paris. But they were tiny and choice, like so many of those in the French capital; and to browse our way up-town among them was a pleasure, which usually appealed to the señoras somewhat more strongly than to me. There was another favorite haunt of ours just behind the hotel, — an arcaded square reminiscent of the various old plazas in the interior of Spain, but called in this case the Plaza Real, — where there were many fascinating things to be bought, and, wonderful to relate, even films for cameras, a thing which Spain has not yet learned how to provide save in such frequented places as Barcelona and Madrid. I had been on short commons for a long time with my own cameras, and it was only by rare good fortune that I

had been able to find three ancient films in Saragossa by dint of an Easter Sunday hunt among the third-story shops in an obscure street. One visiting Spain will do well to provide himself abundantly before leaving home. Even in Barcelona we were not always sure of getting all we wanted, — and I need hardly say that the temptation to make photographs is nowhere stronger than it is in Spain. The name, by the way, for films in Spanish appears to be "pelícolas de Kodak." It was in Barcelona that I ventured once again to have some of my films developed, curiosity being unable longer to forego that pleasure. The work was fairly well done, but I suspect it might be done better. For in one place — I think Granada — I had caught the primitive photographer whom I had trusted with my precious negatives washing them in a horse trough!

It was very evident that Barcelona was not Spanish, but Catalan, and that her streets and shops were very differently managed even from the great ones of Madrid. Even the curious Catalan language — for it is more than a dialect — was to be heard everywhere, and the Catalonian seems to be proud of keeping it distinct. He will not readily admit that he is Spanish, or, as he says, "Castilian." Catalonia has not only retained her language, but she has written a considerable literature in it, discussed problems of science, composed poems! The mark of her guttural tongue is over everything the

moment you emerge from Aragon. The railroad stations began to show us such words as "Puig" and "Prat" the moment we began to climb out of Mora Nueva on our journey down to Tarragona. Everywhere we ran across the disdain felt by Barcelona for Madrid and its indolent people. The hotel proprietor was one of those who had no love for a haughty guest whom he described to me one day as "sitting in there with all the pride of Madrid upon him." Nobody, at any rate, can accuse the Catalan of being lazy, and in the outer country he is far from lacking in picturesqueness, with his curious long cap pulled well over his eyes. In Barcelona, however, the air of everything was thoroughly mid-European, save when mule-drivers hurried by with their pattering steeds, growling at them from under their Catalan headgear.

Barcelona has a cathedral — and a magnificent one. As an example of the Catalan church it is probably without a superior, and especially on the score of its interior gloom. We came to it through a side street leading down from the Calle Fernando, which inducted us before we were fully aware of it into the great cloisters. These were protected from the busy town without by massive walls of a plainness which presaged little of the fine Gothic arcades within; wherefore the surprise when we entered was the greater. All around the quadrangle were rows of stately chapels, much as around the ordinary cathedral of the faith, while in the open square which

the cloister inclosed was a deep garden, — palms, lemon trees, oranges, medlars, giant geraniums, oleanders. The arches, which were filled with Gothic tracery and heavily barred, gave fascinating glimpses into this mass of greenery; and in a cool corner just under the shadow of the cathedral's mighty bulk there was a fountain playing musically into a pool, the curb of which was covered with ancient mosses. It was here that we found the canons' geese — pure white birds that are maintained as a regular part of the churchly menage and said to be descendants of the birds which even down to comparatively recent times were still used for augury. Possibly they have at some time saved the cathedral treasures by timely quacking! At any rate, they are there in the cloister, floating whitely in the deep pools of the garden where the fountain cools the air and charms the ear with its melodious trickling.

It was astonishingly dark inside the church, which was far more imposing in its details than the cathedral at Tarragona, as befitted a wealthier chapter, but which, like Tarragona, contrived to impress one with a sense of vast spaces by cunningly arranged windows and a sparse diffusion of light. It was many minutes before we could see anything at all in the twilight, which rivaled that of La Seo. The lamps of different shrines were easily distinguished, and the grand bulk of altar and choir loomed up in the mysterious darkness. Lofty win-

dows heavy with color let in but an indefinite glimmer to light the pavement of the nave. Nevertheless, when we had grown accustomed to the obscurity we fell in love with this old church. What one saw, even darkly, was worth the seeing. There are few finer carved choir stalls than those of Barcelona, with their lofty canopy of wooden tracery and lacework, blackened with age; and few more interesting marks of antiquity than the traces of escutcheons, faintly seen, which recall the institution here of the Order of the Golden Fleece by Charles the Fifth.

Also there is a deep crypt beneath the high altar, into which descends a flight of steps; and it is here that the body of Santa Eulalia lies, buried in an alabaster sarcophagus befitting the tutelary saint of the thriving city. I suppose we might by due diligence have obtained access to this sanctified spot, but we were unfortunately turned aside at that moment by the melodious beginnings of a service far down the aisle, in one of the obscure side-chapels, which for the time being had been made to glow with radiance by innumerable candles. Up in a lofty gallery somewhere in the obscurity of the nave a choir of men began a solemn chant accompanied by the sob of subdued viols, and in the nave below a reverent throng of people watched the ministrations of a priest. I gathered from a bystander that this was a memorial service for some person lately dead — and not necessarily very lately, either, for

such masses are, of course, common even after the deceased has been a year and more in his grave. I do not recall that I have spoken of it, but one who sees much of Spanish newspapers cannot but be impressed with the number of advertisements of such memorial masses published daily, invariably surrounded by mourning borders of impressive width.

Externally, Barcelona cathedral leaves much to be desired. It is difficult to see, and when seen is far less fine than the simpler edifice at Tarragona. It is said to be still incomplete, although one can hardly regret that fact, since to all seeming it was finished ages ago. Let its outward imperfections be what they may, inwardly at any rate it is soul-satisfying and grand. And I hold in my mind to-day chiefly the recollection of its wonderfully dark interior, in striking contrast against that glowing memory of the Rambla with its birds and its flowers and its shouting throngs.

CHAPTER XVIII

MONSERRAT

By as much as Barcelona seemed a big, bustling, heartless city, by so much we fell short of learning to love it, and speedily betook ourselves away from it to the highlands of the open country on an excursion to which we had long been looking forward. This was the journey out to the isolated monastery of Monserrat, which proved, as we had expected, the culminating point of all our Spanish travels And as such I can hardly choose a more fitting relation to close this narrative than the tale of our pilgrimage to that lofty shrine.

One is tempted to enter first of all upon an elaborate invocation of the muses, lest the whole narration fail. For Monserrat is not lightly to be described. It is a spot of stupendous grandeur and enormous sanctity, entitled to rank among the most holy retreats of Christendom. After the hallowed soil of Gethsemane and Calvary, Nazareth and Bethlehem, what place more worthy of reverence than the age-long hiding-place of the Holy Grail? Or, since we are in Catholic Spain, what spot more worthy of visitation than that which marked the institution of Loyola's erudite Jesuits? All these things is Monserrat to the true believer; and of the

work of Ignatius Loyola, at least, there can be no doubt. One may question whether the deep valley in the midst of this wonderful mountain was really rent in the rocks at the moment of Christ's crucifixion, but never the inspiring grandeur of this shrine, or its fitness to have harbored the Grail as a priceless relic.

Monserrat — the serrated mountain — is well worthy the name. Seen from afar it overwhelms one with astonishment. Is it possible, one exclaims, that such a rock can exist outside the realms of dreams and fanciful pictures? Imagine, if you please, a ghostly apparition of gray rising far into the clouds out of a stupendous valley, isolated from every other height, yet attaining the grand proportions of a mountain. And such a mountain! For its top is no single peak, but a hundred gigantic pillars, some alone, some gathered in clusters, all standing mistily mysterious against the background of the sky. It is like a gigantic organ of granite, with rank on rank of lofty pipes. Here and there are groups of titantic fingers, raised as if in blessing. There and yonder are stern, inexorable rocky thumbs. One, at least, looks to be a colossal idol, rudely carved. Seen from far away across the plain, this array of rocky saw-teeth produces a sensation of awe. Seen from close at hand, at the very bases of these inaccessible columns, their awfulness is magnified a thousand-fold. I know of no place more unreal to all seeming than Monserrat,

when first seen by the unsuspecting voyager from a distance. It is as if a gigantic conflagration had suddenly been turned to stone, just as its flames were leaping skyward. Small wonder that tradition has made this a spot most dear to God, as the ancients held Mount Ida and the glens of Delphi to be. And little imagination does it need to identify this desolate rock of a hundred spires with Wagner's "Monsalvat." The grim turrets of the mountain might well be the battlements of Klingsor's enchanted castle!

Now in the older days it was the dream and desire of every pious Spaniard to get him to a monastery in the decline of his years, and to pass the remainder of his days in prayer, fasting, and flagellations, to the undoubted glory of God and the hopeful remission of his own sins.[1] The more fortunate and less sincere were probably those at Poblet. The less luxurious and more genuinely repentant sought such hermitages as the crags of lonely Monserrat afforded, and the nooks and crannies of that mountain came to be filled with their huts, — for it was very near to God, and the associations of the place were, as we shall see, indicative of wondrous holi-

[1] "It is a common and indeed a commendable custom among the Spaniards, when he hath passed his grand climacterie, to make voluntary resignation of offices, be they never so great and so profitable, and sequestering and weaning themselves, as it were, from all mundane negotiations and incumbrances, to retire to some Place of Devotion and spend the residue of their Days in Meditation." — JAMES HOWELL (1622), *Familiar Letters.*

ness. It was to the monasteries of the mountain that Ignatius Loyola, weary of war and lamed by a chance shot in that most cherished of his bodily vanities, — his shapely legs, — dragged himself to pass a long period of penitence. Already he had passed many months of pious meditation and prayer at Manresa, and his soul had yearned toward those misty towers of Monserrat, which he could descry as he looked down across the tremendous bowl of the valley. And now, disabled for further earthly valiance, he came to Monserrat to found there a novel army, and to vow his remaining years to arduous service of the Virgin, — for Monserrat was in high favor with the Virgin, too.

When St. Peter came to Spain, — for let us be very well assured that he did come shortly after the tragic close of Christ's ministry on earth, — he brought with him one of those black images of the Virgin carved in wood which tradition so universally ascribes to the workmanship of the versatile St. Luke. In some way it came to be hidden in the sacred fastnesses of Monserrat, as the Grail was, to keep it out of the grasp of the Moors. In A. D. 880 its whereabouts was accidentally discovered by some peasants, and they set out joyously to bear it off to Manresa. The image, however, steadfastly refused to be carried down the mountain; and when they had managed to carry it as far as the turn of the road that faces the north, it "held itself immovable." This could mean but one thing, — the Virgin

deemed this to be holy ground, and must not be removed from it. Whereupon a nunnery arose there in a cleft of the colossal rock, just where the forbidding pillars spring toward the sky, and Monserrat came into being. In time this gave place to a monastery of Benedictines, — men of rare ability, it would seem, for they practiced the arts and crafts with high skill, and possessed one of the first printing presses in Spain. They adorned their great church with much gold. Immense buildings arose as the tide of pilgrimage began to sweep up in increasingly ample waves, against this giant cliff. Queen Violante is said to have climbed the mountain barefoot, and Charles V, half monastic already, came nine times to the shrine of Our Lady of Monserrat.

What stands there now is all of later construction, however. The invaders of the early nineteenth century took pains to ascend and despoil Monserrat, even hauling their cannon to the heights over the ancient road. But the celebrity of the site has revived, — if indeed it was ever interrupted, — and pilgrims to-day make the shrine of the Virgin an object of deep veneration, sometimes coming by thousands in the week to a monastery that is really a colossal mountain hospice adjoining a gigantic mountain church.

Fate ordained that our own distant views of Monserrat should be had only as we left it behind on our way homeward. On the showery morning

of our approach, its summit was discreetly veiled in a dense bank of clouds. The railway climbed slowly from the meadows by the sea into a rocky upland until we were evidently skirting the rim of a prodigious valley. We knew Monserrat lay in its midst, and we could easily see its mighty base; but of its incredible skyline we had no hint. It was simply a huge gray mass capped in cloud, rising like a boss out of a gigantic concave shield. Had it not been for rifts here and there in the cloud which showed little patches of blue, we should have been disheartened indeed.

As the train drew into Monistrol, however, we discovered that the fog had begun to lift a trifle, and that the buildings of the monastery were to be seen halfway up the gray side of the mountain, although the cloud hung nearly to the roofs. Between us yawned a river valley, traversed by the winding Llobregat, in the midst of which vale the town of Monistrol made itself manifest — a gray patch on the green. Along the face of Monserrat a faint, indefinite mark indicated the course of its wonderfully engineered but wholly incongruous funicular railway, which makes the present pilgrimage so easy.

The funicular train stood waiting at the same station as that of the regular line. It proved to be a very ordinary rack-and-pinion affair with the usual inclined seats — highly desirable on the face of the mountain, but incredibly uncomfortable on the levels. We endured them, however, for the breadth

of the valley where the road instead of ascending actually went down grade and finally crossed the river on a bridge of iron; but when it had led us up to the second station of Monistrol, — the one that serves the village and is more accurately called "Monistrol Villa," — we alighted and let the train go on without us. We had no intention of being borne to Monserrat on flowery beds of ease. We intended to walk, as beseemeth pilgrims. However, when the train had panted out of sight up the now rapidly ascending line, we could see no sign of a road. It was known to exist, and the books all spoke highly of it, varying only as to the date of its construction. One rashly ascribed it to the year 1859, another said it was the work of monks, and a third that it was built in the Middle Ages, and over it Napoleon's marshals had dragged their impious cannon.

Seeing no other course open, we plunged boldly up the line of the railway in the direction taken by the train, which, although now out of sight in the curves of its ascent, was still stertorously puffing and waking the echoes with its busy noise. Then appeared a short but dripping tunnel, through which we scampered in imminent fear of being caught there by a descending train, — and at last the carriage road was found, crossing the line at grade and seemingly leading in exactly the wrong direction. At any rate, when we swung off into it we turned our backs upon the mountain for a space, as the

highway, always ascending at a gradual pace, wound in long spirals around outlying shoulders of the mountain mass. It was a splendid road, hard and white and beautiful, — and it seemed never to head directly for the mountain itself. It gave us constantly changing views of it, however, as it curved now this way and now that, always and ever tending skyward. The gray mists that had enshrouded it in mystery now began to break and drift in filmy veils that only half concealed the majesty of that forest of rocky pinnacles, opening and shutting entrances to deep clefts in the mountain's colossal side, magnifying its grim sentinel pillars, and intensifying the immanent awfulness of the impending mass of rocks. For now they were directly overhead, and, what was worse, they leaned outward now and then as if they might be threatening to fall in one prodigious, world-crushing avalanche.

One or two automobiles buzzed by us as we walked easily along, traveling up the mountain-side at speed, — so the gentleness of its grades may be easily guessed. Now and then peasants would pass us going down — but not many, for these know the short, steep cuts, and scorn the circuitous windings of the highway. Occasionally, also, we met trim tartanas wending their way to Monistrol. As we neared the upper portion of the mountain, where the columns and pillars had their bases in the solid rock, we began to see that while the lower part of the mountain is seemingly precipitous, it is not

really so, but is terraced by nature sufficiently to enable the clinging of much herbage and many trees. Now and then there were small gardens. Even above, where the mountain began to be very sheer and awful, there were places where trees hung desperately to crannies in the titanic wall, and vines and bushes flourished wherever there was the faintest chance. In the main, however, everything was bare gray rock, — a species of conglomerate, which formed the whole body of the mountain.

From the very edge of our road as it wandered upward through the upper ranges of the trees, towered the pillars and columns that seemed to support the cloudy firmament. Some were slender, others of prodigious girth. Some stood alone like the solitary surviving members of an ancient temple. Others clustered in groups like giants at a conference. The mists had largely vanished under the warm forenoon sun, and the detached clouds that remained drifted like stray bits of down through the huge fingers of the mountain. At every step the aspect of the fantastic skyline changed. We had lost the railroad completely, now, — for it lay below our feet hidden in the slope clad with dense poplars. Now and again we heard faintly the puffing of an engine as a train stole cautiously up or down, and occasionally the echoes of the rocky glens gave back the shrill reverberations of the whistle. But in the main all was still. The road, which had at last turned straight toward

the vast bulk of the mountain, rounded the gigantic shoulder and began a slightly steeper ascent straight along the face of the cliffs, the trees below, and the vertical precipices of gray rock above. Habitation there was none, save for an isolated building here and there which gave evidence of being used as an inn during Monserrat's congested season. At this early day all these were closed.

Viewed from this point the mountain was magnificent. Above our heads and stretching down the distance to the south strode a battalion of rocky giants, captained by the grotesque Caball Bernat, —a solitary pillar with head fantastically carved, which might easily have done duty as a colossal idol. To the west, where the rocky wall turned the corner, the mountain rose by sheer cliffs to a distant dome, — the Turo de San Jeronimo. It seemed perfectly inaccessible, and little realizing that we spoke no more than absolute truth, we jested over scaling that distant eminence on the morrow; for of all the amazing array of saw-teeth before and above us, this seemed easily the most insurmountable.

The prospect below, while less awful, was no less grand. The valley of the Llobregat spread out in a prodigious bowl on every side, save to the far eastward, where the river forced a passage in the mountain wall and glided in a tortuous but shining ribbon to the sea. The Mediterranean gleamed like a sheet of silver far away. Behind and to the north

the drifting clouds began to reveal the tumbling masses of the Pyrenees, indigo giants capped with gleaming ice. Manresa showed like a patch of gray and tinsel on the distant verges of the tremendous basin in the centre of which we stood. The white roads of the country stretched their limitless miles through the undulations of the river bottom. And at last we came to the deep cleft that makes into the heart of the mountain, where the monastery loomed just above us, and the great stone cross marked the halting-place of the sacred image. It was duly inscribed with the statement that here the statue of the Virgin stuck fast (*se hizo*) when the shepherds tried to carry it down.

The railroad emerged from a tunnel under our feet, and at the little station just ahead stood the train we had abandoned so far below. Directly over it the mountain reared its most impressive fingers and thumbs, gray against a sky from which the morning winds had swept every cloud. Just at the right the buildings of the settlement began and swarmed up the steep to the esplanade where stood the immense church and the monastery proper.

Inspired by the guidebook's advice to lose no time in registering for rooms, we sought the office, but we need have been in no such haste. There were, as we subsequently discovered, something like five thousand rooms in the great cluster of tall dormitories that lay all about, and in Monserrat that day there were not more than twoscore peo-

ple. Nevertheless we did register forthwith, and were introduced at once to the most delightful primitiveness. A yokel in overalls shouldered sheets and pillow-cases and led us away, jingling enormous keys, to the apartment inscribed with the name of Santa Teresa de Jesus, where we clambered up two flights of stone stairs to a row of tiny cells. Two of these the taciturn lad flung open, cast the bedclothing on the waiting mattresses — and disappeared from view. We sat down to await developments, but none came.

A pleasant-faced Englishwoman — we afterwards learned she was a most determined suffragette — came to our rescue, enchanted to find opportunity to be of service and to speak her native tongue. "You do all your own work here," she explained. "You will have to take those things and make your own beds. The pitcher and the jug you will have to fill for yourselves at the spigot below. You can get a candle for that candlestick at the provision shop next the office. If you must have hot water, you get it at the restaurant yonder. And if I were you I would n't leave my key lying about, or they 'll take it back to the office. When you go away you take the key back to the office and pay what you like, — or at least that 's what they say. But I believe there 's some sort of tariff, and if you don't pay quite enough they 'll tell you so."

We made our beds, filled the jug, and sought out the fonda for luncheon. It was not a very good

fonda, but the only one the place afforded. On the first floor above the ground there was a meal being served at three pesetas; and if one cared for something grander, there was a five-peseta lunch to be had on the floor above that. Before we had done with Monserrat we had tried both, and felt but little enthusiasm for either.

The great shrine of Monserrat is set on a shelf of rock less than a hundred yards in width just against the sheer columns of the summit. A dark gorge runs back from it into the mountain, narrowing to a gloomy cleft between the cliffs, and it is popularly believed that this rent was made by a convulsion of nature at the moment when Jesus yielded up the ghost. At the present time the tiny esplanade, or *parador*, where carriages draw up is surrounded by immense buildings devoted to no other purpose than the housing of guests. The rooms are all alike, containing two beds in a tiny alcove cut off from the rest of the cell by a brilliant curtain, and only the barest necessities for other furniture. As a result a great army of pilgrims can be sheltered at a given time; but lest the hospitality of the place be abused, the "heffy" of the family receives a notice that he is expected to remain no longer than eight days. It is probable that most remain for much less, — the excursion tickets of the railway being limited to six. When we were there more monastic hotels were being put up, for the tendency to make pilgrimages to the shrine

has no whit abated, and it is now so easily reached that the multitudes coming here almost rival those who clambered up in the palmy days of Spain. Not that all who come to-day are swayed by religious awe, — for many come quite as much to be impressed by the handiwork of nature's God as by the *Santa Imagen*, and some commentators have said that they found pious native couples honeymooning in Monserrat.

The monastery proper, which is hardly more than a school of music to-day, we found to consist of tall buildings hemming in a narrow and very cold courtyard, save at the end where the façade of the church filled the entire space and looked rather trim and new. The latter we found closed until evensong, and for the present we were forced, not unwillingly, to explore the outer precincts and the nearer mountain paths. The chief of these latter byways led down to the depths of the ravine and across it to the farther bank, where it branched to a number of isolated hermitages and chapels. The ultimate one was a tiny building set on the site where the image was first discovered, and flattened against the face of the cliff to give it a foothold. Higher up was a jutting promontory of the mountain from whose outlook the view over the valley was superb. Other faint trails led to old caves and haunts of holy men — notably to the hermitage of Garin, a pious Spaniard who atoned for a lifetime of sin and debauchery by an old age of frightful

austerity here. All the path was lined with ugly statues sadly disfiguring the noble mountain, but placed there by pious hands to mark in a colossal procession the stations of the cross.

In the opposite direction from the monastery, running along the base of the cliffs to the northward, is a path to the "Degotalls," — a mossy grotto with a spring. It is a pleasant path through low growths of box and ilex, and when one has reached its end there is a wonderful view back at the Pyrenees and the sunsets which Monserrat herself can never see. For in Monserrat the sun sets early, — say at about three in the afternoon. The vertical heights above soon cast enormous shadows over the huddled buildings, and with the shadows comes the cold. At the Degotalls, however, the last rays linger late and give one a welcome opportunity to get warm again, after the dank chill of the courts has penetrated all one's marrow.

We came back from the grotto in season for the *oración*. It was not a nipping air, but one depressingly clammy and cold, that permeated every nook and corner of the monastery buildings. As in all Spain, people went shrouded in great cloaks, coughing and snuffling with what we had long ago learned to call the "Spanish catarrh." To make matters worse, the clouds returned, drifting in long, filmy streamers through the jagged tops of the summit, then thickening, lowering, and growing more

and more dense until they were but a few feet above the lofty roofs. The church, when we entered it, was dark and the worshipers were but few. A solitary sacristan was lighting with great difficulty the myriad tapers of the altar and the Virgin's elevated shrine, but in the great nave of the church there was no light at all, and we stumbled noisily over the benches in the gloom. After an interminable wait a bell clanged in a tower without, and priests and boys came clattering through the adjacent corridors for the evening service of which we had heard so much.

It was an interesting service, too, despite the monotony of the singing. The sanctuary adjacent to the high altar was filled with lads whose high, clear voices rendered the Ave Maria in a sustained chant which had a most indescribable, elusive charm. But between the insupportable cold and the unvarying recurrence of the chant we grew weary of it long before the service was done and sought the outer air once more, thoroughly benumbed.

Outside the fog had shut down in earnest. The lamps of the village shone but faintly through the dense mist, and the way across the long and narrow square to the fonda was an uncertain one. The last train came shrieking through the tunnel, and night shut down on Monserrat. I have never felt more absolutely out of the world than on that isolated peak, curtained in cloud.

All night the wind howled dismally through the

draughty corridors of Santa Teresa de Jesus, and down the deep glens of the mountain. But it at least swept away the clouds, and when morning broke it was a perfect day. We found a guide — a red-eyed, taciturn fellow — whose cap announced him to be accredited to the San Jeronimo route, and started for the summit. Another time I think I should go alone, once having found the way; but to those unfamiliar with the mountain it is much better to have company, especially as there is always the chance that clouds will come and envelop the entire peak in a blinding fog. Besides, the trails are not always clearly marked, and the road to the heights of Jeronimo is a long and devious one, first skirting the southern shoulder of the mountain and then returning to the deep vale that leads up through its midst. It proved, however, to be anything but a difficult climb, inaccessible as the summit looked from below. For the most part it was a pleasant woodland path, lined by fragrant trees, the earth under foot spangled with hepatica and well clothed with green. I shall never snuff the fragrance of box hedges again without instantly recalling that ramble to the summit of Monserrat and its mingled odor of ilexes, myrtles, and shrubs.

Monserrat is really much like an enormous crown, the periphery of which is formed by the giant spikes, flutes, organ-pipes, pillars, pinnacles, and standing giants that fancy has dubbed "guardians of the Grail." Inside their vast circle the mountain

harbors a deep and well-wooded valley that slowly grows less and less deep and less and less shady until at last it culminates in the rocky dome where the old convent of San Jeronimo still has its being. Up through this vale we walked with our guide, to whom we slowly warmed as his taciturnity thawed out and his bleared eyes began to beam more kindly. He carried our sweaters, — uncommon courtesy on Monserrat, — and struggled to force his tongue to speak in despised "Castilian." He waited obligingly when we insisted on stopping to look, or rest, or snap pictures.

The path had its ups and downs, and once it ran directly beneath a leaning tower of rock as huge as Pisa's. We hastened our steps here, for although the isolated giant had been patiently waiting there erect since the Crucifixion, or since creation even, we had an uncomfortable feeling that he might grow weary like the saints in the doors of Salamanca cathedral and abandon his post with disastrous results to those beneath. And finally, after a sharp scramble up the last ascent, we came to San Jeronimo, and had the world at our feet. The actual summit overlay the little building of the monastery, but it was a simple matter to climb to it over an improvised zigzag path, — the old injunction as to "caution" now being quite needless.

From the little house erected at the very top it was seen that all the rocky columns were now below us. This was the loftiest of all. The valley lay open

in its great bowl all about us. The Pyrenees, stripped of every cloud for the first time in many days, rolled in a majestic line across the whole north. The drop from our feet to the valley of Monistrol was thoroughly and unqualifiedly stupendous. The railway was a hair-line of rust. The buildings were far less than Lilliputian. By a merciful good fortune an iron railing lay across the edge of the gulf, or I am certain that nothing could have restrained me from casting myself down headlong into that awful abyss that yawned from our very feet!

They served us a huge tortilla for lunch and some wine that was neither red nor white, but rather a faint pink, — in spite of which it was highly invigorating. The red-eyed guide ate with us at the same table, quite as one of the family. On this point there had been some debate, which was finally decided by a citation from Hare which related how an Englishman who denied his guide that privilege was either abandoned on the mountain or pushed off a precipice — I have forgotten which — in the guide's indignation. We decided not to invoke any such wrath, in view of the fact that precipices seemed to be distressingly common in that vicinity and the visage of the courier was one that sorted well with deeds of violence. He sat gravely by my side, and demanded his dole of bread and meat, as well as his fourth of the vast tortilla. But of the wine he would have none.

From the funicular late that afternoon we had our last glimpse of the pavilion that crowns the height of San Jeronimo. It was but a tiny speck directly above our heads as we steamed into the station of Monistrol Villa, and that we had stood there not three hours before seemed incredible. None of us spoke a word, but leaned from the windows, gazing back on that enormous granite pile towering into the sky, awed and exalted by its majesty. We could see it in all its grandeur as we journeyed back down the long valley to Barcelona, its mighty spires purple against the departing glory of the evening gold. Its mystic presence attended us almost to the gates of the city, and as the train rushed on it lost its semblance of a mountain and became a huge cathedral, roofed, like Milan's, with a forest of statuettes and Gothic pinnacles, whose myriad shapes showed airily against the paling west. And with this parting glimpse of the Grail mountain for a benediction, we bade a sad farewell to Spain.

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